The Outlook

Volume 77 Saturday, July 2, 1904 Number 9

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

The Republican Convention 473
Cabinet Changes 473
Investigating the Slocum Disaster 474
The Porto Rican Loan Bill 475
The National Conference of Charities and Correction 476
College Notes 477
Problems of Mission Work 478
For Civic Improvement 478
Another Japanese Naval Victory 479

EDITORIALS

Mr. Roosevelt's Platform 479
The Hawthorne Centenary 483
The True Celebration 485
The Spectator 486

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

The Republican National Convention 489
Special Correspondence from Francis E. Leupp
Portraits of the Republican Nominees 494
The New President of the Red Cross (Portrait and Sketch) 496
The War as Seen by Japanese Artists 497
General Oku (Portrait and Sketch) 505
The Mountains.—VI. The Inferno. VII. The Foot-Hills. VIII. The Pines 507
By Stewart Edward White
America: Elect Among Nations (Poem) 515
By Amanda T. Jones
July (Poem) 516
By Sara Andrew Shafer
Una Hawthorne 517
By Thomas Wentworth Higginson
The Suppression of a Faith 525
By Charles de Kay
Life, Death, and Love 531
By L. M. S.
Worthington Whittredge, Landscape Painter 533
By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.
The Home of Mary Arden 537
By Jane Brewster Reid
The Town Beautiful.—Second Prize Article: Village Improvement in Amherst ... 543
By A. W. Atwood
The Gift (Poem) 551
By J. S. Jackson
The British Leader in Tibet (Portrait and Sketch) 552
The Battle Off the Capes: An Episode of the Unpardonable War 553
By James Barnes

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

China and Japan (Brinkley) 564
Books of the Week 567

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1904, by The Outlook Company.

Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

COPYRIGHT 1904 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

"If, after twenty-five years of daily use, all exacting people still prefer Ivory Soap, why should not I?"

The Outlook

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1904

The Republican Convention The Republican Convention at Chicago did little more than register the will of the Republican constituency throughout the country, previously declared by signs which could not be mistaken. The nomination of Mr. Roosevelt was a foregone conclusion. There has been at no time any opposition to that nomination which could be taken seriously. Those who attempted to create such an opposition could find no one willing to act as their leader. Mr. Cortelyou's appointment as Chairman of the National Committee we have already interpreted. It gives an assurance of a clean, intelligent, courageous, and educational campaign. The platform may be dismissed with few words. It is an indorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's public acts and a reaffirmation of his official utterances except on the tariff question. On that subject it is more enthusiastically in favor of a permanent protective system than he is, and less explicitly in favor of reciprocity; but it leaves the door open to such a revision of the tariff as can be made by friends of the protective system and will leave the protective system intact. Among other more specific recommendations for the future policy of the party and for legislation were these:

> PROTECTION:—Protection, which guards and develops our industries, is a cardinal policy of the Republican party. The measure of protection should always at least equal the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad. We insist upon the maintenance of the principles of protection, and therefore rates of duty should be readjusted only when conditions have so changed that the public interest demands their alteration; but this work cannot safely be committed to any other hands than those of the Republican party.
>
> TRUSTS AND LABOR:—Combinations of capital and of labor are the results of the economic movement of the age, but neither must be permitted to infringe upon the rights and interests of the people. Such combinations, when lawfully formed for lawful purposes, are alike entitled to the protection of the laws, but both are subject to the laws, and neither can be permitted to break them.
>
> THE RACE QUESTION:—We favor such Congressional action as shall determine whether by special discriminations the elective franchise in any State has been unconstitutionally limited, and if such is the case, we demand that representation in Congress and in the electoral college shall be proportionally reduced, as directed by the Constitution of the United States.

An interpretation of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination will be found on our editorial pages, and an interpretative account of the Convention from the pen of Mr. Francis E. Leupp on page 489.

⁂

Cabinet Changes The choice of Mr. Cortelyou as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the selection of Secretary Knox to be Senator from Pennsylvania, have led to three new Cabinet appointments, announced by President Roosevelt two or three days after the Republican Convention adjourned. Mr. Knox's portfolio as Attorney-General is taken by William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, now Secretary of the Navy; the office of Secretary of the Navy falls to Mr. Paul Morton, of Illinois, the Second Vice-President of the Santa Fé Railroad system, and a man of acknowledged executive ability and organizing power; while Mr. Cortelyou's place as Secretary of Commerce and Labor is to be taken by Mr. Victor Howard Metcalf, a member of Congress from California, one of the best-known lawyers and politicians of that State, whose independence in political matters was shown by the fact that he refused to oppose the Cuban Reciprocity Bill although strongly urged by many of his constituents to do so. The appointments, so far as we have observed, have met with general approval by press and people, with rare exceptions.

Investigating the Slocum Disaster

On Monday of last week a coroner's jury began an inquest into the destruction of the steamboat General Slocum. For four days testimony was taken, and then the sessions were suspended, to be resumed this week, when the case is to be in the hands of the jury. The witnesses called have told a story of negligence and hardened indifference to responsibility for human life that is almost incredible. The testimony went to show that out of a crew of thirty-four only ten had had experience on board ship; that there was absolutely no discipline maintained among them; that there had been no fire drill, no instruction of the deck-hands either in the lowering of boats, in the management of fire hose and buckets, in the distribution of life-preservers, or in the control of passengers. This is the cold-blooded story which the Assistant District Attorney elicited from a deck-hand:

> *Question.* What did you do when you saw the fire? *Answer.* I pulled down some life-preservers and jumped overboard.
>
> *Q.* Did you put any life-preservers on anybody? *A.* One on me, then I jumped.
>
> *Q.* Did you try to lower a lifeboat? *A.* No. One man couldn't lower them.
>
> *Q.* Did you hear the fire alarm rung? *A.* No. I don't know. I wouldn't know one if I heard it.

One hose when used burst. Another hose proved to be useless because inside there was a false washer which could not be extracted in time. It was admitted by representatives of the steamboat company that there were no life-preservers on board less than nine years old. The testimony was overwhelming that these life-preservers were rotten. One cool mother at the time of the accident selected from her children one who could not swim, and, attaching to her a life-preserver, dropped her overboard. The child sank like lead. The rest of the family, unencumbered with life-preservers, escaped. Ground cork from torn life-preservers, several witnesses declared, floated about in quantities. And yet the General Slocum had been approved by the steamboat inspectors. Mr. Cortelyou, within whose department the bureau of steamboat inspection is included, has announced that he has not only named a commission to investigate the disaster, but that he had already anticipated Mayor McClellan's request for a reinspection to make sure that other vessels are properly equipped. The list of dead has been steadily growing. The bodies actually recovered now number over nine hundred. The total of dead and missing is estimated to exceed a thousand. The enormity of the disaster will have one good effect if it impresses the public with the enormity of the criminal neglect that caused it. An order for the assembling of the Federal Grand Jury this week has been sent out by the United States District Attorney. It will have before it the evidence brought out at the inquest, and will be asked to bring indictments as the evidence may warrant. Whatever the ultimate duty of society may be in this matter, the immediate duty is to see that those who are responsible for this disaster shall be visited with such punishment that hereafter heedless, heartless cupidity may be regarded as it is—a hideous form of treachery, a crime against the defenseless.

❀

A Practical Warning

The hardness of some human hearts was illustrated on the day following the General Slocum disaster by the appearance on the scene of another excursion steamer crowded with people eager to view the wreck. Happily, this was an exceptional instance. Many excursions have been abandoned, and others have been but lightly attended. One church in Brooklyn has not only declared that so long as excursion steamers are built of inflammable material it will have nothing to do with them, but it has also urged other churches to follow this course, that the managers of such steamboats sensitive to financial pressure, if insensitive to impulses of humanity, may find it profitless to navigate floating fire-traps. The "Engineering News" declares that the General Slocum was a "fair representative of the prevailing type" of river or sound or harbor passenger steamer, and that a similar disaster "may befall to-morrow any one of the thousands of such craft plying on American inland waters." If this is so, the contention of the "Engineering News" that radical reforms in the construction of such vessels are necessary should be reiterated until it becomes a matter of public opinion. Especially horrible to contemplate is the suggestion of fire on a night steamer in which the passengers lie sleeping, surrounded with combustible wood and highly inflammable decorations. In urging that steamers be built of wood treated with fire-retardant chemicals, and constructed with a view to fire prevention, the "Engineering News" declares it is urging what has been proved practical. It leaves the reform to "a few progressive owners of vessels, a few marine architects, and one or two builders of steamboats." We should prefer to see this saving remnant encouraged by vigorous Federal legislation.

❀

Failure of the Porto Rican Loan Bill

The Legislative Assembly of Porto Rico has adjourned without reaching any agreement as to the terms of the proposed $3,000,000 or $5,000,000 loan, which will therefore not be negotiated, unless one house or the other should recede from its position at the regular session next winter; and of that there is at present little hope. The question at issue between the two houses referred to the use to which the proceeds of the bond issue should be applied. The act passed at the last regular session, appointing the Loan Commission with Treasurer Willoughby at its head, contemplated a loan for permanent public improvements, such as school buildings and roads; and both the Loan Commission and the majority of the Executive Council favored a loan for that purpose. The House of Delegates, however, seemed unable to give up the idea of an agricultural loan, which has been proposed in various forms at recent sessions of the Legislature, with the special purpose of enabling the coffee-planters to overcome the disastrous results of the hurricane of August 8, 1899. A compromise bill provided for the use of a small part of the loan for public improvements each year, and for loaning the balance on good real estate security in the meantime; this would have provided a gradually diminishing fund for agricultural loans during the next ten or fifteen years. The American members of the Executive Council, notably Auditor Post and Attorney-General Sweet, showed a fine spirit of compromise, and a willingness to subordinate their personal views to the will of the people, which at first seemed likely to get the bill through in some form; and Governor Hunt himself tried his hand at drafting a measure which should meet the wishes of the House of Delegates as far as possible without altogether abandoning the original purpose of the loan; but nothing would satisfy the House of Delegates but an agricultural loan pure and simple.

❀

Where Borrowing Would be Good Economy

It was a source of some pride to Dr. Hollander, Mr. Willoughby's predecessor as Treasurer of Porto Rico, that the insular government was wholly free from either funded or floating indebtedness; but the need of funds for both public and private improvements is so great, and the rates of interest charged to individual borrowers are so excessive, that it would seem to be good business for Porto Rico to borrow money in New York at three per cent., whether for loaning to agriculturists at seven or eight per cent. or for the building of roads and school-houses. The Spaniards built few roads and no schools; and while the progress in both lines of development since the American occupation has been as rapid as could be expected, the good roads reach comparatively few of the coffee plantations, and the insular government is at a considerable annual expense for the rent of indifferent quarters for school purposes, although only about one-sixth of the population of school age can be provided for in all the schools owned and rented. The existing property tax of one per cent. on a full valuation, in addition to the excise, license, and inheritance taxes, is about as much as the people can be reasonably asked to pay under present conditions;

and hence if schools and roads are to be built as rapidly as they ought to be, Porto Rico must either borrow money or appeal to Congress for aid. There may be very good reason why ordinary internal improvements should be made no faster than the community can make them, either out of its current receipts or out of money borrowed at a reasonable rate of interest and under such conditions that both principal and interest can be repaid out of current receipts within a reasonable time. But lack of popular education inflicts upon the community injuries at once fundamental and irreparable. The evils inflicted upon any community by a great proletariat growing up in ignorance are very great, and they are destructive of a free State, since popular government rests upon popular intelligence. It would be a disgrace to the people of the United States to own a Dependency—and Porto Rico, it must not be forgotten, is a Dependency which they do own and for the condition of which they are responsible—in which the people are left, out of their poverty, to provide all the means to undo in a generation the evils which the ignorance-breeding policy of Spain has inflicted by three centuries of misrule. The progress made in the literary, industrial, and patriotic education of the children reached by the schools is encouraging in the extreme, but it is only a fraction of what should be considered essential under the American flag.

❀

The National Conference of Charities and Correction Geographically the great Conference which was held in Portland, Maine, June 15–22, could not be called National, as but thirty-two States were represented by the more than eight hundred men and women in attendance. But the spirit which pervaded it was that which may be truly considered a breath of the atmosphere which is slowly pervading the best of our National life. The doors were thrown open for the fullest expression of thought, opinion, and exposition of the latest modern methods. Yet Mr. F. B. Sanborn, at the close of a meeting that marked high water in the week's session—a meeting on neighborhood improvement, with Miss Jane Addams as chairman—harked back with longing for the good old time when the Conference of Charities was but the servant of the State Boards of Charities. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer and Mrs. Florence Kelley sprang to the defense of the wider outlook of the Conference and the broader scope of the subjects considered. Thirty years ago, when this Conference first stood forth as an independent body, the lusty offspring of the Social Science Association, it contented itself largely with considering things as they *were*. There was comparatively little demand for things as they ought to be. Prevention had small space in the scheme of things which correction and philanthropy had pre-empted. Child life, with its fundamental relations to the vast problems of relief, was barely touched. Kindergartens were few and far between; even the larger cities had open spaces where children could play and romp; a hundred occupations into which children have found their way never dreamed of the dangers lurking for those who were by and by to fight child labor. The old and decrepit, the insane and the pauper, the prisoner and the jail, were the chief consideration of the public-spirited men and women who stood for the best methods of charity and correction a generation ago. That such a generous spirit of acceptance of the wisdom that years and experience have brought prevailed throughout the main meeting shows that the Conference of Charities has strong roots that may well carry the broad branches that now spread in every direction, seeking light and air.

❀

The New Charity The pound of cure of the early days has been gladly exchanged for the ounce of prevention, and—if the latest schemes are adopted for improving the neighborhood where people live, for extending the school and its work so that it shall care for the whole boy, from washing his outer skin to training his muscles and educating his heart, hand, and mind; if the laws will establish good juvenile courts—which shall be so allied with existing courts that delinquent parents as well as naughty children shall be made to feel their influence—then so much of the burden that now oppresses society will be lifted that the emphasis of this admirable Conference will be laid on a still broader interpretation of its name. It will be more nearly ready to heed the suggestions of the author of "The Gentle Reader," the Rev. S. M. Crothers, in his inspiring sermon, that all charity workers should imitate Jesus, who, looking on the young man who came to him for aid, first loved him and only then trusted himself to say, "One thing thou lackest." It is much easier to love bad boys and girls than depraved men and women, therefore it is much easier to secure society from their development into such men and women by adopting the measures upheld by these, our foremost practical philanthropists. Indeed, so well recognized is the fact that consideration of childhood must be the first step that, even for doing work for adults, one seeks the ranks of those who have made a special study of juveniles. "Why was *I* put on the committee to consider *tramps*, when I would so much rather work for the 'kids'?" groaned an eminent man when the new committees were read at Portland. Why? Because the man who can successfully devise means—with his school gardens, play yards, athletics, manual training, and clubs—to interest and rationally develop the "kid" has forever forbidden that "kid" from becoming a tramp. The modern spirit demands that in treating tramps we shall not only consider work tests and municipal lodges, not their obliteration by reformation, but their prevention by grasping time's traditional forelock. So in every department of study undertaken by the National Conference of Charities and Correction the prevailing spirit is that which foresees the evil and averts it. The next meeting will be held in Portland, Oregon, with the Rev. S. G. Smith, D.D., of St. Paul, President. It may be well to jump the continent to avoid comparisons, for it will be hard to duplicate the brilliant meeting on the Atlantic coast. Never before was there a broader field for men and women with high intelligence, warm hearts, and thorough training than that afforded in the domain of charitable and preventive work.

❀

College Notes Commencement at Williams College was made memorable this year by the approaching completion of the new Memorial Chapel, a building of monumental character which promises to be one of the most impressive academic chapels in the country; and by the removal and renovation of Griffin Hall, one of the older college buildings, and one of the most attractive types of the earlier New England academic architecture. The large expense incurred in removing and renovating this structure was provided for by the generosity of Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson.——A class of about two hundred and forty was graduated from Smith College on Tuesday of last week, Dr. van Dyke delivering a very effective address on "The School of Life."——President Raymond, of Union University, preached the baccalaureate sermon at Wellesley College, and Professor Palmer, of Harvard, delivered the address on Commencement Day.——At Mount Holyoke a class of one hundred and thirty was graduated, the address being given by Dr. Talcott Williams, of Philadelphia. The friends of the College were cheered by the announcement that a subscription of $50,000 has secured an equal amount from Mr. Carnegie, thus providing an adequate library for the institution.——President Schurman, of Cornell, in his annual report, announces that, with the exception of the departments of art and medicine, all the colleges of Cornell University have shown increased attendance.——At Trinity College, Hartford, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on Bishop Scarborough, of New Jersey, among others.——No event of the academic season will give greater satisfaction to Americans than the conferring by Oxford University of the degree of D.C.L. on Mr. Sargent and Mr. Howells. This recognition of two Americans eminent in the arts is another expression of the larger intelligence and the deeper sympathy with which the old country is studying and understanding the new. Mr. Howells's theory of fiction has found very little acceptance at the hands of his fellow-craftsmen in this country, but no man has influenced them more deeply, nor has any other American writer of the day shown a finer conscience or more consistent devotion to the higher ideals of art, nor has any other more generally endeared himself to his friends, than the author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham."

* * *

Problems of Mission Work

The International Missionary Union, which is practically an annual Ecumenical Missionary Conference, has just come of age, celebrating its twenty-first year at Clifton Springs. The special feature of this session was suggested by the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and emphasized the conquests of the Bible in mission lands. There were representatives from all the great fields in Africa, Asia, and the Pacific, and as they told the story of the conflict between Christianity and Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam, Confucianism, and Paganism, many of the features of the great Conference of 1900 were repeated. Of peculiar interest were the side-lights thrown in the somewhat familiar and informal talks as one and another set forth the experiences of the past years. It was not, however, merely a record of achievement. There is probably no convention where one can gain so clear a conception of the actual situation in regard to many of the problems that face missions. A memorandum prepared by Dr. Nassau, the Patriarch of West Africa, on the Liquor Traffic, was a model of clear, terse statement, while the absence of a positive resolution dictating the methods to be adopted in restraining it was an effective witness to the common sense of the body of men and women. The fact that not merely missionaries and native Christians but heathen and Moslem chiefs unite in protest against its enormities, and that even the traders who have been supposed to profit by it would welcome its suppression because of its injury to commerce, should be enough to rally all good governments to do everything in their power to mitigate the evil if it cannot be destroyed. Special interest was manifest in the statement by Mr. W. H. Fey as to the Industrial Missions Association, not merely for its bearing upon the development of the native church, but as a means of securing the more active support of mission work by the business element in our churches. There is no other occasion when the problems of mission work can be so fully and freely discussed as at these meetings, attended by representatives of all denominations and countries. It should be to even a greater degree than it has been the means of supplying to the churches the best information available.

* * *

For Civic Improvement

The civic improvement forces accomplished a notable event at St. Louis and incidentally set an example which other public-spirited bodies may follow with profit. The American Park and Outdoor Art Association and the American League for Civic Improvement have for years been working along parallel lines. This year they held joint sessions at St. Louis, and, as a result of that and of two years' antecedent effort, agreed hereafter to work along the same lines, and formed the American Civic Association, with J. Horace McFarland, of Harrisburg, as President, Clinton Rogers Woodruff as First Vice-President, Charles Mulford Robinson as Secretary, and George Foster Peabody and Franklin MacVeagh as General Vice-Presidents. We speak of this action as notable because there is too much of a tendency among workers in the field of public-spirited endeavor to multiply organizations so that no inconsiderable part of their time and means is taken up with maintaining needless machinery. The new American Civic Association will represent not only the sum of the forces represented in the two older bodies, but a certain very substantial increase due solely to the combination. The joint meetings were interesting for other reasons. The reports showed an undiminished activity and a widespread interest in the desire for local improvement. President McFarland in his address spoke of the necessity of regarding the whole movement as at once essentially educational and philanthropic. President Woodruff, who a year ago spoke of the larger phases manifested in "Awakening America," this year dwelt on the necessity of looking after the smaller details, and referred to what was being done by the women and children in the way of keeping the streets of the cities clean. A resolution was adopted asking the Exposition authorities to change the name of the "Model Street" to Municipal Exhibit, as it was in no sense a model street, the original ideas of the designer, Mr. Albert Kelsey, having been so radically changed that it would be a travesty to continue to call it by the original name. Such action by the meetings was appropriate because the two bodies had taken the deepest interest in it from the start. The Civic Week planned by the National Municipal League and the American League for Civic Improvement, which was to have followed these meetings, has been postponed until fall to be held in connection with the meetings of the municipal officials.

⁂

Another Japanese Naval Victory

Admiral Togo has reported the destruction of the Russian battle-ship Peresviet, or a battle-ship of her type, the disabling of the battle-ship Sevastopol, and the inflicting of serious damage on a cruiser of the Diana type. Admiral Togo states that on June 23 his patrol boats discovered the battle-ship Peresviet and seven other vessels, accompanied by nine torpedo-boat destroyers, near the entrance of Port Arthur harbor. The patrols warned him by a wireless message, and he immediately advanced his entire fleet, except those engaged upon special duty. It was then discovered that the Russian fleet, which consisted of six battle-ships, five cruisers, and fourteen destroyers, evidently planned a dash southward by sundown. The Russians stopped outside the entrance to the harbor, and after nightfall a fleet of Japanese torpedo-boat destroyers attacked the Russian ships, with the result above stated. The torpedo-boat destroyers which inflicted this damage on the Russian fleet are reported to have suffered little loss.

⁂

Mr. Roosevelt's Platform

In the coming campaign the real Republican platform will be the public acts and utterances of Mr. Roosevelt, and for a very simple reason. His utterances on all political issues have been more explicit than those of any other public man since Abraham Lincoln, and his political experience and personal courage have enabled him to impart his convictions to his party. He made the Republican party in New York State accept as its policy the taxation of corporate franchises; he evoked a public sentiment strong enough to induce a somewhat reluctant party to adopt a reciprocity treaty with Cuba; he persuaded it to accept a policy of Governmental control of great corporations, at a time when the older party leaders wished to take no action which might offend or frighten corporate interests. These and kindred incidents give the country good reason to expect that the Republican party will follow his leadership in the future as it has in the past, and that the principles which he has avowed will become, if they are not already, the accepted policies of the party. Mr. Roosevelt does not believe that the President is a mere instrument elected to carry out the will of Congress. He disavows the hired man theory of the Presidency, so frankly avowed by Admiral Dewey, and so promptly disavowed by the American people in response to Admiral Dewey. He has been for the last three years, and if he is elected and lives he will be for the next four years, the leader of his party, as well as the chief executive of the Nation. To elect Mr. Roosevelt is to commit the country to the principles which Mr. Roosevelt has avowed, and to which by its renomination of Mr. Roosevelt the Republican party stands committed. Our object in this article is to recall to the recollection of our readers some of these utterances of Mr. Roosevelt, in order that they may understand exactly to what his renomination commits the party, and to what his re-election will commit the Nation.

The principal political problems before the country at the present time are the Race, the Labor, the Trust, the Tariff, the Expansion, the Foreign, and the Currency problems. What are Mr. Roosevelt's opinions on these problems? To what policies would his election commit the Nation?

The Race Problem. Mr. Roosevelt's most notable utterance on the race problem grew out of his appointment of Dr. Crum as Collector of the port of Charleston. Certain citizens of South Carolina protested against this appointment, on the ground that Dr. Crum "is a colored man, and that of itself ought to bar him from the office." This protest evoked from Mr. Roosevelt the following definition of his view of the political aspects of the race problem, and from the position there stated he has not been swerved by the persistent refusal of the Senate to take up and act upon the nomination:

> So far as I legitimately can, I shall always endeavor to pay regard to the wishes and feelings of the people of each locality; but I cannot consent to take the position that the door of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut upon any man, no matter how worthy, purely upon the grounds of race or color. Such an attitude would, according to my convictions, be fundamentally wrong.

At the same time he wrote to Howell Cobb of Georgia, "I certainly cannot treat mere color as a permanent bar to holding office, any more than I could so treat creed or birthplace. . . . Just as little will I treat it as conferring a right to hold office." If Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected to office and the Republican party reinvested with power, the country, North and South, may be fairly sure that, on the one hand, negroes will not be coddled or cared for because they are negroes, and, on the other, will not be discriminated against by the Government in its administration from any considerations of race or color. The first principle has been established by the fact that he has appointed no more colored men to office in the South than were appointed by his predecessor; the second, by his persistent refusal to accede to the principle that no colored man may be permitted to hold an office in a Southern community.

The Labor Problem. This problem presents two questions to the American people: May laborers organize to promote their common interests? When organized, may they shut the door of industry in the face of those who have not joined their organization? There is war to-day in Colorado because the capitalists answer the first question in the negative and the miners answer the second question in the affirmative. Mr. Roosevelt gives an affirmative answer to the first question and a negative answer to the second. In his address to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Chattanooga, Tennessee, in September, 1902, he said:

> I believe emphatically in organized labor. I believe in organizations of wage-workers. Organization is one of the laws of our social and economic development at this time.

In his address at Butte, Montana, in May, 1903, a district, it may be said in passing, where trades-unionism had violently assailed the right of non-union men to labor, and where the conflict between labor and capital had reached a stage only less acute than that recently reached in Colorado, he said:

> This is not and never shall be a government of a plutocracy; it is not and never shall be a government by a mob. It is, as it has been and as it will be, a government in which every honest man, every decent man, be he employer or employed, wage-worker, mechanic, banker, lawyer, farmer, be he who he may, if he acts squarely and fairly, if he does his duty by his neighbor and the State, receives the full protection of the law and is given the amplest chance to exercise the ability that there is within him, alone or in combination with his fellows as he desires.

That these were not merely theoretical opinions he demonstrated by his action in the Miller case. In this case a trades-union expelled one of its members, who was assistant foreman at the Government Printing-Office, and then demanded his removal because he was no longer a member of that trades-union. Mr. Roosevelt in reinstating him reaffirmed the two principles which he had before so clearly stated at Chattanooga and at Butte:

> In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union as being for or against him than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him.

The renomination of Mr. Roosevelt commits the Republican party, and his re-election will go far toward committing the Nation, to the principle that workingmen not only have a right to organize, but do well to organize; but that such organizations must be absolutely free. Into them no unwilling laborer may be compelled to enter.

The Trust Problem. It was characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt to take the occasion of his visit in August, 1902, to Providence, Rhode Island, which is said to be the richest city *per capita* in the United States, to declare his conviction that great corporations should be brought under Government control. He said:

> The great corporations which we have grown to speak of rather loosely as trusts are the creatures of the State, and the State not only has the right to control them but it is in duty bound to control them wherever the need of such control is shown. . . . It is idle to say that there is no need of such supervision. There is, and a sufficient warrant for it is to be found in any one of the admitted evils appertaining to them. . . . I believe that the Nation must assume this power of control by legislation; if necessary by Constitutional Amendment. The immediate necessity in dealing with trusts is to place them under the real, not the nominal, control of some sovereign to which, as its creatures, the trusts shall owe allegiance, and in whose courts the sovereign's orders may be enforced.

That the Nation is sovereign, that corporations are the creature of this sovereign, that therefore the Nation has a right to exercise such regulation over these corporations as is necessary for the public welfare, this is the first and most fundamental postulate of Mr. Roosevelt's philosophy on the trust problem. The second is that this power should be exercised with extreme caution. Thus, he declared two days later in Boston:

> If the Nation had that power, mind you, I should advocate as strenuously as I know how that the power should be exercised with extreme caution and self-restraint.

His third principle is that the first step in this regulation is publicity:

> In the interest of the public, the Government should have the right to inspect and examine the workings of the great corporations engaged in inter-State business. Publicity is the only sure remedy which we can now invoke. What further remedies are needed in the way of governmental regulation, or taxation, can only be determined after publicity has been obtained, by process of law, and in the course of administration. The first requisite is knowledge, full and complete—knowledge which may be made public to the world.

His fourth principle is that for this purpose a department of the Government should be created, through which such publicity could be secured and such regulation as might be required exercised—a recommendation incorporated in his first Presidential Message and since acted upon by Congress:

> There should be created a Cabinet officer, to be known as Secretary of Commerce and Industries, as provided in the bill introduced at the last session of the Congress. It should be his province to deal with commerce in its broadest sense; including among many other things whatever concerns labor and all matters affecting the great business corporations and our merchant marine.

These are the principles which have aroused against Mr. Roosevelt the hostility of a certain class of moneyed interests. A vote for Mr. Roosevelt is a vote for the supervision and regulation of the great corporations by the Government.

The Tariff Problem. Mr. Roosevelt's interest is primarily in moral issues, only secondarily in those which are definitely economic. He has therefore said comparatively little on the tariff question—enough, however, to make it clear that he favors, first, the protective system; secondly, such flexibility in that system as will make it possible to adjust it from time to time to changing economic conditions; and, thirdly, supplementary to that system, a carefully considered and well-organized policy of reciprocity. The first two positions were thus announced by him in his speech at Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1903:

> The business world, that is, the entire American world, cannot afford, if it has any regard for its own welfare, even to consider the advisability of abandoning the present system. Yet, on the other hand, where the industrial conditions so frequently change, as with us must of necessity be the case, it

is a matter of prime importance that we should be able from time to time to adapt our economic policy to the changed conditions. Our aim should be to preserve the policy of a protective tariff, in which the Nation as a whole has acquiesced, and yet, wherever and whenever necessary, to change the duties in particular paragraphs or schedules as matters of legislative detail, if such change is demanded by the interests of the Nation as a whole.

The third principle he stated in his second Annual Message in December, 1902:

> One way in which the readjustment sought can be reached is by reciprocity treaties. It is greatly to be desired that such treaties may be adopted. They can be used to widen our markets and to give a greater field for the activities of our producers on the one hand, and, on the other hand, to secure in practical shape the lowering of duties when they are no longer needed for protection among our own people, or when the minimum of damage done may be disregarded for the sake of the maximum of good accomplished.

In the second and third of these principles the President is more definite and explicit than the Republican platform promulgated at the time of his nomination. It is reasonable to believe that his utterances rather than those of the formal platform foreshadow the policy of the Republican party if it is re-intrusted with power.

The Expansion Problem. The right of the American Nation to own territory which is not a part of the United States and to govern those residing upon it, though they are not citizens of the United States, is no longer a problem, since this right has been definitely and repeatedly affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States. The only problem which the American people now have to consider is, With what purpose and in what spirit shall such government be carried on by the American Nation over such American dependencies? The President's position on this subject he very clearly defined in his first Message in December, 1901. He has said nothing since which should lead any one to suppose that he has deviated from the principles then affirmed in the following language:

> Our earnest effort is to help these people upward along the stony and difficult path that leads to self-government. We hope to make our administration of the islands honorable to our Nation by making it of the highest benefit to the Filipinos themselves. . . . Our aim is high. We do not desire to do for the islanders merely what has elsewhere been done for tropic peoples by even the best foreign governments. We hope to do for them what has never before been done for any people of the tropics—to make them fit for self-government after the fashion of the really free nations.

On the question whether the Philippines should eventually become an independent nationality, or always remain organically united with the American Nation, though possessing "self-government after the fashion of the really free nations," he has not, so far as we know, expressed any public opinion. Perhaps he thinks it will be time enough to decide that question when the time arrives for action.

The Foreign Policy Problem. All that Mr. Roosevelt has said respecting our relation with foreign powers is, we think, a development and application of two principles. The first principle, announced at Waukesha, Wisconsin, in April, 1903, is that we are to seek peaceful and friendly relations with our neighbors:

> We want the friendship of mankind. We want to get on well with the other nations of mankind, with the small nations and with the big nations. . . . Let us improve ourselves, lifting what needs to be lifted here, and let others do their own work; let us attend to our own business, keep our own hearthstone swept and in order.

The second principle is that for this purpose we need an efficient and capable navy. This was enunciated at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, November 11, 1902:

> And remember, gentlemen, that we shall be a potent factor for peace largely in proportion to the way in which we make it evident that our attitude is due, not to weakness, not to inability to defend ourselves, but to a genuine repugnance to wrongdoing, a genuine desire for self-respecting friendship with our neighbors. The voice of the weakling or the craven counts for nothing when he clamors for peace; but the voice of the just man armed is potent. We need to keep in a condition of preparedness, especially as regards our navy, not because we want war, but because we desire to stand with those whose plea for peace is listened to with respectful attention.

We leave our readers to determine for themselves the question whether these two principles are inconsistent. To us they do not seem so to be.

The Currency Problem. Whether this Nation shall be monometallic or bimetallic is no longer a question of practical politics. Mr. Roosevelt's active participation in the first Bryan campaign in opposition to free silver was so vigorous and effective and is so recent that no quotations from his speeches delivered at that time are necessary to define his position. His present position he defined in an address at Quincy, Illinois, in April, 1903:

> Our currency laws have been recently improved by specific declarations intended to secure permanency of values; but this does not imply that these laws may not be further improved and strengthened. . . . Our currency laws need such modification as will insure definitely the parity of every dollar coined or issued by the Government, and such expansion or contraction of the currency as will promptly and automatically respond to the varying needs of commerce. Permanent increase would be dangerous, permanent contraction ruinous, but the needed elasticity must be brought about by provisions which will permit both contraction and expansion as the varying needs of the several communities and business interests at different times and in different localities require.

Summarizing the principles enunciated and illustrated in these quotations, the platform on which Mr. Roosevelt stands may be thus briefly stated: Treat negroes as other men are treated; liberty for the laborer to join or not to join labor organizations; supervision and regulation by the Government of great corporations which are the creation of the Government; maintenance of the protective system, subject to necessary revision from time to time, and supplemented by reciprocity treaties; the government of subject peoples for the purpose of rendering them self-governing; possession of National power, used in maintaining and promoting international peace; a flexible currency based on an inflexible standard.

We do not in this editorial consider Mr. Roosevelt's character, his executive or administrative ability, or even his power to maintain and carry out these policies. Our object in this article has simply been to interpret Mr. Roosevelt's platform in Mr. Roosevelt's own words, in order that our readers may see what it is the Republican party have indorsed in nominating him, and to what the Nation will commit itself if it elects him.

❀

The Hawthorne Centenary

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Hawthorne at Salem on July 4, 1804, will be commemorated in Salem, at Concord, and at Bowdoin College, whence he was graduated in the class of 1825, and where it is proposed to erect a statue which shall represent him in his early manhood. There are many interesting contrasts between Hawthorne's genius and the outward conditions into which he was born. The most shy and one of the most sensitive men in America, living for many years a life of almost complete seclusion, he was born on the noisiest day of the year. A writer of delicate genius, robust but sensitive, he came into life at the crudest period in the history of the country, when the heroic impulses which settled the Atlantic seaboard and secured the independence of the colonies had spent themselves, and the appropriation and assimilation of the knowledge of the world, which was one of the great facts in American life from 1820 to 1850, had not yet begun. He came at the end of the heroic age and before the period of culture. A solitary man by instinct and by habit, finding it difficult to establish easy and cordial relations with his fellows, he was for many years an office-holder, and the germ of his greatest work was found or worked out within the walls of a custom-house. So long overlooked that he spoke of himself as the most obscure man of letters in America, reputation came to him like a flood in middle life, and he has been for many decades the foremost man of letters on this continent—foremost in the sense that, more than any other, he lived for literature, expressed his view of life in literature, and was passionately devoted to literature as an art.

A descendant of the Puritans, born in the village associated with the most terrible tragedy in the history of Puritanism, Hawthorne became the most subtle and artistic interpreter of certain aspects of the Puritan spirit. Educated at a country college in a time when all the colleges in America were practically country colleges, with access to few books, and opportunities of contact with fewer men of his own tastes, condemned by circumstances and his own temperament to a life of almost complete solitude for twelve years, it was not surprising that he was driven in upon himself, and that the human soul became the object of his supreme interest, the subject of his most subtle psychological study; and it was the soul out of harmony with itself, out of relation to the moral law, which interested him most profoundly. His touch on morbid conditions is that of the skillful physician whose finger follows by a delicate instinct the line of disease, and whose insight lays bare the secret recesses of morbid experience. To re-read "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of Seven Gables," "Twice-Told Tales," "Septimius Felton," is to traverse some of the most obscure fields of experience, to study critically some of the most subtle phases of the life of the soul, to follow to their innermost recesses some of the most elusive motives which control the actions of men.

A man of impressive physique and great vigor of intelligence, Hawthorne possessed an imagination of the highest sensitiveness, a mind of the utmost penetration. In those long years when he was brooding over human life in the shadow of ancestors who had expressed the harshest qualities of Puritanism, in the village associated with its most tragic outworkings, Hawthorne seemed to brood over spiritual disorders, unbalanced emotions, unregulated desires—the whole range of spiritual difficulty and disease. It was this aspect of Puritanism upon which his mind fastened, and he was drawn to deal with the Puritan character and to use the Puritan symbolism, not only because they were ancestrally related to him and a part of his family consciousness, so to speak, but because Puritanism worked out dramatically the psychological problems. A keen observer of men though shrinking from crowds, an acute student of life though by nature a man of solitude and of a few friends, Hawthorne's Note-Books constitute an important chapter in the social and psychological history of his time and his people, and a commentary upon and interpretation of his genius and his work. He was keenly observant of every aspect of life which he saw, and very sensitive to certain forms of beauty which had symbolical aspects, but he was never swept off his feet by the intensity of his impressions; and art, when he came to know it in later life, appealed to him and was in a way revealed to him, but never completely possessed his imagination. He was a singular combination of sensitiveness and tenacious individuality, an unusual example of the type of man who is able to record by the delicacy of his imagination the most subtle and elusive shadings, and yet who holds himself aloof from the direct and overpowering impression of the things with which he deals.

With Emerson and Poe Hawthorne shares the highest distinction among American men of letters. As an artist, pure and simple, he must be ranked higher than Poe because the content of his art is more inclusive, much richer, much more closely related to reality. In an age in which the love of beauty could scarcely be said to exist in America, in which literature as a profession had not yet come into being, and there was no place for the man who gave himself heart and soul and body to literature as an art, by sheer force of his genius Hawthorne fashioned for himself a style, and expressed in his work a feeling, an insight, and an intelligence which make him, all things considered, pre-eminently the artist among American writers. His style is not without defects. It is occasionally rigid and does not lend itself easily to the matter in hand; sometimes it lacks flow; but it is often exquisitely adapted to the purpose to which it is put. It is at the same time somber and yet pervaded by a deep, rich glow which issues out of the heart of it, and is not simply felicitous diction. He can hardly be called an ethical teacher, although he dealt so largely with the ethical aspects of life. In "The Scarlet Letter," his masterpiece and the greatest piece of imaginative writing in American literature, and perhaps, on the whole, the most notable contribution by an American to the literature of the world, his ethical teaching is a little blurred and uncertain. It is with the artistic values of things that Hawthorne was mainly concerned, and it is as an artist that he must be interpreted and his place assigned to him. In a practical country, dealing with material problems on a great scale, his service to American literature has been of inestimable importance; and time, which has dealt harshly with some of his contemporaries, has but cleared away the mists of prejudice and set the beauty, the significance, and the permanent value of his work more distinctly before the eyes of the world.

❀

The True Celebration

Fourth of July will probably be celebrated with more noise this year than any previous year since the bells began to ring and the cannons to boom on that particular day; and yet, in spite of an exuberance of boyish spirit, aided and intensified by high modern explosives, there never was so little boasting in America as to-day, never so deep a sense of the responsibilities which face the American people, never so clear a perception of American failures, faults, and sins. The day of which Charles Dickens wrote in "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes," when American conceit was on the scale of the continent and faith in American institutions had the undaunted flight of an eagle, has long gone by. Americans do not believe less than formerly in their form of government, but they have learned that forms of government are methods and not ends, and that because they have achieved freedom they have not settled the ultimate human problem. We are much more concerned to-day to do the work of the hour and solve the question of the year than to boast of the achievements of our forefathers or to add to the Declaration of Independence those flamboyant remarks which once formed the substance of Fourth of July orations.

If the Fathers are aware of this change in the American spirit, they will rejoice in it, because the truest celebration is never noisy commemoration, but an honest endeavor to appropriate the spirit of great men and to repeat in other forms their notable achievements. The concern of the American of to-day is not to interpret the Constitution exactly as his Revolutionary ancestor interpreted it, but to have the same passion for human rights, the same eager desire to set men in political relations on a basis of justice and equity, the same alertness to sacrifice to secure these great ends. The orators this year will do well if they take American needs and failings rather than American victories and conquests for their theme; if they press home to their hearers the duties of American citizenship rather than its privileges. Mr. John Gilmer Speed, in a speech delivered in a New Jersey village on Decoration Day, did a wise thing when he used that occasion, so rich in the memories of heroic achievement, not only to commemorate the sacrifice and courage of the dead, but to affirm that duty to the dead required purification of the political life of to-day. There were many men known to his hearers, he said, who buy and sell votes as they would vegetables; when he first became a resident of the community in which he spoke, a few men were pointed out on election day who sold their votes, and these men were not more than half a dozen in number, and were held in "a disesteem which it would be flattery to call disgrace." Now, he declared, at the end of twenty years, ninety voters in the same township are known as being bought and sold every election day. These men who have parted with their birthright for a mess of pottage hold the balance of power, decide who shall hold office, what taxes shall be paid, and how the children shall be educated in the public schools.

No man would have dared to make such a statement as this unless he could substantiate it; but some modification of this statement could be made of almost every town in America. There are great differences in the corruptibility of populations, but there are altogether too many communities, counties, and even States in which the purchasable vote is large. This matter is fundamental; it lies or may lie within the knowledge of every voter in the smallest community. It is a sin against free institutions and decent manhood which is committed, not only on a great scale in great cities, but on a lesser scale in thousands of smaller communities. It is in certain ways the meanest of all offenses of which a citizen can be guilty; it is the corruption of citizenship at the heart, the pollution of the stream at the fountain. Combined with the "boss" system, it has taken popular government out of the hands of towns, counties, and even States, where the will of a few men is registered before the election and confirmed at the election by majorities cast, not wholly nor in most cases by corrupt votes, but greatly aided by such votes. The boss system does not rest wholly on the corruptible voter, but corruption is so much a part of it that the boss and the man who is for sale belong to the same system and are parts of the same machinery.

There will come presently, as the result of the deep and growing discontent of Americans of all parties with the rule of the boss and the sale and purchase of the voter, a revolution which will overthrow the boss and exclude the man who sells his vote from the ranks of decent men. The best celebration of the Fourth of July would be a serious attempt on the part of every citizen to find out who are the corrupt voters in his community and at the next election to expose them, and to overthrow the local or the State boss. These bosses and machines are intrenched in power, but no kind of wrong is so firmly intrenched that it cannot be dislodged or overthrown; for nothing can prevail against the truth when it is organized and intelligently led. What is needed in America is a wave of indignation against corrupt practices and corrupt practitioners which shall generate a moral enthusiasm deep enough and powerful enough to overthrow bosses and machines, and to drive corrupt leaders and corrupt voters out of public life. Better a thousand times than salutes of cannon and the brilliancy of fireworks would be a celebration marked by a new tide of patriotism, a new expression of the spirit of the Fathers.

❀

The Spectator

In those pleasant days when the Spectator was gaining his first knowledge of German poetry, he discovered Oriental literature through the imagination of Goethe, and was immensely taken by the bits of Saadi, Hafiz, and Firdusi which came in his way, and spent many delightful hours in reading the "West-Easterly Divan," the most direct impression of Oriental thought on Goethe. Little was said in those days of Omar Khayyám, whom Edward Fitzgerald has since made an English as well as a Persian classic. The name Kalidasa was not entirely unfamiliar to the Spectator, but it was several years later when he happened upon Monier-Williams's translation of the best known of the classic Sanscrit dramas, and one of the most characteristic pieces of Indian poetry—hardly a drama in the strict sense of the word, since there is but one really dramatic moment in the whole play, but a delightful lyrical poem, full of sensitiveness of imagination and a feeling for nature which captivated Goethe and the men of his generation, and which are the prime characteristics of the best Oriental poetry. When, therefore, the Spectator saw the announcement that the "Sakuntala" was to be presented by the class of 1904 at Smith College at the Commencement season, he was filled with interest and curiosity; interest because of the charm of the play and its unusual character on a Western stage, and curiosity because he wondered how a group of young American college women would interpret the Hindu spirit. In regard to the success of the play he had no question, having already had the privilege of seeing a number of Shakespearean dramas put upon the stage by Smith seniors, and knowing how much thorough educational work lies behind what is called Senior Dramatics. Every play has a spiritual as well as a scenic background, a spiritual as well as a material atmosphere. The significance and value of the plays given annually at Smith lie in the fact that they are not what might be called *tours de force*—spectacles worked up for an occasion—but the fruit and product of the literary training of the College, an integral part of the Commencement exercises, an expression of the quality of culture which is worked into and worked out of the instruction at Smith.

⁂

The audience at Senior Dramatics is always interesting: first, because it is more intelligent than most audiences that sit in front of the footlights; second, because practically every one present has a personal interest in somebody on the stage; and, third, because it is a very charming audience to look at. Northampton is fortunate in having, through the beneficence of a public-spirited citizen, an adequate and well-appointed opera-house. It was crowded at an early hour on Saturday night before Commencement, and the spaces between the back rows of seats and the walls, and the aisles in the gallery, were thronged by seniors and such undergraduates as were fortunate enough to secure admission. When the stage manager, one of the two characters in the prologue, came before the curtain in her Oriental dress, and made her salaam to the audience, she succeeded in transferring the opera-house from the West to the East, and putting the great crowd before the curtain in a sympathetic attitude; so that when the curtain rose on the sacred grove, the audience was already in a sympathetic mood, ready to co-operate with the actors in creating that atmosphere which comes only when the imagination of the actor and the spectator work together to secure the poetic effect. Miss Hotchkiss, who took the rôle of Dushyanta, the Rajah, and the hero of the play, won her audience almost at the first. Slight and small, but of erect carriage, gracious and dignified bearing, entire composure, and possessed of a clear and at times resonant voice, she was both the ardent lover and the high-minded and resolute ruler. When Sakuntala came down with her attendants through the path enveloped in foliage, and began to caress the flowers, her refinement, the sensitiveness of her face, the grace and dignity of her bearing, won the hearts of her audience. This difficult rôle, played by Miss Edith Jeannette Goode, was a rare bit of interpretation. It lacked, of course, many of those minor charms which a trained actress would have given it, but it had a freshness, a simplicity, and a sweetness which very few trained actresses could have infused into it. Miss Goode very happily combined the abandon of a young girl who falls desperately in love at first sight, after the manner of her Occidental sister, Juliet, with the reserve, the reticence, and the timidity of an Oriental woman. Her interpretation of these conflicting emotions, passion and shyness struggling together in her heart, was charming both in her facial expression and her voice. She was at once ardent, alarmed, and innocently coquettish, and she made entirely explicable the infatuation of Dushyanta, who had no sooner seen her than he decided not to return to his capital, but to hunt the wild beast and to protect the sacred grove from the demons.

⁂

The play, of which an account was given editorially in The Outlook some weeks ago, is the most charming and the most practicable of all the Oriental plays. It is distinctly the love drama of the East, as "Romeo and Juliet" is the love drama of the West. There is the same element of sudden infatuation, the same abandon to the great passion, the same conviction that the world would be well lost for the sake of love; but here the resemblance ends. The Oriental drama is gentle, sweet, full of sensitive feeling, but lacking in dramatic force and vitality. It is essentially a lyrical drama, and its one dramatic incident is the rejection of his wife by the Rajah. At that point the Spectator's heart begins to beat a little faster, and he dreads the moment when Sakuntala shall be turned away from the court of Dushyanta. The essence of the drama is action, and the essence of action is personality, and the

East has for many generations lacked a clear, deep, commanding sense of personality. It has lacked, accordingly, both the historical and the dramatic genius. For this reason many of the Oriental dramas would fail to interest a Western audience; they are so slightly accentuated, the movement is so slow, there is so little revelation of character in them. But where "Sakuntala" fails as a drama it succeeds as a love poem. Many of the passages are singularly beautiful, and now and again Kalidasa strikes a great note. It was these qualities that the performance of the Smith Seniors very happily brought out and impressed upon the audience, so that the interest in the play steadily deepened and rose to a climax in the rejection of Sakuntala.

❀

The Smith Seniors have probably never before presented a play to which they have contributed so much. Monier-Williams's translation had been revised and adapted for presentation by Miss Alice Morgan Wright, of the Senior Class; and while there were some differences of opinion in regard to certain passages which seemed to some spectators open to the charge of being too familiar, the work of adaptation was done with unusual skill and success. Miss Wright also took the difficult part of the jester. The costuming of the play was especially effective, yellows and browns being handled with great skill; and this work was done almost entirely by those who took part, most of the costumes being made by their own hands. The actors also designed the greater part of the setting of the play, which was in four principal scenes—a garden scene, a scene in the sacred grove, a court scene, and a valley in the Himalayas. These were the external contributions of the Seniors to the play. The most striking contributions to the interpretation were, however, the comprehension of the spirit of the drama and of the individuality of the chief figures, and the vocalization. These two elements related the production of the play to the educational spirit and method of the College, and formed its true spiritual background. It was as a piece of literature that the play was read and interpreted, and it was as a piece of literature that the presentation made a deep impression on the audiences that saw it. It was the outgrowth, not of a few months of special training, but of a long course of intelligent familiarity with the best in prose and verse. This element of culture, which showed itself in the feeling for the poem, the skill with which its various phases were interpreted, revealed itself also in the vocalization, which was notable for clearness of enunciation and sweetness and purity of tone. Almost without exception the tones on the stage were a delight to the ear, and showed the most careful and cultivated work in the class-room. The charm of the play was greatly increased by its musical accompaniment, composed by Louis A. Coerne, associate professor of music in the College. The drama was preceded and accompanied throughout by musical interludes, soft tones which aided the recitations, and which lent to the performance the enhancing interest of a kindred art. A few simple Oriental *motifs* were used by the composer as the base of his work, which was sufficiently accentuated to indicate the character of the different actors. There was a *motif* for Sakuntala, one for Dushyanta the Rajah, and one for Dushyanta the lover. There was a charming musical interpretation of "The Dawn of Love," another of "The Springtime of Love;" and the vocal numbers sung by the Glee Club were full of feeling and melody.

❀

When one considers the difficulties of presenting a play so entirely out of the range of Western feeling, with so little inherent dramatic interest, by a group of girls who have had no stage training, the success of "Sakuntala" as interpreted at Northampton was striking. It was a fitting prelude to the Commencement season; beautifully staged by nature; the tranquil old town, with its overhanging elms, never greener, the long stretches of the campus never more inviting, and the weather never more radiant than during the three days which followed the reproduction in a New England playhouse of this bit of classic Sanscrit dating back probably to the sixth century.

The Republican Convention

By Francis E. Leupp

Special Correspondent for The Outlook

> His qualities do not need to be retold, for no man in that exalted place since Lincoln has been better known to every household in the land. He is not conservative, if conservatism means waiting till it is too late. He is not wise, if wisdom is to count a thing a hundred times when once will do.
>
> Fortune soars with high and rapid wing, and whoever brings it down must shoot with accuracy and speed. Only the man with steady eye and nerve, and the courage to pull the trigger, brings the largest opportunities to the ground. He does not always listen while all the sages speak, but every day at nightfall beholds some record which, if not complete, has been at least pursued with conscience and intrepid resolution.
>
> He is no slender flower swaying in the wind, but that heroic fiber which is best nurtured by the mountains and the snow. He spends little time in review, for that he knows can be done by the schools. A statesman grappling with the living problems of the hour, he gropes but little in the past.
>
> He believes in going ahead. He believes that in shaping the destinies of this great Republic hope is a higher impulse than regret. He believes that preparation for future triumphs is a more important duty than an inventory of past mistakes.
>
> A profound student of history, he is to-day the greatest history-maker in the world, the highest living type of the youth, the vigor, and the promise of a great country and a great age.

THESE are some of the epigrammatic phrases with which Frank S. Black, of New York, sketched the more striking traits of Theodore Roosevelt, whose nomination for President he moved at the Republican National Convention in Chicago last week. They describe a picturesque figure, and candor compels the admission that the only picturesque things in any wise connected with the Convention were the chief candidate and the Chairman who announced the candidate's nomination.

Possibly, though, it would be too much to look for color or romance in a forced tribute paid to a man who makes politics a duty by a group of men who make politics a trade; and that was the plain English of the situation. The bulk of the delegates came to Chicago to vote for Roosevelt, not because they wished to, but because they had to. They would gladly have voted for Hanna had he been living and willing, or for Cannon had he been eligible under existing conditions; Shaw's candidacy would not have disconcerted them; nor would Taft, barring some sturdy qualities which they have not yet discovered, have greatly disturbed their serenity; but Roosevelt—well, they had had him for nearly three years, and three years of that sort of thing was enough for their taste. When you mixed among them, and inquired what Roosevelt had done to displease them, you soon found that the complaint was not of anything he had done, but of a hundred things they had not been able to induce him to do. He was too much of an idealist to suit their notion of a politician, and too much of a politician to suit their notion of an idealist. So, if the question had rested with the rank and file of the delegates and not with the people at home whose votes they were figuring to get, they would have scoured the woods for another candidate, and left Mr. Black's history-maker to seek new lodgings after the fourth of March. As it was, they sat in silence when Mr. Knight, of California, said to them, "The party needs him more than he needs the party;" and when Mr. Cotton, of Minnesota, told them, "The people sent you here, and you are to do their bidding;" and when other orators forced upon their consciousness in devious ways a truth they could not evade. For two days of the three the Convention was in session they were very non-committal, and only on the third plucked up enough spirit to do the customary shouting.

A notable feature was the absence of

any one authorized to transact business in the name of the inevitable candidate. To go no further back than 1892, it was Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, who engineered the Harrison campaign for renomination. In 1896 and in 1900 it was McKinley who was the assured nominee, and every one who had advice to offer or request went straight to Marcus A. Hanna as his *alter ego*. The personal representative, in each instance, indicated what would be acceptable to his principal in the matter of a platform, a running mate, or compacts for support. This time there was no one to perform such an office. Some of the platform planks had been discussed in advance with prominent Republicans, and practically shaped for submission to the coming committee on resolutions, as was natural where only one candidate was in sight who would have to stand or fall by the effectiveness of their appeal to the people. But pledges there neither were nor could have been; and from the start Mr. Roosevelt refused to indicate by even a nod of the head or an inflexion of the voice his preference between the various persons mentioned for the second place on the ticket, insisting that the delegates should be absolutely unhampered in their choice.

Not the least of the particulars which lifted this gathering out of the common was the novel realignment of forces on the stage and on the floor respectively. We have come to regard a Republican National Convention largely as an adjourned session of the United States Senate, with a few variants to relieve the programme of monotony. The prevailing practice of including the Senators from any given State in its delegation at large makes their chamber the one governmental body whose membership is compactly in evidence at a convention; and, since the honor of acting as spokesman for a delegation usually falls upon a Senator, and the Senators who sit on the same side of their hall in Washington are accustomed to "team work" there, the toga has become a badge of controlling influence in all great party concourses.

The position of the Senators, moreover, as party chiefs or bosses, gives them a continuing initiative in such matters as furnishing the permanent chairmen at National Conventions. Such a combination—a Senator directing affairs from the chair and a group of responsive Senators on the floor—if not invincible, is at least a difficult one for any outside interest to play against. But the Convention just closed was remarkable for its departure from the usual lines, in having for its presiding officer the most conspicuous foe of the Senate in all the United States. No man in our public life has been so identified with the movement to strip the upper house of Congress of its encysted but much-abused prerogatives as the present presiding officer of the lower house. Defiance to the Senate was the issue on which Mr. Cannon was elected to the Speakership, and in Washington he swings his gavel like a war-club.

It was a common remark among old Convention-goers that this was a lifeless gathering. "Unexciting" would have been a better term. Ordinarily, on the Sunday directly preceding the formal meeting of a Convention, things are at the boiling point; this year they did not even bubble. In those places of resort where the visitor usually has to button his coat about him to prevent its being torn off, it was quite possible to move about freely; the hotel parlors which the great men of the party use for lairs were almost deserted. Everybody was curious and interested to learn the latest news, but nobody was in a ferment. In that respect the occasion seemed to have rather the spirit of business than of politics. It was proportionally more decorous, as befitted the serious duty before the delegates.

The reason assigned on all sides for the reign of quiet was that the Convention had nothing to do; the President had mapped out the programme from overture to curtain, and the delegates had nothing left for them except to register his will. As a matter of fact, this was not the case. Mr. Roosevelt had indicated, as former Presidential candidates have indicated, the person whom he preferred to manage his canvass. He had been offered the privilege of putting Mr. Cortelyou into the National

Committee as the member from New York, but declined. All he asked was that Mr. Cortelyou should be made Chairman, thus holding aloof from any interference with the domestic politics of his own State, and leaving the rank and file of the Committee free to do whatever they pleased in matters of party discipline, just as the United States Senate under the Constitution has for its presiding officer a person who is not a Senator but an outsider. The most that Mr. Cortelyou can do under such conditions is to conduct the strictly executive business of the Committee, guide its deliberations, and act as umpire when questions arise which hopelessly divide its membership.

Campaign managers are chosen for various qualities. Blaine named for his a man whose chief recommendation seemed to be wealth. Harrison chose the shrewdest politician whose services he could command. McKinley's manager, Hanna, chose himself, as was to be expected of the person who had picked and groomed the candidate for the race from the day of the Republican wreck of 1890. Cortelyou was chosen, not because he is rich, or because he is a clever politician, or because he has been an unswerving devotee to one purpose for a series of years, but because, without being in any sense namby-pamby, he is a clean man, personally worthy of respect, and so sympathetically familiar with the plans and ideals of his chief as to be in no danger of doing what the latter cannot approve. He will not do everything just in the way Roosevelt would have done it; to expect that would be to ignore the personal equation; but the end of his campaign, it will be safe to believe, will witness no unhappy day of reckoning for his principal, groaning over a balance-sheet filled with scandalous records and obnoxious pledges.

The objections to Mr. Cortelyou came primarily from a group of professional politicians who were losing their grip on power, and who could not bear to abdicate without leaving a monumental growl behind them. Their fight upon him was real while it lasted, but it was short-lived. The more sensible of the remonstrants realized that a new order had come in and that they must bow to it. Not only was a different handful of men taking control of the party, but the methods employed were different from those immemorially in vogue. As already remarked, it is the custom for candidates to suggest certain things they particularly desire in connection with their nominations; but where Mr. Roosevelt marked his new departure was in stating his desires aloud and frankly, instead of communicating them in whispers to a friend, for dissemination also in whispers, and usually in dark corners. It is a part of the conventional creed of the politician never to do straightforwardly what can just as well be done by indirection. He would rather have a "confidential tip" than all the most authentic information in the world put into the plainest English: that is his perverted taste and his inverted conception of values in his own trade.

When, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt candidly said, "Give me George B. Cortelyou for my campaign manager," the politicians were becomingly shocked at his temerity. The same men, when they coaxed him for a hint of some sort as to his preference among the Vice-Presidential possibilities, abused him for refusing to interfere with the freedom of the Convention whose business it was to do the nominating. "Why does he leave us in a muddle?" they demanded, with a logic peculiar to themselves. The one thing about which they could not criticise him either for too great boldness or too embarrassing silence was his selection of the ornamental features of his Convention, the temporary and permanent chairmen, and the orators who were to present his name. Here he was consulted. His choice of chairmen was characteristic; he named the two Republicans who had made the greatest marks on the history of the Government since he became President—Elihu Root, who, by his administrative genius as Secretary of War, had given to the United States a new military establishment constructed on modern lines; and Joseph G. Cannon, whose vigorous championship is restoring to the House of Representatives its Constitutional share in National legislation. It was simply another illustration of his fondness for men who "do things," as distinguished from those whose sole forte is the criticism of others, or who are content to wear honors which they have not earned.

So, if Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the Convention and the party administration was especially notable for anything, it was for forbearance rather than for meddling; and the one thing that gave his censors any excuse for cavil was his treatment of themselves with a candor to which they were unaccustomed and which they could not appreciate.

The late Convention drove down one more stake to mark the strides the West has made in recent years toward dominating the politics of the country. The Roosevelt nomination was essentially a Western nomination. Its incentive came from that section, its inspiration has been kept alive at every stage by that section. Such remnants of opposition as were to be observed among the States which normally give Republican majorities were found in the East, the home of conservatism, of reposeful methods, of conventional propriety. The penumbra of this dissatisfaction, taking the form of lukewarmness, spread a little way across the Alleghanies. The genuine Rooseveltism, which shared the snap and flavor of its hero, was free with pledges of personal devotion, and meant votes every time, was crowded into the real West. It was a man of distinctly Western type who presided over the permanent organization. It was the West which swelled the vote in behalf of a larger representation for Hawaii, and came within a hand's breadth of overturning the report of the Committee on Rules. It was the Pacific coast which furnished the most eloquent speech in the Convention, through the lips of George A. Knight, upon whom has descended the oratorical genius of an Ingersoll. It was the West that forced into the platform, against the actual desire of a majority of the Committee on Resolutions, a recognition of its popular sentiment in favor of tariff revision.

In short, the finger of the West was in everything, and always to some purpose. It was impossible even to overhear the discussions of economic or tactical questions between delegates in the hotel corridors without discovering that the Republican party's government has passed out of the keeping of that section which held it so long. A remark that "Pennsylvania is going to do so-and-so" would arouse only a languid interest, while a suggestion that New York was opposed to this or that measure would usually elicit the snappish retort, "Who cares what New York wants?" The uppermost thought seemed to be to ascertain which were the doubtful States of the West and see what could be done to make sure of them.

The keynote of the whole Convention, if it had one, might be expressed in the phrase, "America at last a citizen of the world." Elihu Root, in his speech as temporary chairman, dwelt on the handiwork of the United States in the establishment of a republic in Cuba; the undertaking to regenerate the Philippines; the recognition of the new Republic of Panama; the first steps in the solution of the interoceanic canal problem; the settlement of the Chinese indemnity and Alaska boundary questions; the inauguration of the labors of the Hague Tribunal; the protection of Venezuela from foreign spoliation, and incidentally the salvation of the Monroe Doctrine; and a strengthening of the army and navy designed to keep this country always prepared for war if war must come. Mr. Cannon, in his address as permanent chairman, made several comments in the same vein, and so did Mr. Lodge's platform and most of the nominating speeches. Every word of this sort was hailed from the floor with cheers so lusty as to put to shame the average of plaudits. The one real demonstration up to Tuesday night that went further than cheers was called forth by Mr. Root's demand that the American people decide whether the building of the Panama Canal "shall be in charge of men who made its building possible, or of the weaklings whose incredulous objections would have postponed it for another generation." And the most intense excitement on Wednesday followed the reading of Secretary Hay's dramatic warning to the Sultan of Morocco to produce "either Perdicaris living or Raisuli dead." Domestic concerns seemed of secondary moment to the Convention when compared with these reminders that the United States was taking part, as a power to be reckoned with, in the affairs of the world.

The Chicago Convention witnessed only one outbreak of bad blood. This was the controversy over the question which faction in Wisconsin deserves credit for good and regular standing in the Republican party. Any discussion of its merits would be technical and out of place here; it will soon be submitted to the courts for permanent settlement. But the rather overbearing spirit of the National Committee, which discarded all attempts at compromise and seated the entire delegation of one faction, made a bad impression. The worsted contingent, of course, could have taken its appeal to the Committee on Credentials in the Convention; but here the folly was shifted to its side, when it declined to present any argument whatever to the Committee, baldly declaring that it knew in advance that it could get no justice there. This is not the sort of family quarrel which can prudently be indulged in the presence of an aggressive enemy; and the soreness which both sides will long feel as the result of their clash at Chicago may have an unfortunate influence on the larger struggle over the Presidency.

But the Convention was not without its humors, either, and chief among them was "Uncle Joe" Cannon as Chairman. He managed his crowd much as he might have conducted a religious experience meeting in a congregation whose members had grown up together. The Chicagoans had presented him with a gavel as big as a butcher's mallet, with a fair-sized broomstick for a handle. This he used, when he wanted to make a noise with it, upon anything within reach—a table, a chair, the floor, whichever came handiest. His favorite use of it was as an adornment to a soothing gesture all his own. Waving it in his left hand like a music-master's baton as he advanced to the front of the stage, and waving the empty right hand in unison, he seemed all ready to start the singing of a revival hymn. But this was merely his way of saying, "Be still, please!" After the audience had quieted sufficiently, he would make the remark he had in mind, always with the manner of confiding a semi-secret "just between us;" and because of its authorship, if for no other reason, it would usually be greeted with a laugh, in the midst of which "Uncle Joe" would suddenly wheel and return to his seat with his chest expanded and a measured cakewalk step. When he was required to gesture a great deal in order to reduce the din, his coat-sleeve would hitch up on each arm, revealing a snowy waste of linen cuff between cloth and hand, and adding to the chorister effect.

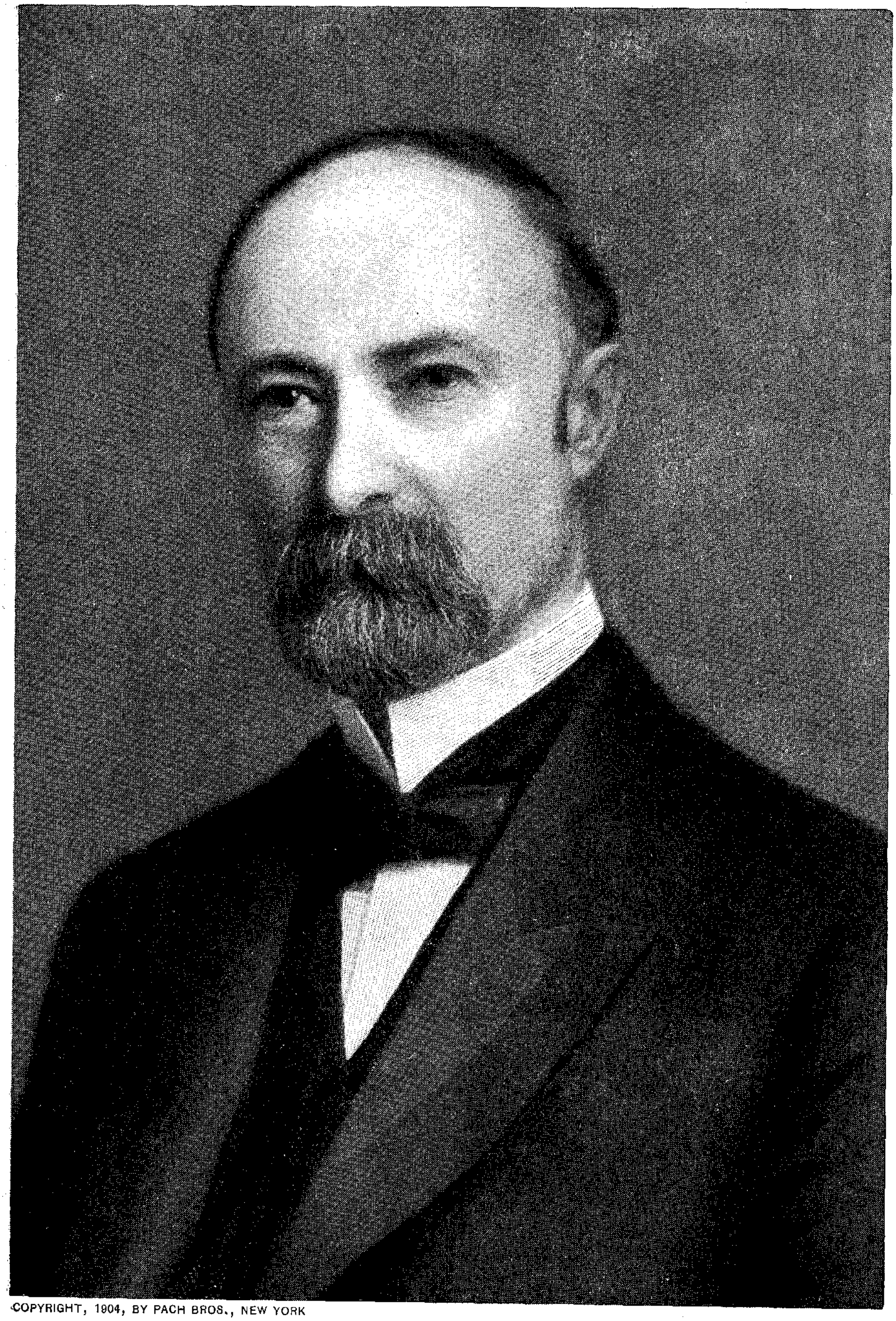
Never was man more in his element. His eyes glistened, and the rosy apple tint of his high cheek-bones took on a fresh glow with the congenial task of facing several thousand people and "talking" to them—for your Uncle Joseph never "speaks." His face wore a beaming smile all the time; and even the dignity of his exalted place, guiding the deliberations of Abraham Lincoln's party in National conclave assembled, could not quite repress the quaint phraseology and accent, and the all-overish use of arms and legs and head and body when he had something to say to his brethren heart to heart.

The nomination of Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, for Vice-President was made without his solicitation or even his voiced consent; the honor sought the man because he was of Presidential size and had done more than any other to bring his State safely into the Republican column and keep it there. His friends took care that his nomination should be made under conditions which carried the suggestion that four years hence he might be called to "come up higher."

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY ARTHUR HEWITT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Republican Nominee for the Presidency.



COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY PACH BROS., NEW YORK

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Republican Nominee for the Vice-Presidency.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON

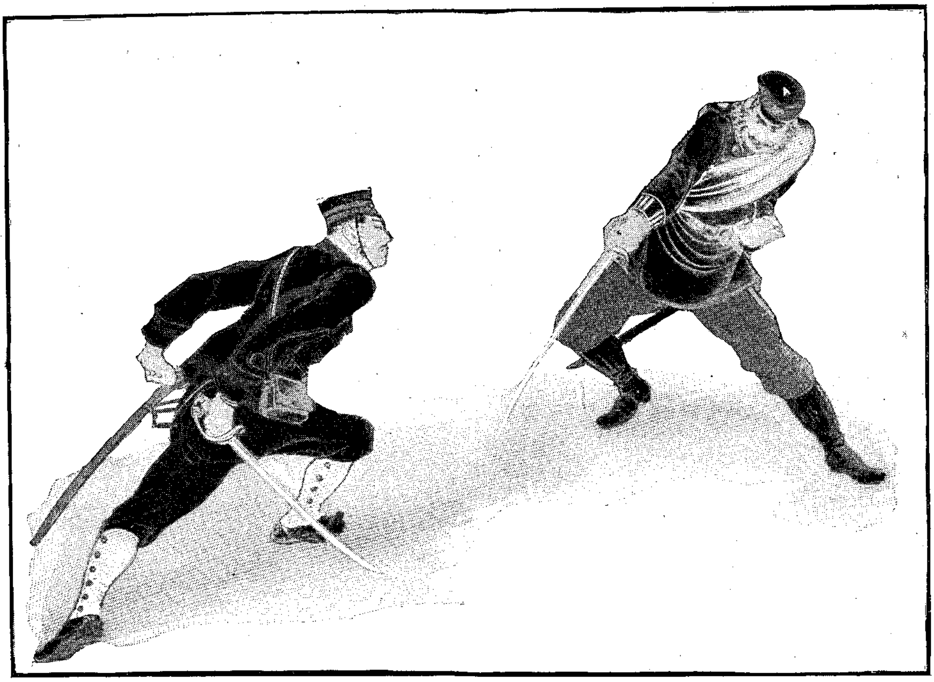
The New President of the Red Cross

ADMIRAL W. K. VAN REYPEN, who has just been chosen as the President of the American National Red Cross, has long taken a personal and active interest in its work, and attended as a delegate the great international Red Cross Conference held at St. Petersburg in 1902. For forty years Admiral Van Reypen served in the United States navy in various official grades, and when he retired two years ago he was Surgeon-General as well as senior Rear-Admiral. He entered the service as an assistant surgeon, and was with the East Gulf blockading squadron during the Civil War. In our war with Spain Admiral Reypen received high praise for his energy and thoroughness, and especially because he designed and fitted out the ambulance ship Solace, the first vessel of the kind ever used in naval warfare.

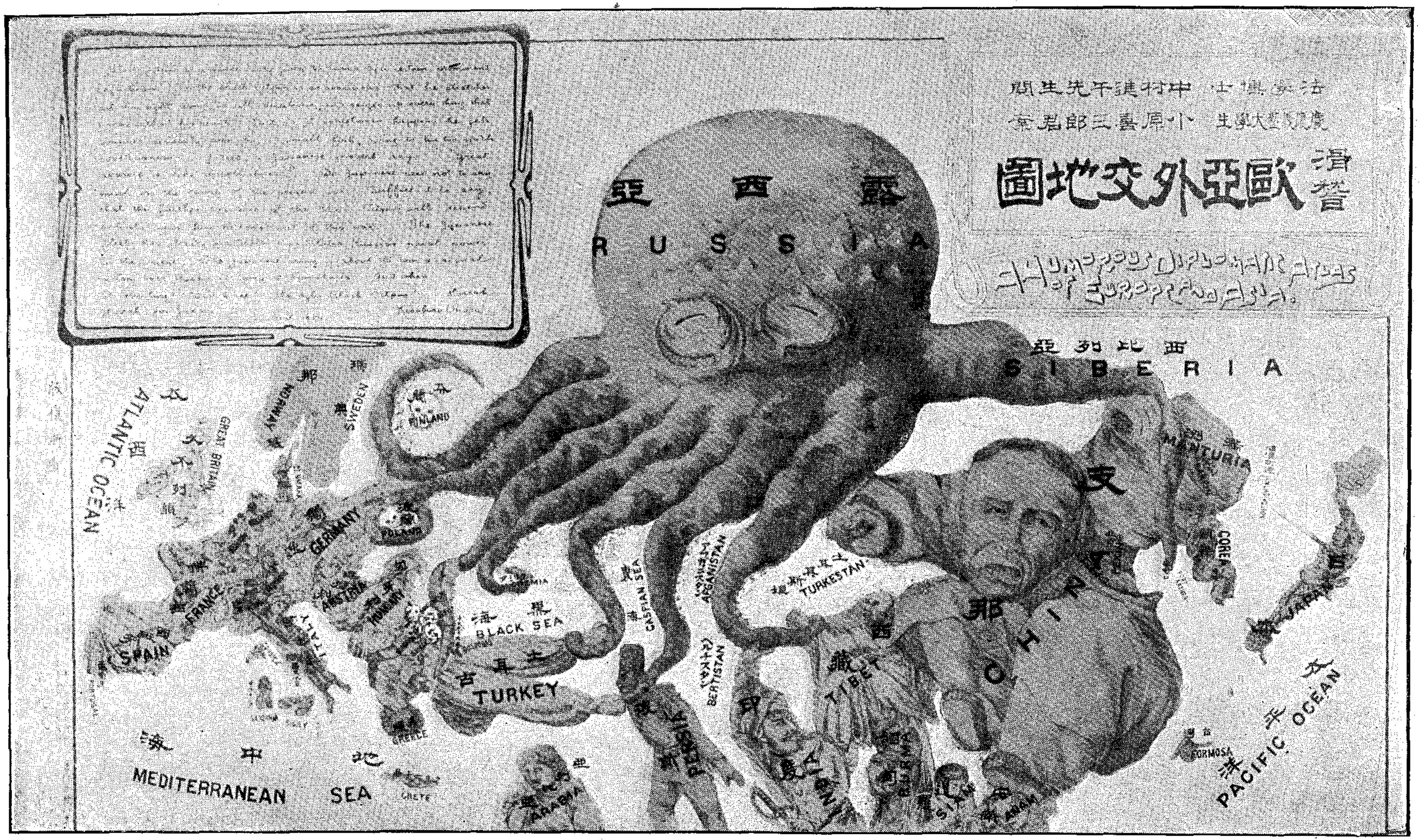
THE WAR

AS SEEN BY

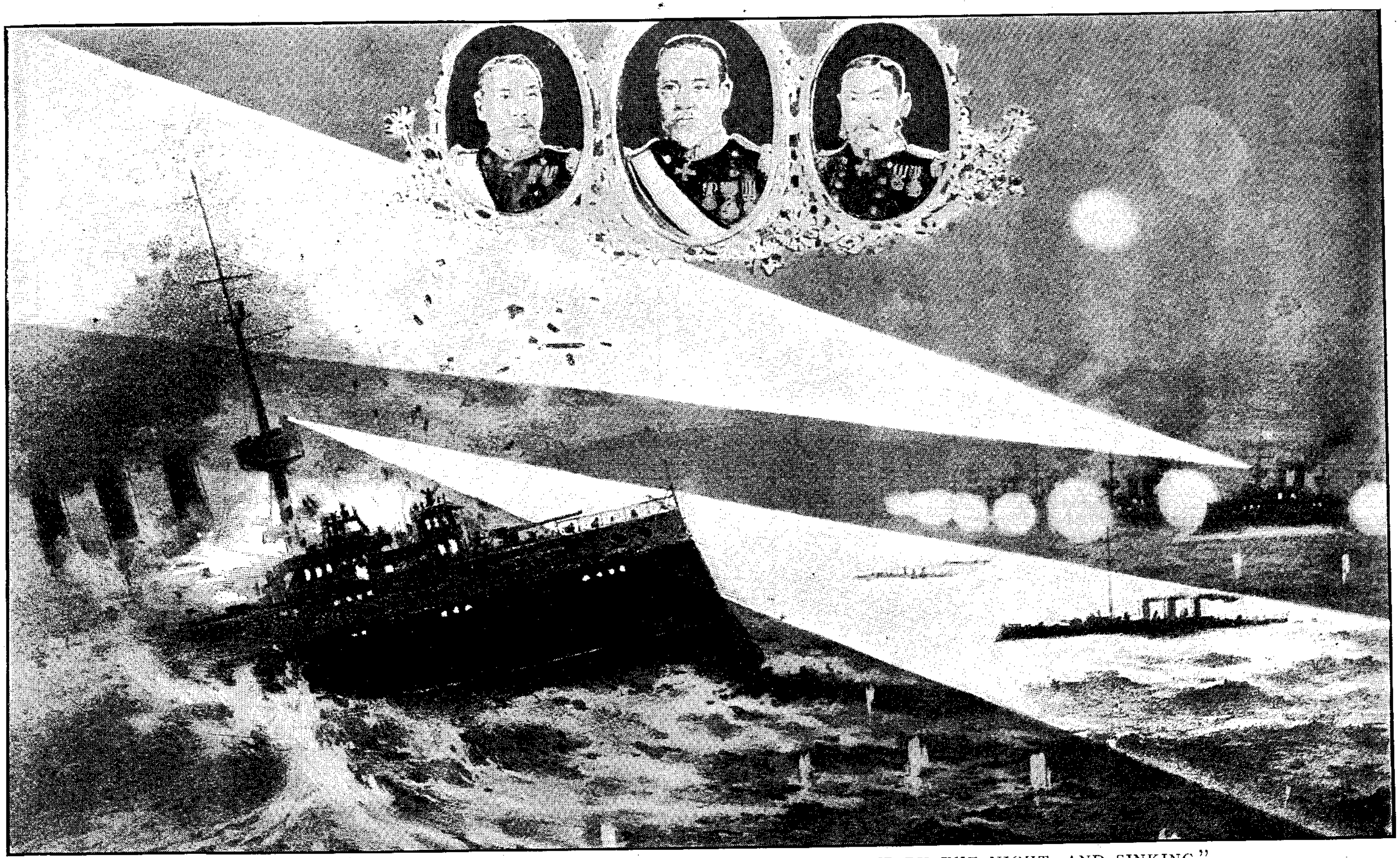
JAPANESE ARTISTS



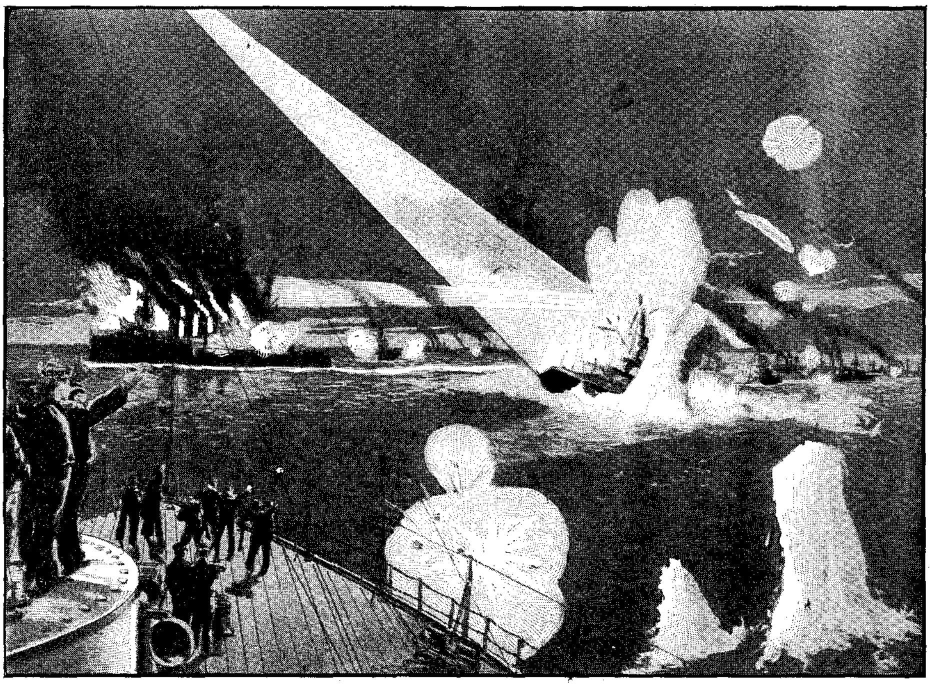
MR. GEORGE KENNAN, The Outlook's exclusive representative in the Far East, has sent us this interesting series of pictures of scenes and incidents of the war as depicted by the artists of Japan. These pictures are circulated everywhere in Japan, and are the means through which the common people gain their ideas of the war. In many cases the titles of the pictures are printed in English as well as in Japanese, with curious and amusing results. These titles have been retained with the pictures reproduced here. These pictures are of interest not only as showing how the Japanese people are informed as to the progress of the war, but also as examples of Japanese popular art.


法學博士 中村進午先生閲
慶應大學生 小原喜三郎君案
滑稽 歐亞外交地圖
THE HUMOROUS DIPLOMATIC ATLAS OF EUROPE AND ASIA.
露西亜
RUSSIA
西比利亜
SIBERIA
支那
CHINA
MANTURIA
COREA
JAPAN
FORMOSA
PACIFIC OCEAN
太平洋
TURKESTAN
AFGANISTAN
BERTISTAN
TIBET
INDIA
BURMA
SIAM
ANAM
PERSIA
ARABIA
CASPIAN SEA
BLACK SEA
黒海
TURKEY
土耳古
GREECE
CRETE
ITALY
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
GERMANY
FRANCE
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
GREAT BRITAIN
NORWAY
SWEDEN
FINLAND
ATLANTIC OCEAN
大西洋
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
地中海

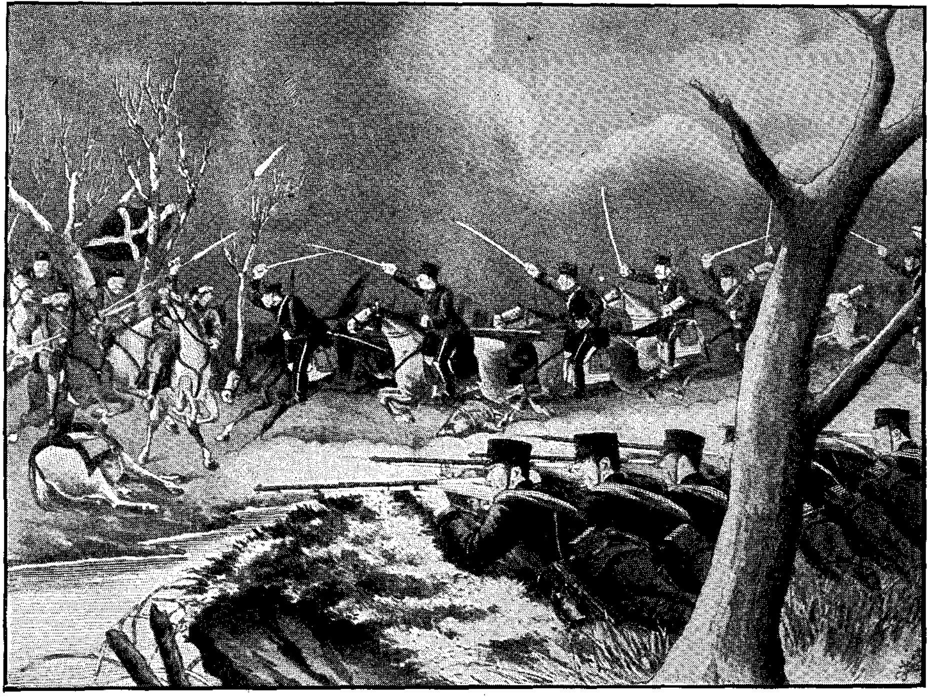
A CLEVER JAPANESE CARTOON



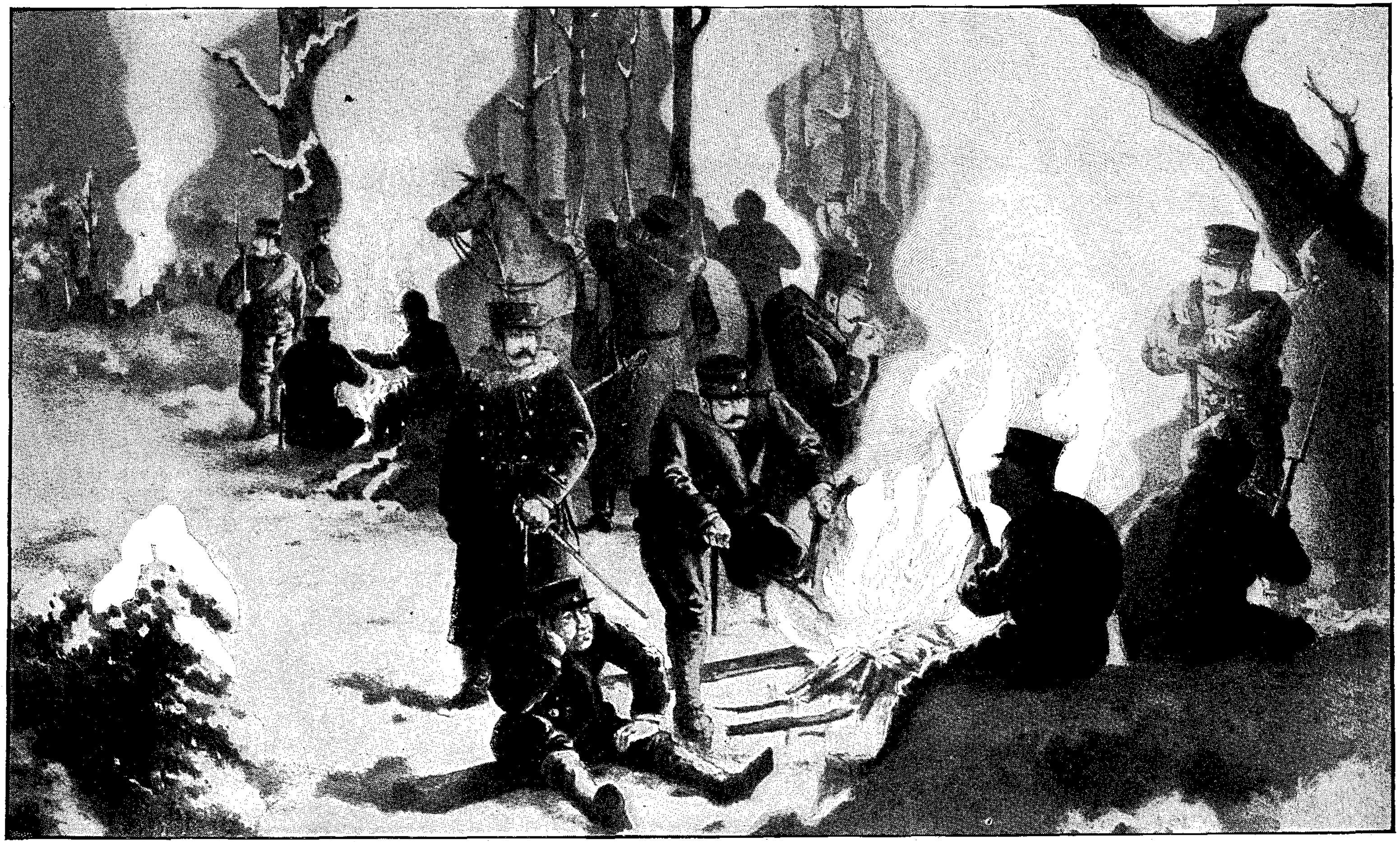
"THE JAPANESE TORPEDO-SHIP ATTACKING THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP BY THE NIGHT, AND SINKING"



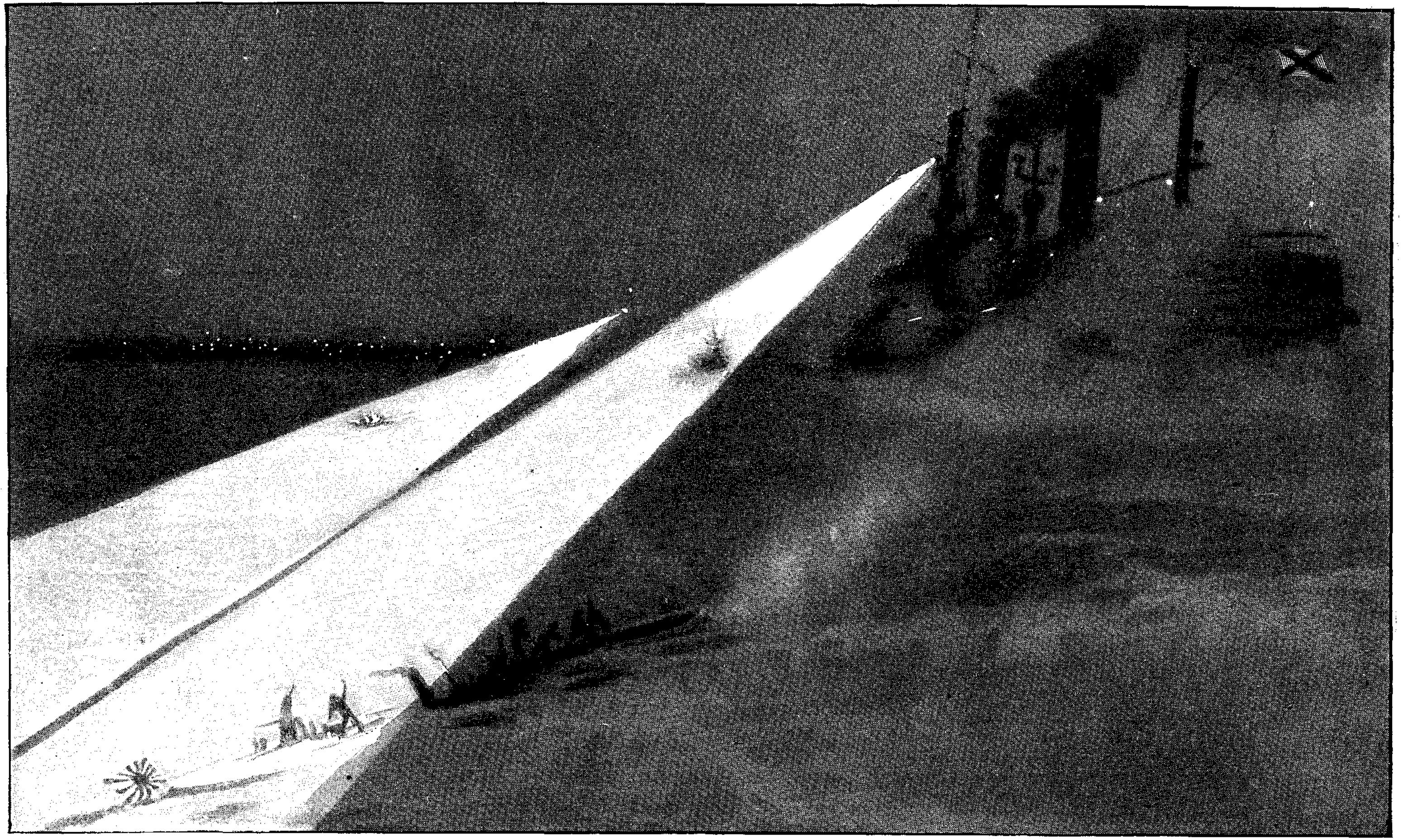
"THE NIGHT ATTACK OF JAPANESE NAVY VESSELS AT PORT ARTHUR"



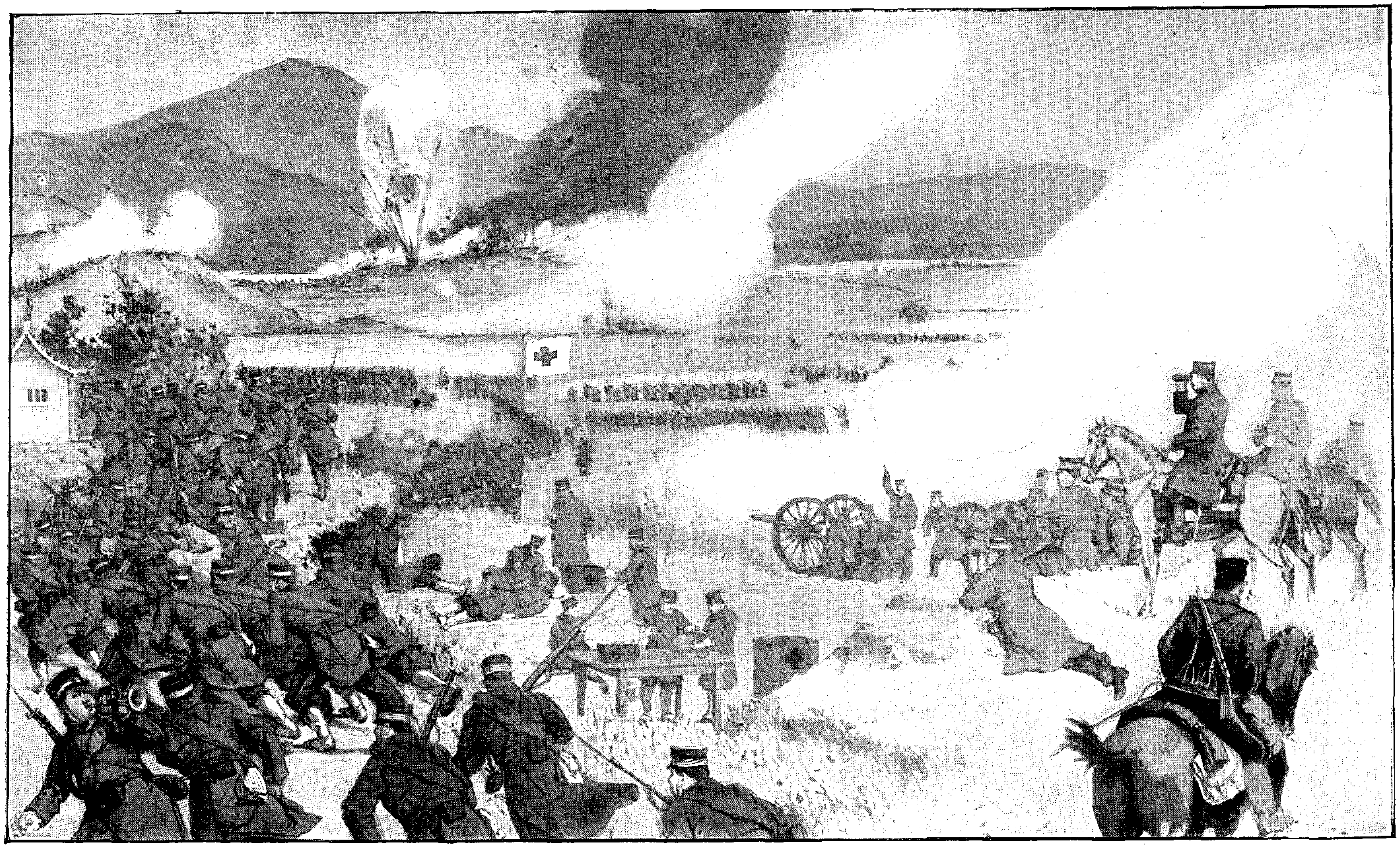
"THE SEVERE WAR AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF CHÖNG-JU"



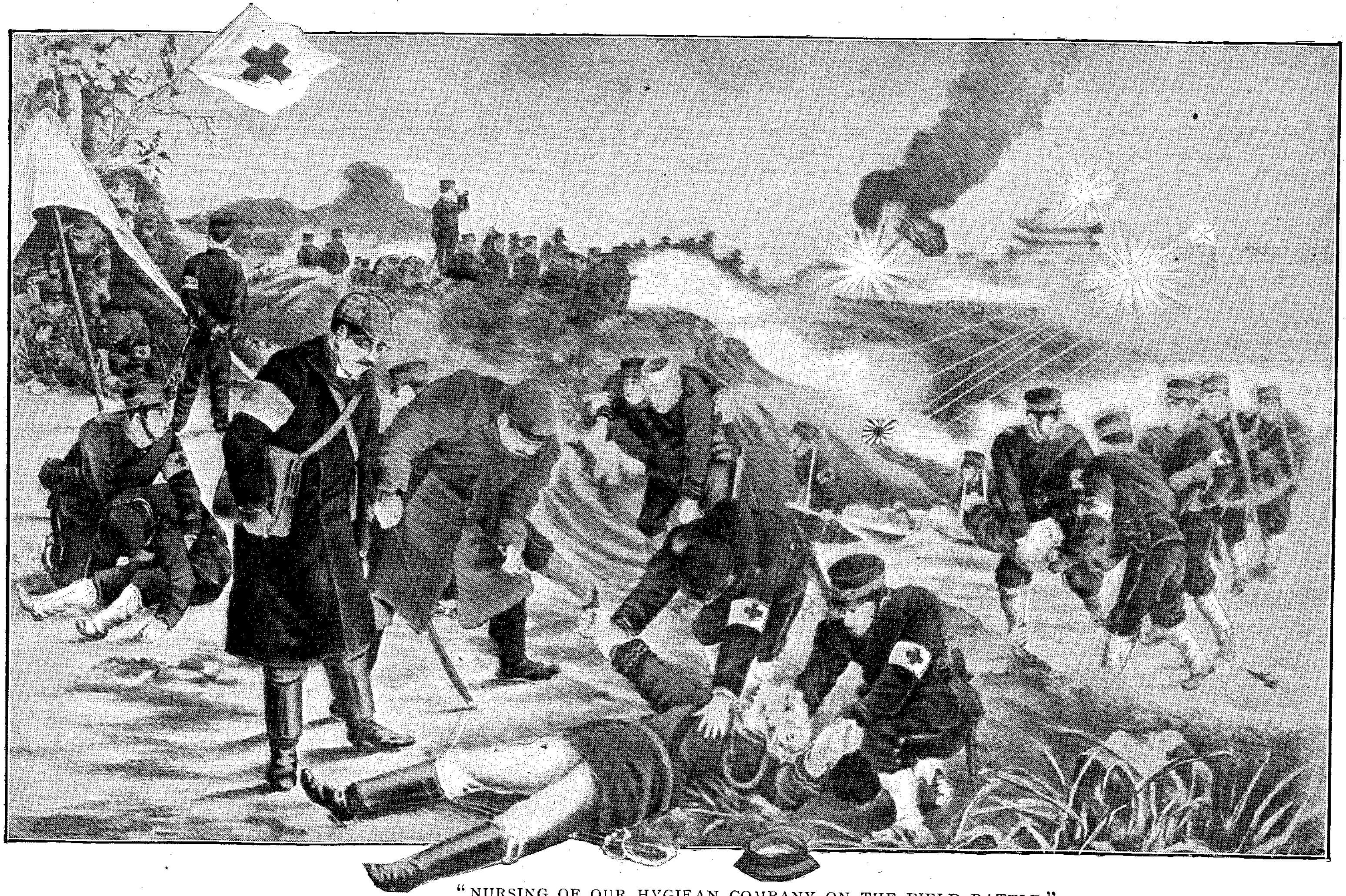
"THE MARTIAL FIELD ENCAMPMENT OF THE JAPANESE"



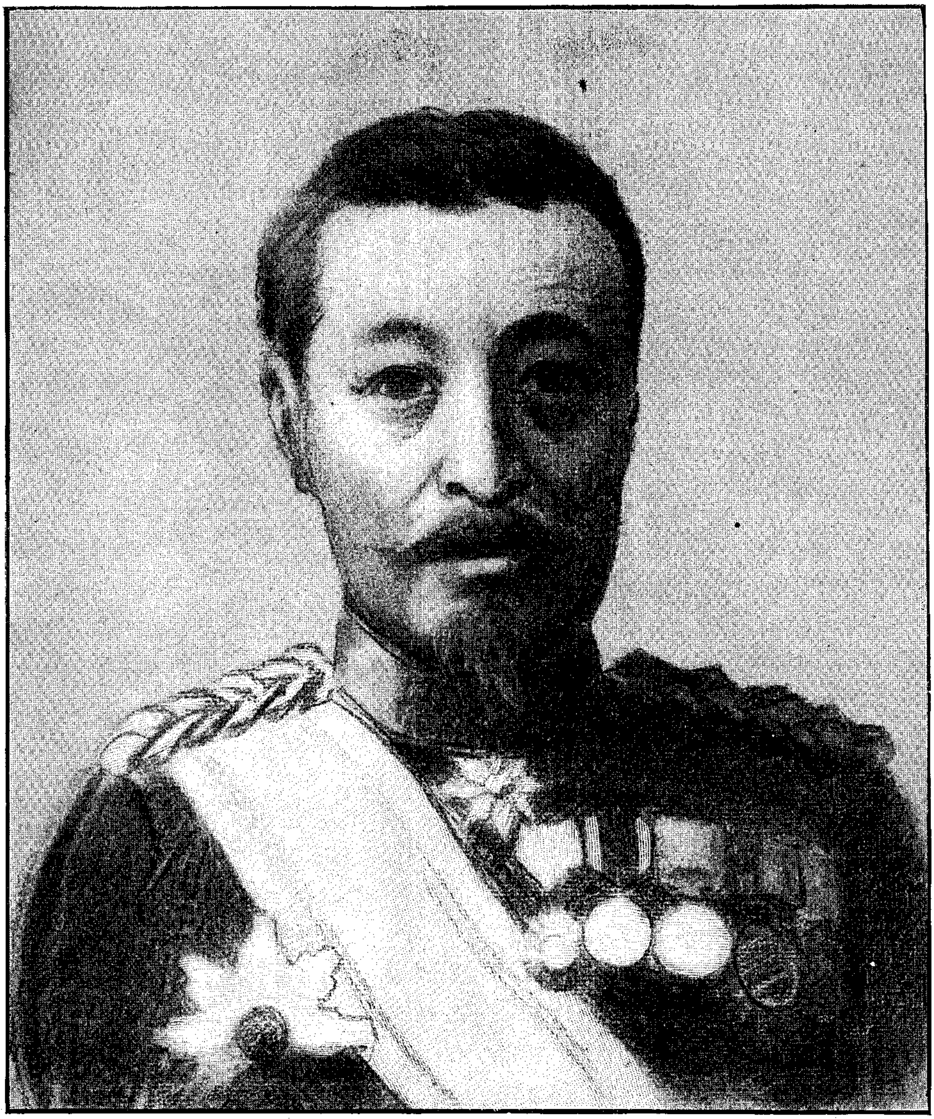
"OUR TORPEDOES ATTACK RUSSIAN FLEET AT PORT ARTHUR"



“THE RUSSIAN TROOPS WERE FORCED TO RETREAT FROM CHÖNG JU BY ATTACK OF JAPANESE, AND OUR SANITARY MEMBERS TO ATTEND ON WOUNDED”



"NURSING OF OUR HYGIEAN COMPANY ON THE FIELD BATTLE"

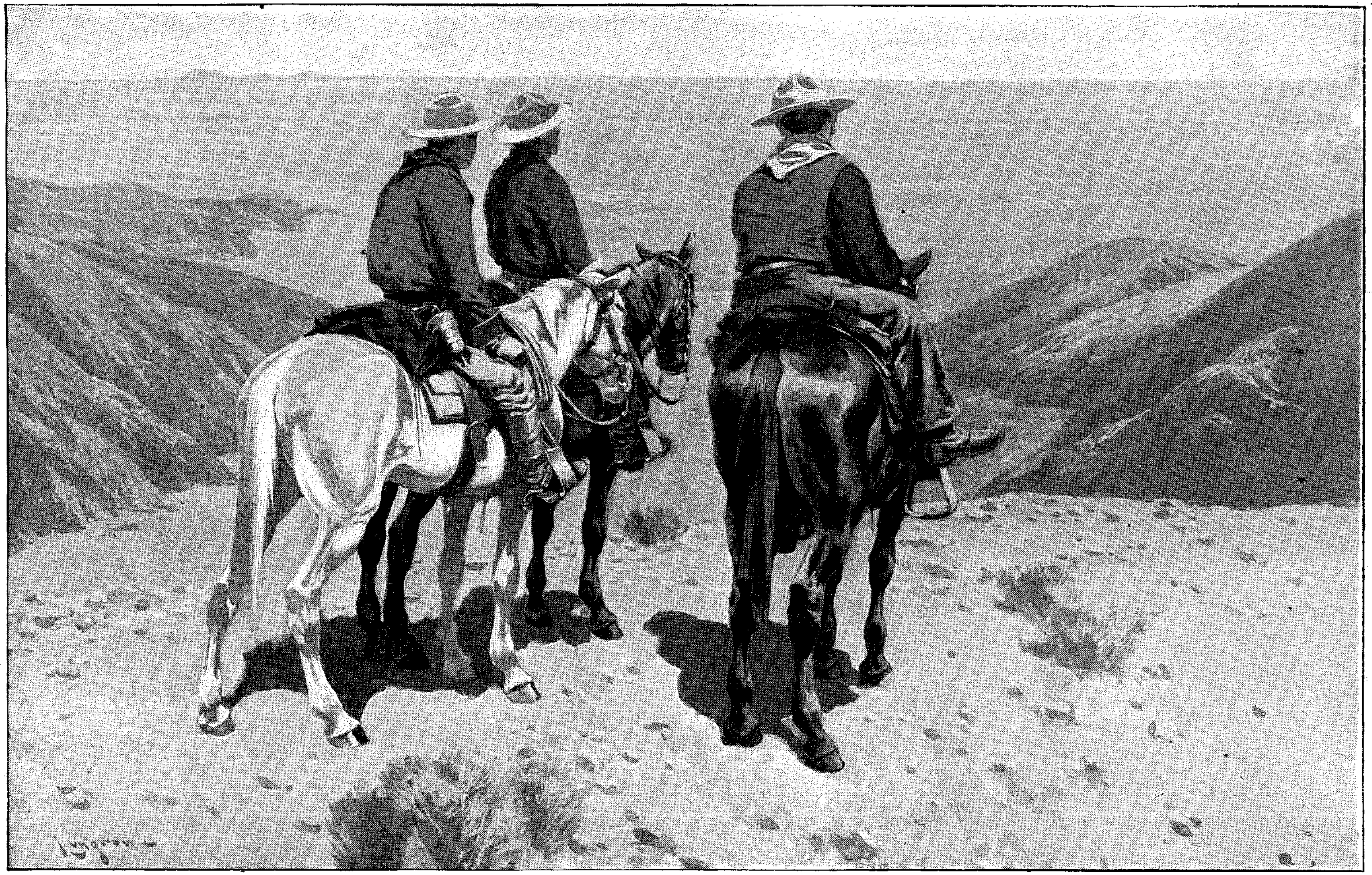


GENERAL OKU

Drawn by Shugetsu Shoda, a Japanese art student in the National Academy of Design, New York.

General Oku

THE two Japanese military leaders who have gained the most fame in the present war are General Kuroki and General Oku. The former commands Japan's First Army and won the battle of the Yalu. The latter is at the head of the Second Army, and his masterly skill in landing that army on the Regent's Sword Peninsula, cutting the railway communication between Port Arthur and the Russian headquarters at Liaoyang, seizing Kinchow, and hurling his troops on the Russian fortifications at the Nanshan Hills, which were captured after one of the most terrible and bloody charges in the history of war—all this, as well as his later movements, have extorted praise even from his enemy, General Kuropatkin, who is said to have commended equally Oku's strategical skill and his courage as those of a great soldier.



THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE INFERNO

THE MOUNTAINS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE
AUTHOR OF
THE FOREST
THE BLAZED TRAIL
THE SILENT PLACES Etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FERNAND LUNGREN

VI.—The Inferno

FOR eight days we did penance, checking off the hours, meeting doggedly one after another the disagreeable things. We were bathed in heat; we inhaled it; it soaked into us until we seemed to radiate it like so many furnaces. A condition of thirst became the normal condition, to be only slightly mitigated by a few mouthfuls from zinc canteens of tepid water. Food had no attractions; even smoking did not taste good. Always the flat country stretched out before us. We could see far ahead a landmark which we would reach only by a morning's travel. Nothing intervened between us and it. After we had looked at it a while, we became possessed of an almost insane necessity to make a run for it. The slow maddening three miles an hour of the pack-train drove us frantic. There were times when it seemed that unless we shifted our gait, unless we stepped outside the slow strain of patience to which the Inferno held us relentlessly, we should lose our minds and run round and round in circles—as people often do, in the desert.

And when the last and most formidable hundred yards had slunk sullenly behind us to insignificance, and we had dared let our minds relax from the insistent need of self-control—then, beyond the cottonwoods, or creek-bed, or group of buildings, whichever it might be, we made out another, remote as paradise, which we must gain by sunset. So again the wagon-trail, with its white choking dust, its staggering sun, its miles made up of monotonous inches, each clutching for a man's sanity.

We sang everything we knew; we told stories; we rode cross-saddle, sidewise, erect, slouching; we walked and led our horses; we shook the powder of years from old worn jokes, conundrums, and puzzles—and at the end, in spite of our best efforts, we fell to morose silence and the red-eyed, vindictive contemplation of the objective point that would not seem to come nearer.

For now we lost accurate sense of time. At first it had been merely a question of going in at one side of eight days, pressing through them, and coming out on the other side. Then the eight days would be behind us. But once we

---

[1] Copyright, 1904, by the Outlook Company.

had entered that enchanted period, we found ourselves more deeply involved. The seemingly limited area spread with startling swiftness to the very horizon. Abruptly it was borne in on us that this was never going to end; just as now for the first time we realized that it had begun infinite ages ago. We were caught in the entanglement of days. The Coast Ranges were the experiences of a past incarnation; the Mountains were a myth. Nothing was real but this; and this would endure forever. We plodded on because somehow it was part of the great plan that we should do so. Not that it did any good: we had long since given up such ideas. The illusion was very real; perhaps it was the anodyne mercifully administered to those who pass through the Inferno.

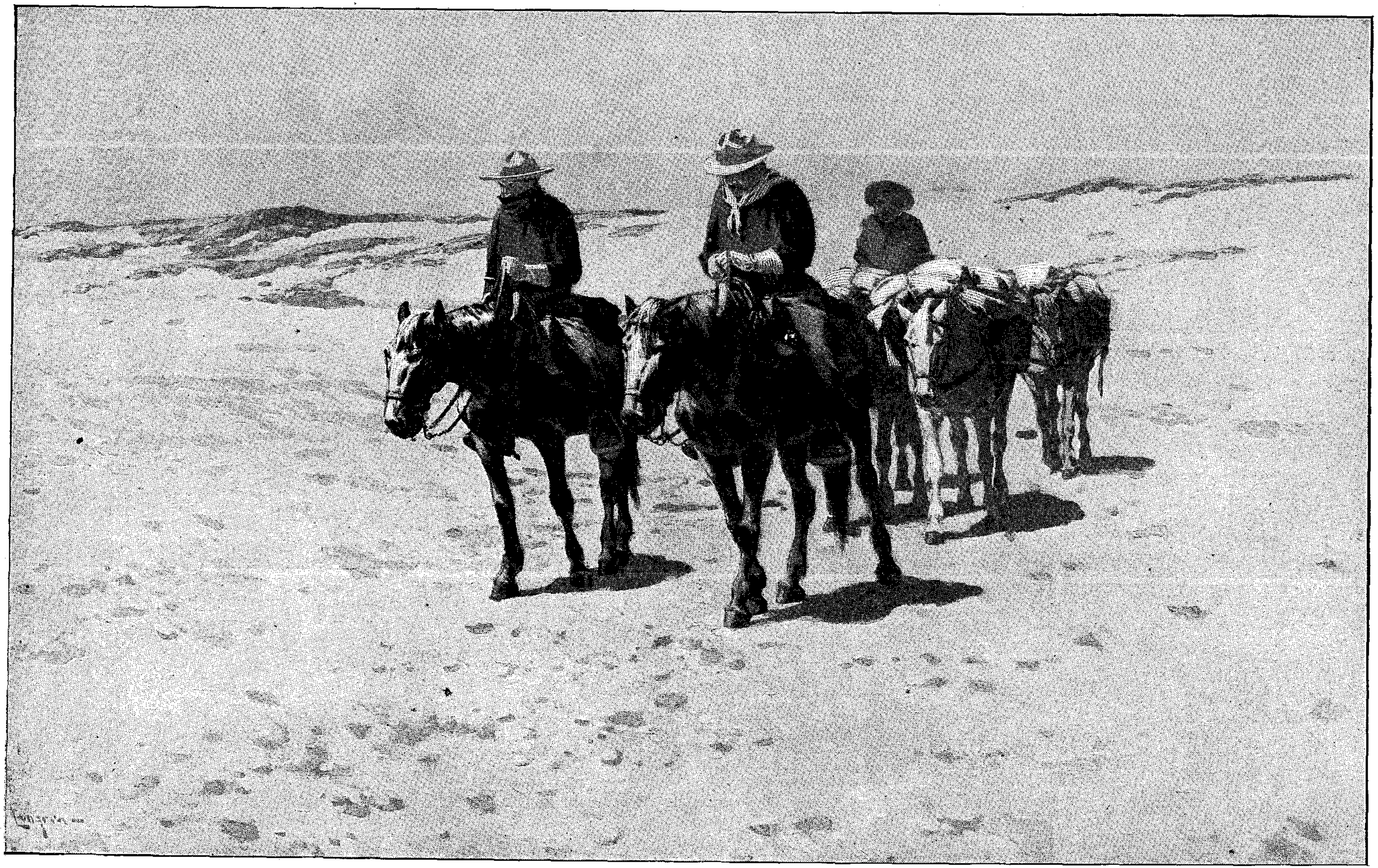
Most of the time we got on well enough. One day, only, the Desert showed her power. That day, at five of the afternoon, it was one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. And we, through necessity of reaching the next water, journeyed over the alkali at noon. Then the Desert came close on us and looked us fair in the eyes, concealing nothing. She killed poor Deuce, the beautiful setter who had traveled the wild countries so long; she struck Wes and the Tenderfoot from their horses when finally they had reached a long-legged water-tank; she even staggered the horses themselves. And I, lying under a bush where I had stayed after the others in the hope of succoring Deuce, began idly shooting at ghostly jack-rabbits that looked real, but through which the revolver bullets passed without resistance.

After this day the Tenderfoot went water-crazy. Watering the horses became almost a mania with him. He could not bear to pass even a mud-hole without offering the astonished Tunemah a chance to fill up, even though that animal had drunk freely not twenty rods back. As for himself, he embraced every opportunity; and journeyed draped in many canteens.

After that it was not so bad. The thermometer stood from a hundred to a hundred and five or six, to be sure, but we were getting used to it. Discomfort, ordinary physical discomfort, we came to accept as the normal environment of man. It is astonishing how soon uniformly uncomfortable conditions, by very lack of contrast, do lose their power to color the habit of mind. I imagine merely physical unhappiness is a matter more of contrasts than of actual circumstances. We swallowed dust; we humped our shoulders philosophically under the beating of the sun; we breathed the débris of high winds; we cooked anyhow, ate anything, spent long idle fly-infested hours waiting for the noon to pass; we slept in horse-corrals, in the trail, in the dust, behind stables, in hay, anywhere. There was little water, less wood for the cooking.

It is now all confused, an impression of events without sequence, a mass of little prominent purposeless things like rock conglomerate. I remember leaning my elbows on a low window-ledge and watching a poker game going on in the room of a dive. The light came from a sickly suspended lamp. It fell on five players—two miners in their shirt-sleeves, a Mexican, a tough youth with side-tilted derby hat, and a fat, gorgeously dressed Chinaman. The men held their cards close to their bodies, and wagered in silence. Slowly and regularly the great drops of sweat gathered on their faces. As regularly they raised the backs of their hands to wipe them away. Only the Chinaman, broad-faced, calm, impassive as Buddha, save for a little crafty smile in one corner of his eye, seemed utterly unaffected by the heat, cool as autumn. His loose sleeve fell back from his forearm when he moved his hand forward, laying his bets. A jade bracelet slipped back and forth as smoothly as on yellow ivory.

Or, again, one night when the plain was like a sea of liquid black, and the sky blazed with stars, we rode by a sheep-herder's camp. The flicker of a fire threw a glow out into the dark. A tall wagon, a group of silhouetted men, three or four squatting dogs, were squarely within the circle of illumination. And outside, in the penumbra of shifting half light, now showing clearly, now fading into darkness, were the sheep, indeterminate in bulk, melting



"WE JOURNEYED OVER THE ALKALI AT NOON"

away by mysterious thousands into the mass of night. We passed them. They looked up, squinting their eyes against the dazzle of their fire. The night closed about us again.

Or still another: in the glare of broad noon, after a hot and trying day, a little inn kept by a French couple. And there, in the very middle of the Inferno, was served to us, on clean scrubbed tables, a meal such as one gets in rural France, all complete, with the *pôtage*, the fish fried in oil, the wonderful *ragout*, the chicken and salad, the cheese and the black coffee, even the *vin ordinaire*. I have forgotten the name of the place, its location on the map, the name of its people—one has little to do with detail in the Inferno—but that dinner never will I forget, any more than the Tenderfoot will forget his first sight of water the day when the Desert "held us up."

Once the brown veil lifted to the eastward. We, souls struggling, saw great mountains and the whiteness of eternal snow. That noon we crossed a river, hurrying down through the flat plain, and in its current came the body of a drowned bear-cub, an alien from the high country.

These things should have been as signs to our jaded spirits that we were nearly at the end of our penance, but discipline had seared over our souls, and we rode on unknowing.

Then we came on a real indication. It did not amount to much. Merely a dry river-bed; but the farther bank, instead of being flat, cut into a low swell of land. We skirted it. Another swell of land, like the sullen after-heave of a storm, lay in our way. Then we crossed a ravine. It was not much of a ravine; in fact, it was more like a slight gouge in the flatness of the country. After that we began to see oak-trees, scattered at rare intervals. So interested were we in them that we did not notice rocks beginning to outcrop through the soil until they had become numerous enough to be a feature of the landscape. The hills, gently, quietly, without abrupt transition, almost as though they feared to awaken our alarm by too abrupt movement of growth, glided from little swells to bigger swells. The oaks gathered closer together. The ravine's brother could almost be called a cañon. The character of the country had entirely changed.

And yet, so gradually had this change come about that we did not awaken to a full realization of our escape. To us it was still the plain, a trifle modified by local peculiarity, but presently to resume its wonted aspect. We plodded on dully, anodyned with the desert patience.

But at a little before noon, as we rounded the cheek of a slope, we encountered an errant current of air. It came up to us curiously, touched us each in turn, and went on. The warm furnace heat drew in on us again. But it had been a cool little current of air, with something of the sweetness of pines and water and snow-banks in it. The Tenderfoot suddenly reined in his horse, and looked about him.

"Boys!" he cried, a new ring of joy in his voice, "we're in the foot-hills!"

Wes calculated rapidly. "It's the eighth day to-day; I guessed right on the time."

We stretched our arms and looked about us. They were dry brown hills enough; but they were hills, and they had trees on them, and cañons in them, so to our eyes, wearied with flatness, they seemed wonderful.

VII.—The Foot-Hills

At once our spirits rose. We straightened in our saddles, we breathed deep, we joked. The country was scorched and sterile; the wagon-trail, almost paralleling the mountains themselves on a long easy slant toward the high country, was ankle-deep in dust; the ravines were still dry of water. But it was not the Inferno, and that one fact sufficed. After a while we crossed high above a river which dashed white water against black rocks, and so were happy.

The country went on changing. The change was always imperceptible, as is growth, or the stealthy advance of autumn through the woods. From moment to moment one could detect no alteration. Something intangible was taken away; something impalpable added. At the end of an hour we were in the oaks and sycamores; at the end of two we were in the pines and low mountains of Bret Harte's "Forty-Nine."

The wagon-trail felt ever farther and farther into the hills. It had not been used as a stage-route for years, but the freighting kept it deep with dust, that writhed and twisted and crawled lazily knee-high to our horses, like a living creature. We felt the swing and sweep of the route. The boldness of its stretches, the freedom of its reaches for the opposite slope, the wide curve of its horseshoes, all filled us with the breath of an expansion which as yet the broad, low country only suggested.

Everything here was reminiscent of long ago. The very names hinted stories of the Argonauts. Coarse Gold Gulch, Whisky Creek, Grub Gulch, Fine Gold Post-Office in turn we passed. Occasionally, with a fine round dash into the open, the trail drew one side to a stage-station. The huge stables, the wide corrals, the low living-houses, each shut in its dooryard of blazing riotous flowers, were all familiar. Only lacked the old-fashioned Concord coach, from which to descend Jack Hamlin or Judge Starbottle. As for M'liss, she was there, sunbonnet and all.

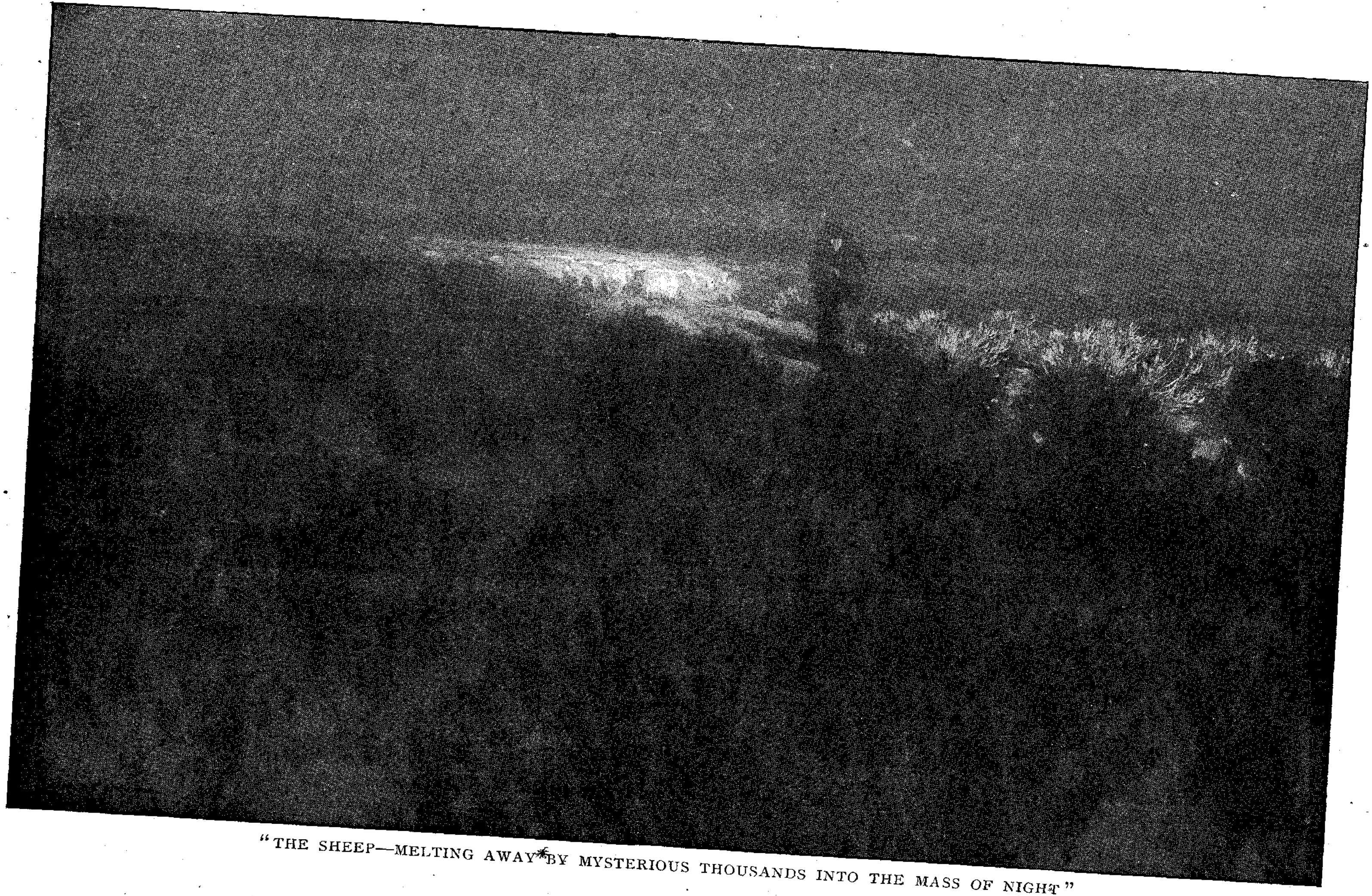
Down in the gulch bottoms were the old placer diggings. Elaborate little ditches for the deflection of water, long cradles for the separation of gold, decayed rockers, and shining in the sun the tons and tons of pay dirt which had been turned over pound by pound in the concentrating of its treasure. Some of the old cabins still stood. It was all deserted now, saved for the few who kept trail for the freighters, or who tilled the restricted bottom-lands of the flats. Road-runners racked away down the paths; squirrels scurried over worn-out placers; jays screamed and chattered in and out of the abandoned cabins. Strange and shy little creatures and birds, reassured by the silence of many years, had ventured to take to themselves the engines of man's industry. And the warm California sun embalmed it all in a peaceful and pleasing forgetfulness.

Now the trees grew bigger, and the hills more impressive. We should call them mountains in the East. Pines covered them to the top, straight, slender pines with voices. The little flats were planted with great oaks. When we rode through them, they shut out the hills, so that we might have imagined ourselves in the level wooded country. There insisted the effect of limitless tree-grown plains, which the warm drowsy sun, the park-like landscape, corroborated. And yet the contrast of the clear atmosphere and the sharp air equally insisted on the mountains. It was a strange and delicious double effect, a contradiction of natural impressions, a negation of our right to generalize from previous experience.

Always the trail wound up and up. Never was it steep; never did it command an outlook. Yet we felt that at last we were rising, were leaving the level of the Inferno, were nearing the threshold of the high country.

Mountain peoples came to the edges of their clearings and gazed at us, responding solemnly to our salutations. They dwelt in cabins and held to agriculture and the herding of the wild mountain cattle. From them we heard of the high country to which we were bound. They spoke of it as you or I would speak of interior Africa, as something inconceivably remote, to be visited only by the adventurous, an uninhabited realm of vast magnitude and unknown dangers. In the same way they spoke of the plains. Only the narrow pine-clad strip between the two and six thousand feet of elevation they felt to be their natural environment. In it they found the proper conditions for their existence. Out of it those conditions lacked. They were as much a localized product as are certain plants which occur only at certain altitudes. Also were they densely ignorant of trails and routes outside of their own little districts.

All this, you will understand, was in what is known as the low country. The landscape was still brown; the streams but trickles; sage-brush clung to the



"THE SHEEP—MELTING AWAY BY MYSTERIOUS THOUSANDS INTO THE MASS OF NIGHT" ravines; the valley quail whistled on the side hills.

But one day we came suddenly into the big pines and rocks; and that night we made our first camp in a meadow typical of the mountains we had dreamed about.

VIII.—The Pines

I do not know exactly how to make you feel the charm of that first camp in the big country. Certainly I can never quite repeat it in my own experience.

Remember that for two months we had grown accustomed to the brown of the California landscape, and that for over a week we had traveled in the Inferno. We had forgotten the look of green grass, of abundant water; almost had we forgotten the taste of cool air. So invariably had the trails been dusty, and the camping-places hard and exposed, that we had come subconsciously to think of such as typical of the country. Try to put yourself in the frame of mind those conditions would make.

Then imagine yourself climbing in an hour or so up into a high ridge country of broad cup-like sweeps and bold outcropping ledges. Imagine a forest of pine-trees bigger than any pines you ever saw before—pines eight and ten feet through, so huge that you can hardly look over one of their prostrate trunks even from the back of your pony. Imagine, further, singing little streams of ice-cold water, deep refreshing shadows, a soft carpet of pine-needles through which the faint furrow of the trail runs as over velvet. And then, last of all, in a wide opening, clear as though chopped and plowed by some backwoodsman, a park of grass, fresh grass, green as a precious stone.

This was our first sight of the mountain meadows. From time to time we found others, sometimes a half-dozen in a day. The rough country came down close about them, edging to the very hair-line of the magic circle which seemed to assure their placid, sunny peace. An upheaval of splintered granite often tossed and tumbled in the abandon of an unrestrained passion that seemed irresistibly to overwhelm the sanities of a whole region; but somewhere, in the very forefront of turmoil, was like to slumber one of these little meadows, as unconscious of anything but its own flawless green simplicity as a child asleep in mid-ocean. Or, away up in the snows, warmed by the fortuity of reflected heat, its emerald eye looked bravely out to the heavens. Or, as here, it rested confidingly in the very heart of the austere forest.

Always these parks are green; always are they clear and open. Their size varies widely. Some are as little as a city lawn; others, like the great Monache,[1] are miles in extent. In them resides the possibility of your traveling the high country; for they supply the feed for your horses.

Being desert-weary, the Tenderfoot and I cried out with the joy of it, and told in extravagant language how this was the best camp we had ever made.

"It's a bum camp," growled Wes. "If we couldn't get better camps than this, I'd quit the game."

He expatiated on the fact that this particular meadow was somewhat boggy; that the feed was too watery; that there'd be a cold wind down through the pines; and other small and minor details. But we, our backs propped against appropriately slanted rocks, our pipes well aglow, gazed down the twilight through the wonderful great columns of the trees to where the white horses shone like snow against the unaccustomed relief of green, and laughed him to scorn. What did we—or the horses for that matter—care for trifling discomforts of the body? In these intangible comforts of the eye was a great refreshment of the spirit.

The following day we rode through the pine forests growing on the ridges and hills and in the elevated bowl-like hollows. These were not the so-called "big trees"—with those we had to do later, as you shall see. They were merely sugar and yellow pines, but never anywhere have I seen finer specimens. They were planted with a grand sumptuousness of space, and their trunks were from five to twelve feet in diameter and upwards of two hundred feet high to the topmost spear. Underbrush, ground growth, even saplings of the same species, lacked entirely, so that we proceeded in the clear open aisles of a tremendous and spacious magnificence.

---

[1] Do not fail to sound the final *e*.

This very lack of the smaller and usual growths, the generous plan of spacing, and the size of the trees themselves, necessarily deprived us of a standard of comparison. At first the forest seemed immense. But after a little our eyes became accustomed to its proportions. We referred it back to the measures of long experience. The trees, the wood-aisles, the extent of vision, shrunk to the normal proportions of an Eastern pinery. And then we would lower our gaze. The pack-train would come into view. It had become Lilliputian, the horses small as white mice, the men like tin soldiers, as though we had undergone an enchantment. But in a moment, with the rush of a mighty transformation, the great trees would tower huge again.

In the pine woods of the mountains grows also a certain close-clipped parasitic moss. In color it is a brilliant yellow-green, more yellow than green. In shape it is crinkly and curly and tangled up with itself like very fine shavings. In consistency it is dry and brittle. This moss girdles the trunks of trees with innumerable parallel inch-wide bands a foot or so apart, in the manner of old-fashioned striped stockings. It covers entirely sundry twigless branches. Always in appearance is it fantastic, decorative, almost Japanese, as though consciously laid in with its vivid yellow-green as an intentional note of a tone scheme. The somberest shadows, the most neutral twilights, the most austere recesses, are lighted by it as though so many freakish sunbeams had severed relations with the parent luminary to rest quietly in the coolnesses of the ancient forest.

Underfoot the pine needles were springy beneath the horse's hoof. The trail went softly, with the courtesy of great gentleness. Occasionally we caught sight of other ridges—also with pines—across deep sloping valleys, pine filled. The effect of the distant trees seen from above was that of roughened velvet, here smooth and shining, there dark with rich shadows. On these slopes played the wind. In the level countries it sang through the forest progressively; here on the slope it struck a thousand trees at once. The air was ennobled with the great voice, as a church is ennobled by the tones of a great organ. Then we would drop back again to the inner country, for our way did not contemplate the descents nor climbs, but held to the general level of a plateau.

Clear fresh brooks ran in every ravine. Their water was snow-white against the black rocks, or lay dark in bank-shadowed pools. As our horses splashed across we could glimpse the rainbow trout flashing to cover. Where were the watered hollows grew lush thickets full of birds, outposts of the aggressively and cheerfully worldly in this pine land of spiritual detachment. Gorgeous bush-flowers, great of petal as magnolias, with perfume that lay on the air like a heavy drowsiness; long clear stretches of an ankle-high shrub of vivid emerald, looking in the distance like sloping meadows of a peculiar color-brilliance; patches of smaller flowers where for the trifling space of a street's width the sun had unobstructed fall—these from time to time diversified the way, brought to our perceptions the endearing trifles of earthiness, of humanity, befittingly to modify the austerity of the great forest. At a brookside we saw, still fresh and moist, the print of a bear's foot. From a patch of the little emerald brush a barren doe rose to her feet, eyed us a moment, and then bounded away as though propelled by springs. We saw her from time to time surmounting little elevations farther and farther away.

The air was like cold water. We had not lung capacity to satisfy our desire for it. There came with it a dry exhilaration that brought high spirits, an optimistic viewpoint, and a tremendous keen appetite. It seemed that we could never tire. In fact, we never did. Sometimes, after a particularly hard day, we felt like resting; but it was always after the day's work was done, never while it was under way. The Tenderfoot and I one day went afoot twenty-two miles up and down a mountain fourteen thousand feet high. The last three thousand feet were nearly straight up and down. We finished at a four-mile clip an hour before sunset, and discussed what to do next to fill in the time. When we sat down, we found we had had about enough; but we had not discovered it before.

All of us, even the morose and cynical Dinkey, felt the benefit of the change from the lower country. Here we were definitely in the Mountains. Our plateau ran from six to eight thousand feet in altitude. Beyond it occasionally we could see three more ridges, rising and falling, each higher than the last. And then, in the blue distance, the very crest of the broad system called the Sierras—another wide region of sheer granite rising in peaks, pinnacles, and minarets, rugged, wonderful, capped with the eternal snows.

America: Elect Among Nations

By Amanda T. Jones

Now who are these thronging thy gate?
One knocks at thy door:
"Behold where my multitudes wait!
They hunger, and great is thy store!
They have drunk of the fountains of salt
Where the red lions breed;
They are leprous and fevered and halt,
They are humbled and bruised as the reed."

Is not this the Master indeed?
Foot-weary and worn,
The heat of the day he has borne:
Wilt thou comfort all these in their need?

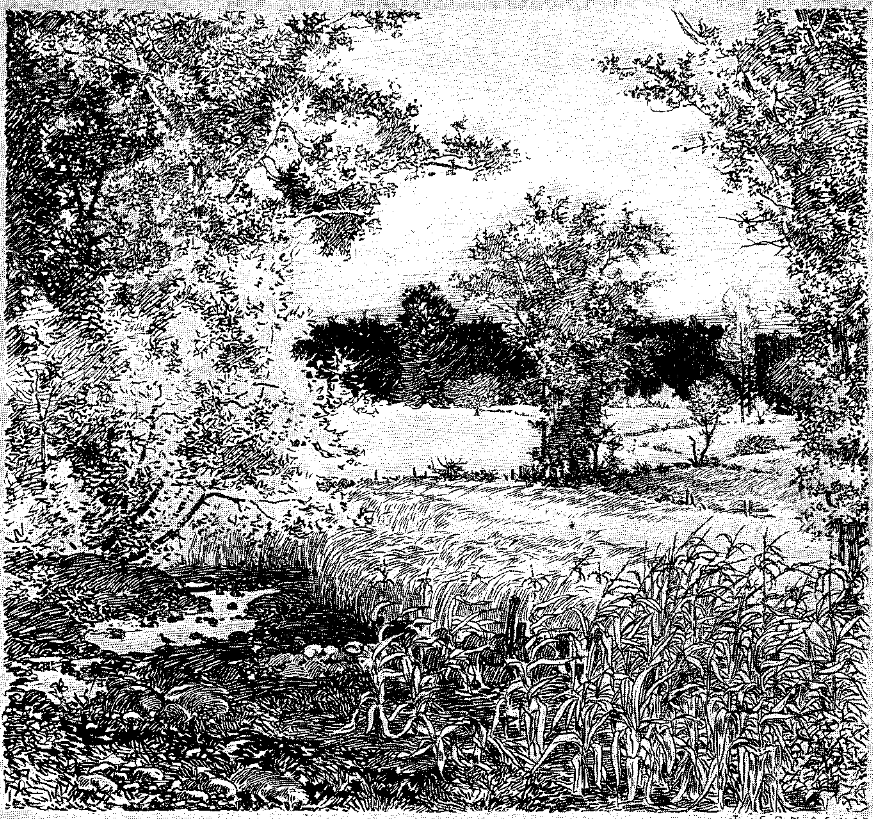
Wert thou not cast up from the sea
To a banquet of blood?
And are there not balsams for thee,
Magnolias and laurels in bud?

Thy harvests—who reckons their worth?—
Wheat and corn in the seed;
For the armies that trample the earth
Who numbers thy cattle that bleed?

Shall Christ for his desolate plead,
Nor move thee to bless?
O thou, who art rich beyond guess,
Turn back to thy records and read!

Uplift them—the Black with the Brown;
Anoint the torn feet.
Are they troublers—of evil renown?
Yet cleanse them and they shall be sweet.
Who murdered that lover of men?
Not theirs was the deed!
If they wound thee in anger, what then?
He calls thee—O serve him with speed!

Stand forth in thy beauty and feed
His poor unashamed;
Full sweetly thy name shall be named,
And who shall thy glory exceed?

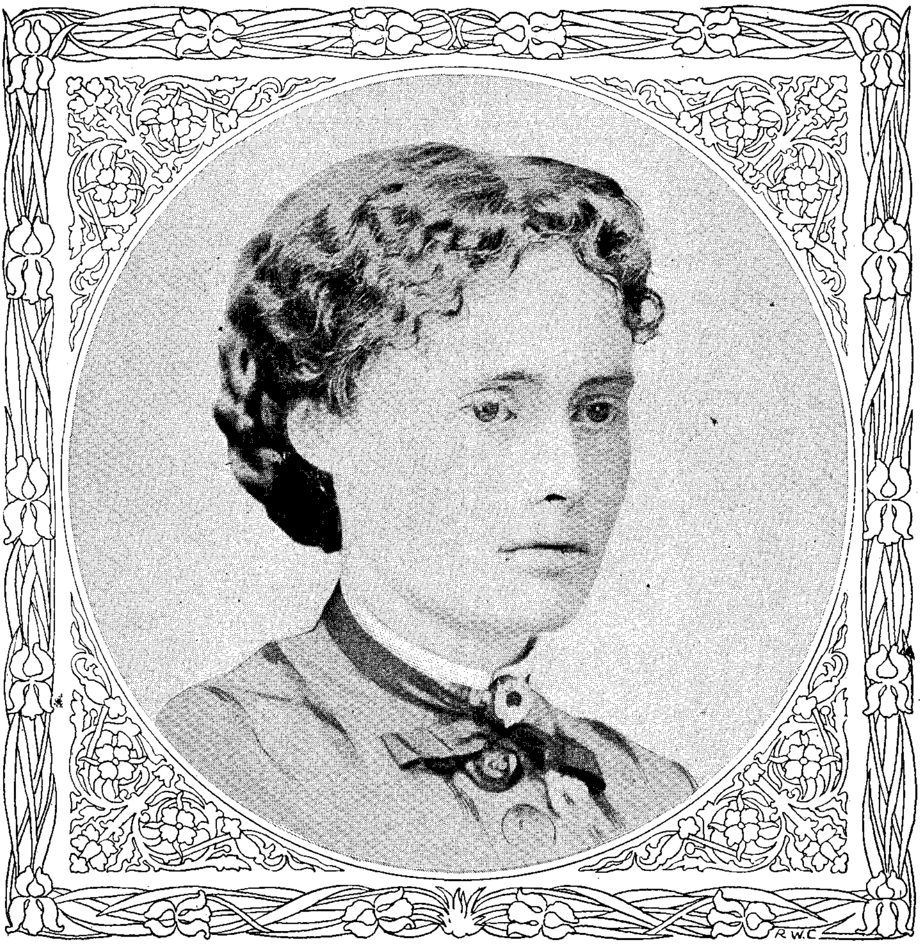


DRAWING BY
J. CONACHER

JULY

By Sara Andrew Shafer

Beneath the full midsummer heat
Are stores of golden, garnered wheat;
Are billows of unripe oats, gray-green;
Are armies of corn-blades, trenchant, keen.
The killdeer flutes his mournful cries;
The hawk in charméd circle flies.
Berries ripen beneath the leaves,
And warm and still are the musky eves.
  The moon shines bright in the cloudless sky,
  The crickets sing and the soft winds sigh.



UNA HAWTHORNE
From a tintype in the author's possession.

Una Hawthorne

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

IT has never happened to me, during a life of many years, to walk in the streets of a city with any companion by my side who has attracted, from passing strangers, such ready personal notice, followed by eager scrutiny, as was usually won by Una Hawthorne, the elder daughter of our great literary artist. Tall beyond the average height of women, absolutely erect, perfectly unconscious, bearing her fine head upon the body of a gymnast, she herself kept no account of the eyes resting upon her or of the heads that were turned to watch her as she swept by. It was this nobleness of carriage which first arrested attention and her superb Titianesque coloring which afterwards held it—the abundant hair of reddish auburn and the large gray eyes. I knew her at one time intimately, being, under a certain combination of events, in a manner adopted by her, as a sort of brevet relative. This paper will be drawn largely from her own letters, but will include also a careful study of her in childhood by her father.

It is not easy to find a more picturesque account of the early married life of two people of genius than is given in Mrs. Sophia Hawthorne's letters and journals during her frugal winter at the Old Manse in Concord. Take, for instance, this passage, as reprinted in her daughter Mrs. Lathrop's "Memories of Hawthorne:" "Lately we go on the river, which is now frozen, my lord to skate and I to run and slide, during the dolphin-death of day. I consider my husband a rare sight gliding over the icy stream. For, wrapped in his cloak, he looks very graceful, perpetually darting from me in long, sweeping curves, and returning again—again to shoot away. Our meadow at the bottom of the orchard is like a small frozen sea now, and that is the present scene of our heroic games. Sometimes, in the splendor of the dying light, we seem sporting upon transparent gold, so prismatic becomes the ice, and the snow takes opaline hues from the gems that float above as clouds. It is eminently the hour to see objects, just after the sun has disappeared. Oh, such oxygen as we inhale! Often other skaters appear—young men and boys—who principally interest me as foils to my husband, who, in the presence of nature, loses all shyness, and moves regally like a king. One afternoon Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau went with him down the river. Henry Thoreau is an experienced skater, and was figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps on the ice—very remarkable, but very ugly, methought. Next him followed Mr. Hawthorne, who, wrapped in his cloak, moved like a self-impelled Greek statue, stately and grave."[1]

It is still more beautiful indoors: "In the evening, when the astral enacts the sun, and pours shine upon all the objects, and shows, beneath, the noblest head in Christendom, in the ancient chair with its sculptured back [a chair said to have come over in the Mayflower, and owned by the Hawthorne family]; and whenever I look up, two stars beneath a brow of serene white radiate love and sympathy upon me. Can you think of a happier life, with its rich intellectual feasts? That downy bloom of happiness, which unfaithful and ignoble poets have persisted in declaring always vanished at the touch and wear of life, is delicate and fresh as ever, and must remain so if we remain unprofane." (p. 64.)

But this life becomes far more beautiful when the eldest child, Una, appears upon the scene. It is not, perhaps, much to claim for this newcomer when we are told that "her grandmother says she has the most perfect form she ever saw in a baby;" or when the young mother writes, "She waked this morning like another dawn, and smiled bountifully." Have we not all had grandmothers and mothers? It counts for a little more to say, "I took her to William Story's yesterday, and he thought her eyes very beautiful, and said he had scarcely ever seen perfectly gray eyes before; and that such were the finest eyes in the world, capable of the most expression. He added that her eyes were like those of an exquisite child of Raphael's which he had seen in oils." Elsewhere Mrs. Hawthorne writes to her mother: "I never imagined anything so enchanting as Una's rapid development. Every morning, as soon as she is awake, she extends her little hand to the Madonna. Then she points to Loch Lomond, . . . and then to Abbotsford, each time observing something about the pictures as she gazes into my face. My replies I always feel to be very stupid, but I do as well as I can, considering that I am not now a baby."

Afterwards, when they are living in a little house in Lenox, Mrs. Hawthorne writes to her mother on a rainy Sunday of her two elder children—Julian having now arrived: "This has been a dull 'heaven's day' for the children, who have not been as merry as on a sunny day. I have read to them, and shown them my drawings of Flaxman's Iliad and Odyssey and Hesiod. I wish you could have see them the other day, acting Giant Despair and Mrs. Diffidence. They were sitting on chairs opposite the doorsteps; Julian with one little leg over the other, in a nonchalant attitude; Una also in negligent position. They were discussing their prisoners, Hopeful and Christian, in very gruff and unamiable voices. 'Well, what had we better do with them?' 'Oh, beat them pretty well, every day!'"

---

[1] "Memories of Hawthorne," p. 52, 53.

On another Sunday she writes: "A famous snow-storm. I read from Spenser to the children in the morning of St. George and Una, Una and the Lion, and Prince Arthur. Then Cinderella. They made an exquisite picture with the hobby-horse. Julian was upon the horse—as a king; Una at his side presenting ambrosia."

Later we learn how the daughter's nature grew in proportion to her intimacy with her father. The mother writes: "Dear little harp-souled Una—whose love for her father grows more profound every day, as her comprehending intellect and heart perceive more and more fully what he is—was made quite unhappy because he did not go at the same time with her to the Lake. His absence darkened all the sunshine to her; and when I asked her why she could not enjoy the walk as Julian did, she replied, 'Ah, *he* does not love papa as *I* do!' But when we arrived, there sat papa on a rock, and her face and figure were transfigured from a Niobe's to an Allegra's instantly. . . . I heard her and Julian talking together about their father's smile, the other day. They had been speaking of some other person's smile—Mr. Tappan's, I believe; and presently Una said, 'But you know, Julian, that there is no smile like papa's!' 'Oh, no,' replied Julian. 'Not like *papa's!*'"

How well this corresponds with what the daughter once said to me in later years of her father! "He was capable of being the very gayest person I ever saw. He was like a boy. Never was such a playmate as he in all the world." And while the child was thus living in an atmosphere of pure romance with the father, he was at the same time studying and analyzing her in the minute and anxious way seen in the following sketch of Una, a copy of which was given me many years ago by Mrs. Hawthorne, and was never before, so far as I know, put in print. It is of itself deeply interesting, even apart from its subject, as showing the minute personal observation which its author habitually applied to the few human types with which he came very closely in contact. Nothing else, perhaps, as it seems to me, gives such a glimpse from original sources of the manner in which this shy and reticent man pursued his observations:

"There is something that frightens me about the child. I know not whether elfish or angelic, but at all events supernatural. She steps so boldly into the midst of everything, shrinks from nothing, has such comprehension of everything, seeming at times to have but little delicacy, and anon shows that she possesses the finest essence of it; now so hard, now so tender, now so perfectly unreasonable, soon again so wise. In short, I now and then catch an aspect of her in which I cannot believe her to be my own human child, but a spirit strangely mingled with good and evil, haunting the house where I dwell.

"Una, I think, does not possess humor, nor anything of the truly comic; she cannot at all bear to be laughed at for anything funny that she perpetrates unawares, and when she tries to be funny, the result is seldom anything but an eccentricity—a wild grimace—an unnatural tone; her natural bent is towards the passionate and tragic. Her life at present is a tempestuous day, with blinks of sunshine gushing between the rifts of cloud. She is as full, oftentimes, of acerbity as an unripe apple, that may be perfected into mellow deliciousness hereafter. She has a very strong craving for sympathy, and yet a hundred times a day she seems to defy sympathy, and put herself in a position where she knows she cannot receive it.

"Her beauty is the most flitting, transitory, uncertain, and unaccountable affair that ever had a real existence. It beams out whenever nobody expects it; it has mysteriously passed away when you think yourself sure of it; if you glance sideways at her, you perhaps think it is illuminating her face, but, turning full to enjoy it, it is gone again. When really visible, it is rare and precious as the vision of an angel; it is a transfiguration, a grace, a delicacy, an ethereal fineness, which at once, in my secret soul, makes me give up all severe opinions that I may have begun to form respecting her. She is never graceful or beautiful except when perfectly quiet—violence, exhibitions of passion, strong expressions of any kind destroy her beauty. Her voice, face, gesture, every manifestation in short, becomes disagreeable. One night in spring I asked her to come in and go to bed, for it was after six o'clock. 'Where is that six o'clock? Papa, I do not where it is. Oh! I know where it is! It is in *God's day*, with all the other sixes that have been.' Once she broke forth in a chant—'Oh God! wrongness never reigns.'

"She is not likely ever to be run away with by her imagination—her perception of reality is constantly on the watch.

"Julian said, 'God is the most beautiful of Princes.' Una rebuked him and said, 'No, Julian, God is a King.'

"Una says, 'I am tired of all things and want to slip into God.'

"Her auburn curls come down over her face, and as to her delicate little phiz, its spirit, grace, and sensibility elude the pen that would describe it.

"On my reproving Julian, Una comes to me with a remonstrance of no small length, the burthen being, 'Papa, you should not speak so loudly to a little boy, who is only half years old.'

"She comes out of trouble like the moon out of a cloud, with no shadow of sulkiness hanging about her—or rather, perhaps, like a rosebush out of a thunder shower, for there is a sort of dewy softness remaining, although there is the brightness of sunshine in her smile."

Let us now pass by twenty years or more, until this fair child has grown to maturity, and read one of her letters written from the house of my sister at Brattleborough, Vermont, where Una was making a brief visit. I do not see how her father himself could have touched the very freshness and fullness of outdoor life with a pencil more delicate:

Brattleboro, Vt., May 19th, '68.

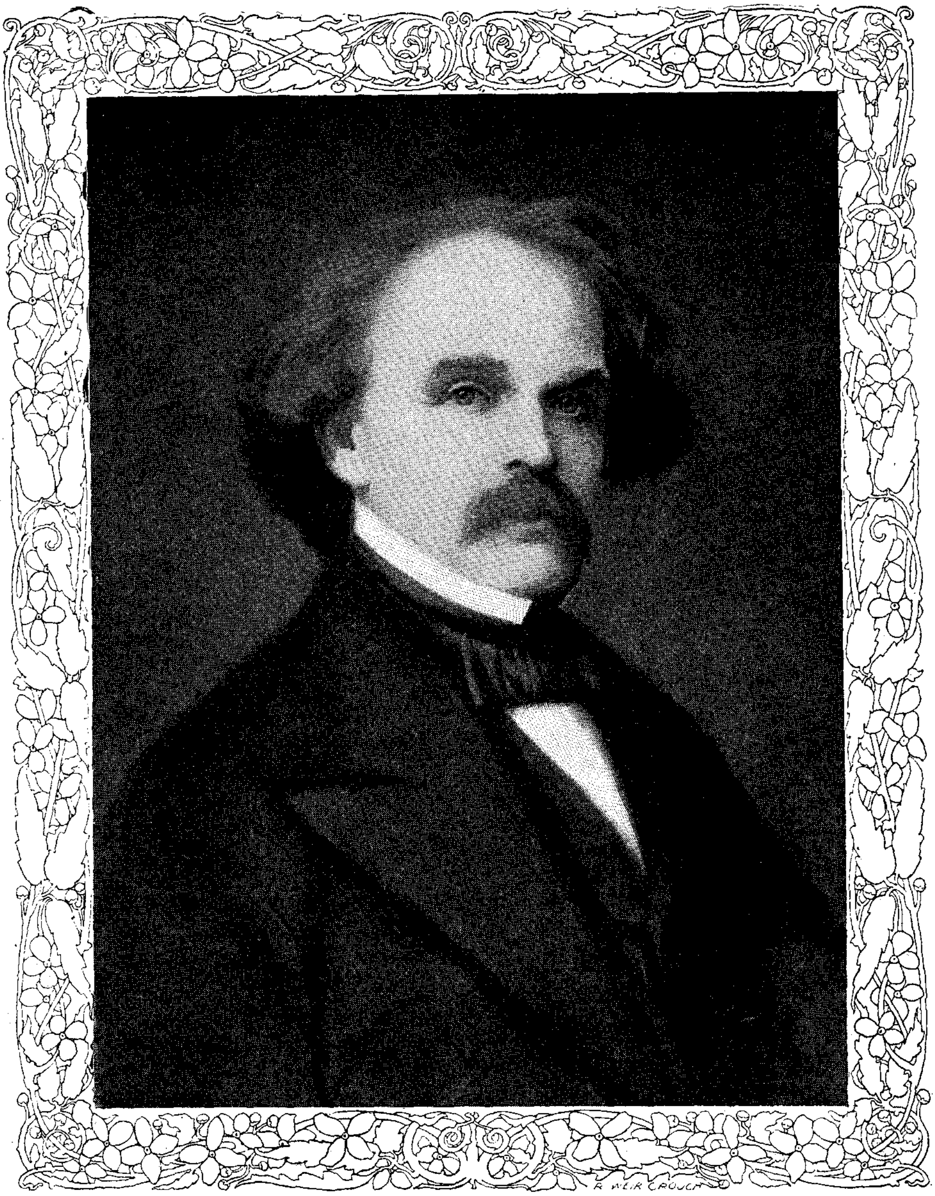
I am fresh from the beautiful damp woods, with all their wealth of budding green and tender flowers, and, absurd as it seems to try and tell you about them, I really can't help it. When did it ever seem as if there had been another springtime, or as if a violet or a windflower had been seen before? The glory of it all makes me almost afraid, and it seems such a pity ever to come home from such an exquisite fairy-land.

Aunt Anna and I had planned a walk when I first came, but it has rained constantly; however, to-day we bid defiance to the rain, so it respected our bravery and our umbrellas, which we were punished by having to carry under our arms.

Such a depth and richness of green was brought out by the dampness that I would not have had it a dry day for the world, and indeed I must have been born with a spring in my mouth instead of a silver spoon, for I always feel twice myself in a showery ramble.

I wanted to go straight up the perpendicular bank behind Mrs. Brown's house, and Aunt Anna's enterprise at least equaled mine, and we were fully rewarded. The rocks were almost wholly veiled by delicate mosses and lichens, in which were planted violets, houstonias, and anemones, and new ferns undoubling their green fists, with polygalas, saxifrage, and, to my great joy, columbines. The last has always had a magical fascination for me, and makes me feel as no other flower can. It represents the aristocracy among wild flowers, with its haughty and airy grace and proud crimson and gold. It not only "the likeness of a kingly crown had on," but it is itself a crown.

There was a peculiar half moss, half lichen on the rocks, looking like large green ears, and with this I lined the bottom of my basket, intending to cover the earth in Aunt Anna's flower-pots with it. Then the flowers showered in, mixed with long trails of partridge-vine with its bright red berry. I pulled up a royal plant with all its nodding columbines by the roots to put down by that huge stump in the garden, where the simple thing doesn't know but it is at home. Then we penetrated into the delicious woods, wishing for you . . . at every step. Oh, why aren't you here? I can't bear to enjoy it all without you, when you want it so much; and should we not find beautiful secrets together in these deep recesses?



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF FOSTER BROS., BOSTON

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

From a painting by Alfred E. Smith.

The trees were mostly tall, slender pines, many of them thrusting their twisted roots out of the ground, and others fallen all their length, making bridges and arches, and holding up a huge shield of roots at the end. The busy moss had wrapped them all in its soft green, and had lined and draped a thousand green recesses, making me wish I was a fairy to live in them. Surely, man has never built a mansion that is arrayed like one of these!

It was a most Gothic wood, with its pointed trees and arches, and long vistas inviting us onward. How impossible it seems that a wood path can ever have an end!

At last we saw water gleaming at a distance, and came to a clear tarn, lined with brown leaves and holding a fair picture in its bosom. A short distance from this was a cavernous spring that delighted me extremely. The opening was oblong, lined with the natural rock and stones for a depth of some five feet, and then it was excavated under the earth, or rather the rock, and there we saw the water bubbling, clear and cold. What a place for summer, and how one envies the frogs! But these seemingly endless woods had an end, and we came out on some open rising ground, whence we had a glorious view of the valley, where the trees were already dreaming of summer, and sketching an outline of their greenness.

Luminous mists, "slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn," took the place of the sunshine, making a pearly radiance in the air, and the far blue mountains made an exquisite horizon.

And here the world came upon us, in the shape of two small children, a girl with some columbines in her hand, and a boy with some plebeian dandelions. "I say, you give me some of yours," said the boy, "and you shall have *all* mine!" "No, I don't want yours," said the girl, airily skipping down the bank. "Oh, you're *stingy!*" said the boy, as he followed her, with an accent of the most supreme contempt.

Then we came home, and I think you might wish yourself either one of your pictures if you want to have a good time. Before one [picture] is a little basket, lined with moss and filled with tiny ferns, violets, anemones, houstonias, and polygalas, and many more. Under the other is a tall vase with a long partridge-vine twisted round it, and filled with columbines, uvularias, and slender branches of delicately tinted maple leaves mixed with white flowers and ferns. I enjoyed arranging them very much, but oh how dead and colorless my letter seems. How I wish I had a little bit of the secret of nature to put into it! But that secret hovers near me in the air, it vanishes among the leaves and whispers in the flower bells, and though I cannot grasp or utter it, I feel as if in time it might make me beautiful with its peace.

I find in turning over her letters that most of them refer to private affairs which I am not at liberty to touch, but there are two of her European letters which may be printed. It must be borne in mind that she first went abroad with her parents as a child, being first in England and then in Italy, and then, after the death of her father in 1864, she went abroad with her mother, who died in London in 1871. The following letters were written during this absence:

Dresden, April 19th, 1869.

Dear ——:

I am very glad to hear from you at last, for I began to fear that your wee farewell note was the last of our correspondence, and could not wonder that many more important and pleasant concerns put it out of your head. But I see I am favored beyond my deserts, and I find this much pleasanter than being treated with strict justice. . . . I have been delighted to hear of your housekeeping and its happy results. If I came to see you in winter, you would not put me in a room that had never known a fire, with a feather bed and one blanket, and a small pitcher of ice-water, would you? Well, I am sorry I can't have that shivery experience of Newport cancelled, though I don't believe I should ever be warm there, in the midst of summer. . . . Any old friend would be welcome to me now. As to new ones, I abominate them—or rather the idea—for I haven't made any. The doors of my heart are shut, I believe, on the short and precious number already inside, and it is not common to meet fascinating specimens of one's country-people abroad. We live apart, in a quiet, independent way, and only occasionally hear a murmur of the detestable gossip and lavish fashion on the other side of the river, or see a glimpse of velvet trains. . . . The Sistine Madonna and I (was my name ever so associated before!) are very glad you are coming to Europe, and we hope the *but* we involve will not fail to bring you to Dresden. Really and truly, you must not go back without coming here, and I think you would find yourself fully repaid, for the interests and charms of this city and its environs are very great, and surely you would not consider your tour complete unless there was a streak of German through it. The spring, as we find, is so specially lovely here that I hope you can time your visit then—or at any rate not in winter, for I suppose the remarkable winter we have just passed will not soon repeat itself. And even this winter we have had gales of wind that make the Newport ones seem like mere whispers, and which shook the ponderous stone mansion in which we participate so that we began to feel there was no stability in material things.

I like my German life very well, and I think Europe is a delightful place for women. I should except the present typical woman of America, I suppose, as much as I would a young man with a fortune and a career to achieve; but I am not a typical woman of that kind, nor do I delight in them. I like, now at least, the intellectual, artistic, dreamy atmosphere, and the sort of easy independence one can enjoy here. It would be a selfish life when there was a choice of any other, but I do not feel that it is for me, because the duties incumbent on me I can fulfill as well here, and gild them over a little, besides. At home I saw only the rugged fact—here I lose sight of it sometimes in pictures and music and loads of flowers. Still, I am a very subdued person, and realize how the years have fled, and what they have brought me, as this return to European life brings vividly before me my happy enthusiastic girlhood, brimming over with undimmed hope and trust and love; when, too, my father's smile was the sun in my heaven. So near, and yet so far it all is, and I think I shall be gayer by and by when the force of the contrast wears off.

It isn't canonical to cross letters, even from this side of the Atlantic, I suppose, and though I always feel a wicked desire to do it, I will spare your eyes and say good-by. . . . I am so glad you think you can write to me sometimes; I hope you really will, though I can do little more than love you in return, and that I should at any rate—so, you see, you don't gain anything.

January 28, 1870, Dresden.

Dear ——:

I was very glad to get your letter after such a long silence. I thought I should care less and less to be remembered by my friends when I got out here, but I find it very much the contrary, and all the galleries and music in Europe can't make up for one's friends. Indeed, I don't believe I am very artistic after all. Of course I always knew I had no talent to accomplish anything, but I did think I had latent seeds of appreciation, and perhaps they would come to something if I was not among these stolid, dirty Germans, who disenchant one of all ideas of beauty, and make one doubt if there is such a thing as spirit. However, we shall certainly be here till next autumn, and I hope you will find it possible to come here. When I hear how short your absence is to be, I see you will have to leave out a great deal. I don't believe anybody ever tried to accomplish even the beaten track of European travel in four months, though it has been profitably done in six, and when you are once over here it seems a pity not to draw a breath. I am extremely surprised your eyes were holden that you should not see the frequent recurrence of that unlovely letter "U" in the Italian part of Mamma's book. It is such an eyesore to me that on first glancing over the book it seemed to stare from every page, but in the English portion it of course does not occur, because that is taken from letters to me, as I was always left at home.

We see very few American books, except the "Atlantic" and "Putnam's," which come to us regularly, but it seems to me they are not as good as they used to be. Won't you write another story? I have not read Lowell's "Cathedral" yet, because I was so generous as to lend the magazine before reading it. I expected to like it, for I admire a great deal of his poetry very much indeed. I think "Under the Willows" contains exquisite things, and to read his pictures from the Shoals is almost as good as going there—better, in one sense, because it is such a satisfaction to see put into words what you thought was beyond them. How wonderfully expressive language can be made, after all, and what a glorious instrument it is. And I am quite content with English—"my little jaws were never made" to tear themselves to pieces with German monstrosities—I never should talk it fluently if I lived a thousand years. I have had the little photograph I inclose for you this great while—I always want to send you all the lovely child-pictures, and I think this is very sweet. Perhaps I shall be able to show you the real one now, which is very beautiful in coloring. It is too late for your birthday, but that is your fault, because you never told me the date before.

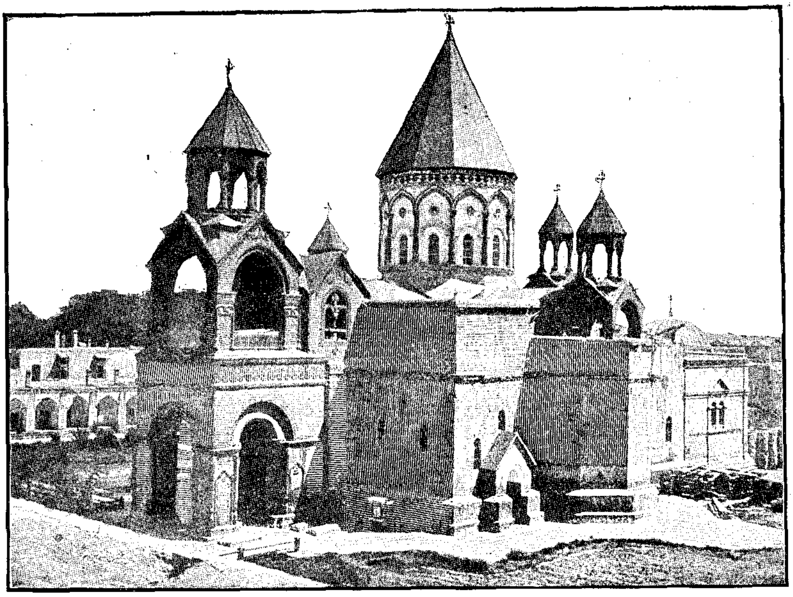
I am afraid I shall never be able to write anything worth putting in your paper, but if I should ever come across any interesting facts about women that nobody ever heard of before, I will put them at your disposal. The Saxon woman is a dull and ponderous specimen, whom the man holds not even "better than his horse," I am afraid; certainly the poor ones are made to work much harder, for they are absurdly tender of their miserable old horses, putting drags on their wheels when the earth is scarcely dreaming of an eminence, and sometimes getting a woman to push behind when a hill is to be climbed. I have no opportunity to observe the better classes, but it is said the same principle runs through all. But Germans like to have American wives, and treat them better, I suppose because they won't put up with anything else; but I can't conceive of such a thing as marrying an unadulterated Dutchman.

Mrs. [Helen] Hunt must write charming letters, she is so vivid and brilliant herself. I heard she was coming to Dresden, and hope it may be true—it seems to be the fashion for every one to come here. You know —— made a short visit here. She seemed to have only half enjoyed her trip, and to think it a hard fate to go home. Poor thing, she sailed in such awful weather that I was almost afraid she would never see the other side; but she said she thought it would be rather good fun to be drowned, and I suppose that was a talisman.

After breaking off an early engagement which ended unhappily, Una Hawthorne was betrothed in later life to a young man of fine gifts and literary pursuits, Albert Webster. He proved, however, to be in consumption, and was soon ordered to Honolulu for his health, but died on shipboard and was buried at sea. This occurred on December 27, 1876, and his betrothed did not hear of it until several months later. She died on September 10, 1877, at Cleeve, England, apparently of a broken heart.

I can do no better, perhaps, than to close this imperfect sketch of one of the rarest persons I have ever known by a final summary of her qualities, as written many years since by my elder sister, a woman of unsurpassed truthfulness and penetration, with whom Una had been closely associated during the formative period of her life:

". . . About Una I wish I had ——'s power of saying anything in the way of characterization. She was very peculiar; you were sure she had genius, though I do not think I ever saw any writing of hers that seemed remarkable. Her qualities were very inconsistent; she would tell you every particular of circumstances that had occurred to herself, and yet you did not feel you understood how she felt; she was not transparent, though very confiding; wanting in judgment and perception of character and easily influenced, though she seemed self-reliant. . . . She was excessively fascinating; her father's description of her looks is perfectly appropriate; sometimes she seemed beautiful, then entirely the reverse. . . . She was ardent and generous always, as I knew her; the religious phase came to her afterwards—that is, in a technical way; she was ever high-minded, but did not seem as spiritual as her mother. It was impossible she should ever be happy."



CATHEDRAL CHURCH AT ETCHMIAZIN

The Suppression of a Faith

By Charles de Kay

HIS HOLINESS MEGUERDICH KHRIMIAN, Katholikos of all Armenians of the ancient Church of Christ, whether in Turkey, Persia, Russia, Egypt, the Indies, or elsewhere, is a man eighty-four years old. Yet even so he is still able to lead his people during the misfortunes befallen them of late. A brief review of the treatment he and the Church of which he is the elected head have undergone at the hands of the Russian Government, without an accusation of wrong-doing on his part or on that of the Armenians, without the production of a reasonable pretext, may cast light on problems of a larger mold which affect, not merely a handful of Christians belonging to an ancient sect, but the entire world.

The Katholikos is the Pope of the Armenians, but he is elected by the people. The present incumbent of the office is no monk, ignorant of the world, who knows his cloister only. Large, fine features, brown eyes, aquiline nose, a most compelling voice, an address full of urbanity and charm, make him an impressive person. He has, says an Englishman who was present at his inauguration, all the personal fascination of Gladstone. Born at Van, his active life commenced as overseer of looms, but after marrying he went to Constantinople and became a teacher. In 1850 appeared his first book, a poetical description of journeys through the land where Ararat raises its head of snow, where people believe that those who are favored by grace may still see the remains of Noah's ark on the mountain, hidden to ordinary eyes. It is a land where the story of the Deluge is older than Abraham, and far antedates the earliest hints of the Jewish faith.

His wife having died, after other travels he took orders in 1855, and the following year founded at Van a paper called the "Eagle of Vaspuragan," which he edited from the monastery of Varag, where he was Abbot. In 1869 the eloquent Abbot of Varag was raised by the suffrages of the Armenians of Turkey to the dangerous post of Patriarch of Constantinople.

But his popularity and his establishment of two newspapers had alarmed the Porte and he was forced to resign. At the close of the Turko-Russian War he appeared at the Congress of Berlin to demand the insertion of a clause in the Treaty which pledged the European Governments to see that Turkey carried out the reforms promised the Armenians.

The good man did not foresee that Europe would be too much occupied with her own complicated jealousies and political rivalries to protect the Armenians. Driven to exile in Jerusalem in 1889, he was elected Katholikos in 1892, and, after the delay of a year, during which Russia, for reasons of her own, demanded his return from Jerusalem, and Turkey, for her reasons, forbade his going, he was allowed to depart, and was duly consecrated at Etchmiazin, near Erivan, the center of the Armenian Church.

Truly a varied career, and one that prepared him for the new troubles in these latter days!

Only less famous as preacher and writer is Archbishop Malakia Ormanian, Patriarch of Constantinople, a priest in whom, as his face shows, the fighter and diplomat are much more strongly developed than in the Katholikos. His is the largest flock; for Turkey includes the greatest number of Armenians.

A third prelate of note is Archbishop Soukias Barziantz of Erivan, who, in November last, when ordered by the Russian Minister of the Interior to transfer all the property of the Church to a Russian agent, refused to violate his trust and was sent into exile.

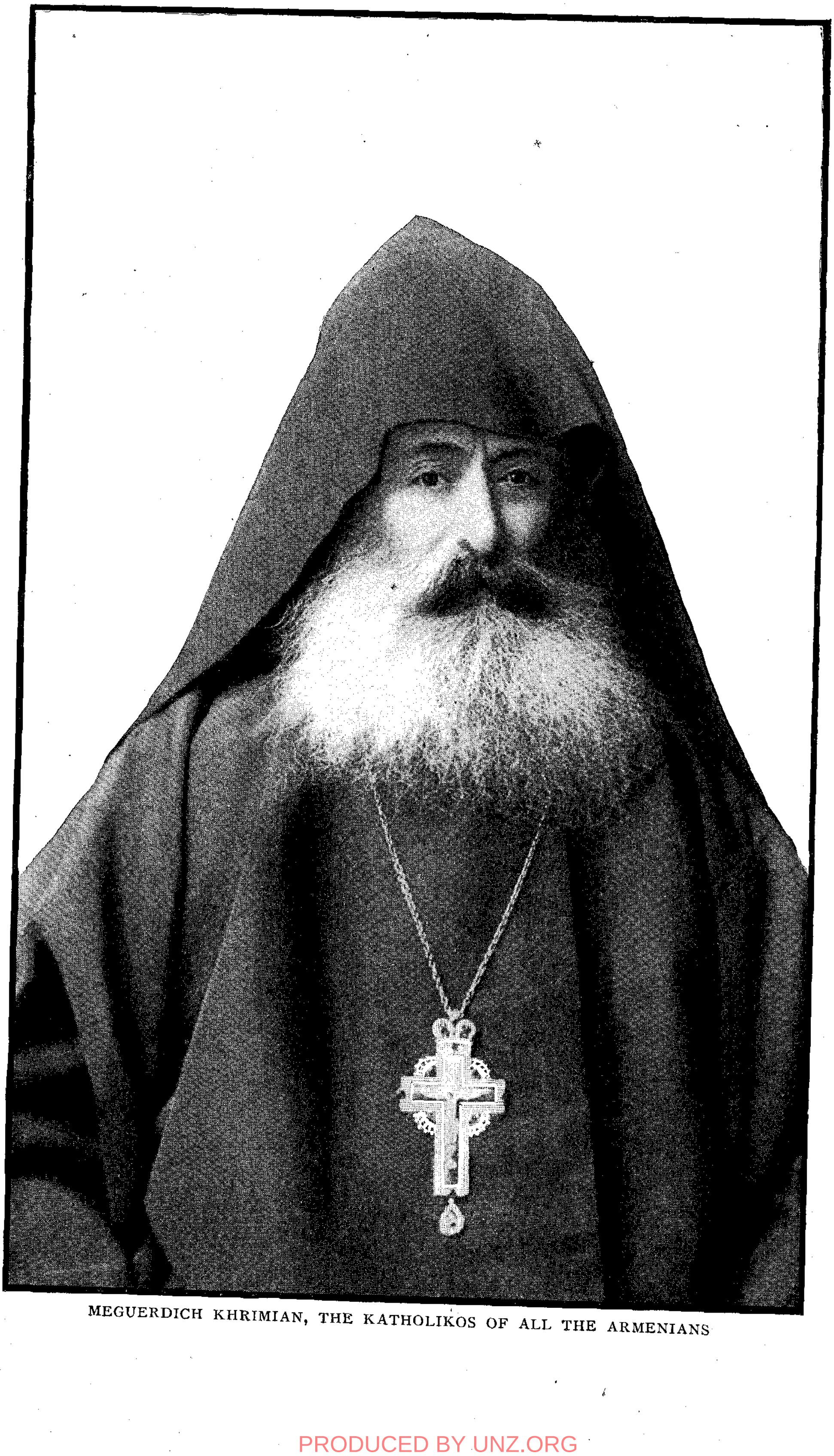
Etchmiazin, thirteen bare and stony miles from the tree-embowered town of Erivan on the Araxes, is in full view of Mount Ararat. There, at the cathedral church and seminary, lives the Katholikos, attended by twelve Bishops. There is the Synod, and there the Russian procurator. It is the center of scattered Armenia, so that, although Turkey has the greatest number of Armenians, Russia holds the key. This was foreseen when she wrested the country from Persia. The picture that Chardin gives of the place in the seventeenth century scarcely corresponds with its present aspect. The cathedral, however, is a building of some antiquity; but advanced porticoes and a central six-sided dome have changed it not a little since his tour.

On June 12 of last year a ruling was made at St. Petersburg which deprived the Armenian Church of such autonomy as it possessed, and placed it at the mercy of Russian bureaucrats. All landed property of churches, monasteries, schools, and colleges is to be administered by the Ministry of Agriculture, all town property and its income by the Ministry of the Interior. There is no appeal from the Minister of the Interior to the law courts. The Church is not abolished; nominally it still exists; but the means of subsistence are sequestrated and no provision made whereby priests, teachers, and pupils can live.

It was a bolt from the clear sky, and all the efforts to discover if any alleged acts unpatriotic or anti-Russian were the cause of it have remained without result. So far as one can see, it is merely part of a cold-blooded policy to stamp out the Armenian faith.

When we find that the right to manage their own property, guaranteed by each succeeding Czar since the Caucasus was taken from Persia, has been suddenly withdrawn, we ask ourselves whether an echo of the Kulturkampf in Germany or a stupid imitation of the recent contest in France with Catholic teaching orders will account for it. But there is no conflict of centuries exasperating both parties lying back of this unexpected move. Why should Russia wish to alienate the affection of citizens who have shown their loyalty for a century by treating them as if their Church were a menace to the orthodox? What harm could a little people do the enormous mass of Russians? Why should they care at St. Petersburg what bishops are appointed, or how the elected heads of that ancient but feeble Church administer the finances of the organization? Why this spoliation of the property of a Church? It is one of the mysteries that surround persecutions which seem to rise without adequate cause.

The passive resistance of the Arme-



MEGUERDICH KHRIMIAN, THE KATHOLIKOS OF ALL THE ARMENIANS

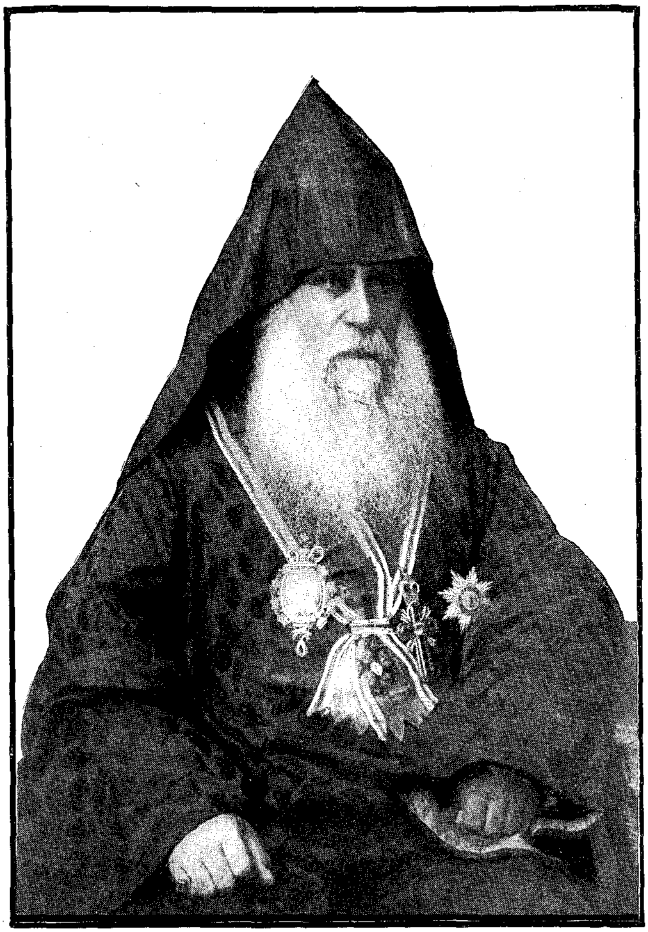
nians in Russia to such interference with their religious matters is too recent to be forgotten—the scenes of brutality, the firing on defenseless people, the breaking open of churches and treasuries, the looting of valuables and antiques. Notwithstanding the larger tragedies in Korea which have absorbed attention, the surrounding of churches by Cossacks will be remembered; how at Etchmiazin the cathedral was forced and robbed, at Armans the doors of the church were broken, at another place the roof was torn off, at Baku and Khamarlou the Armenians were shot in their churches because they gathered in peaceful protest against such usurpation. Respectful petitions of the Katholikos and the synod were left unanswered. Recently an intimation has come from St. Petersburg that the Armenians need expect no reversal of a policy of oppression for which no excuses are given.

The present war of Japan against Russia, horrible as it is, has at least this one advantage: it has revealed as by a lightning stroke the black depth of superstition in which Holy Russia wallows. When Generals and Admirals setting forth to the war are presented with amulets and images, amid awestruck crowds, we get some measure of the mental condition of Russia and no longer marvel at the attempt to control the Armenians by putting their clergy in tutelage. The oppression of the Finns and the mob murders at Kishinev find their explanation. Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad! Russia, trusting in her numbers, has become mad with vanity, and the daring of the Japanese in attacking her before she was ready has only added to her bewilderment without curing her of her folly.

ARCHBISHOP MALAKIA ORMANIAN
Patriarch of Constantinople.

The Armenians are a little people, separated politically by residence in Persia, Russia, and Turkey, but they are an ancient race. Though there are Catholics who side with Rome, the vast majority adhere to a sect which claims greater antiquity than any other Christian church.

They claim that four apostles, Saints Bartholomew, Thaddeus, Simon, and Jude, preached Christ to the heathen Armenians and suffered martyrdom; but it was not till the close of the third century that Saint Gregory the Illuminator converted the King and people. Hence their Church is known among Russians as the Gregorian. Proud of its origin, for fourteen centuries the Armenian has refused submission to the Greek Church, while its aversion to the Roman Catholic is even greater. So it is no new thing for Armenians to suffer persecution. Their Church is their existence as a nation. Without it they would soon become Persians or Turks or Russians, and probably would soon forget their native tongue. All the martyrdoms and glories of their past are bound up in the history of their Church. Their alphabet was invented—so says Moses of Khorene—by a secretary of the Armenian King Varasdates named Mesrob, who, about 400 A.D., produced a more elaborate set of letters than the Iranian or the Greek alphabets which had been used in Armenia previously. The base was a Persian alphabet supplemented by Greek additions. It is a curious instance of the tenacity of the Armenians that they should have formed a writing of their own and held to it for fifteen centuries, just as they rejected the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon and kept apart from the Greek Church. So it comes about that down to the present century not only Turkey and Russia but Persia have persecuted them for an obstinate sect.


ARCHBISHOP SOUKIAS BARZIANTZ
Patriarch of Erivan.

The result of Russia's action is already seen in the slaughter of Armenians near Bitlis by the Kurdish militia. Turkey has seized the opportunity to destroy the hated infidels, now that Russia can no longer pose as their protector.

Their new trouble arises directly from the insatiable ambition of Russia to reduce every land beneath her bureaucratic government; but the hidden spring is that religious intolerance which exists in Christians as well as Mohammedans. By taking all their property, closing their schools, leaving their clergy to starve—the Katholikos himself now depends for his daily bread on charity—they hope to destroy the Church without openly decreeing its destruction.

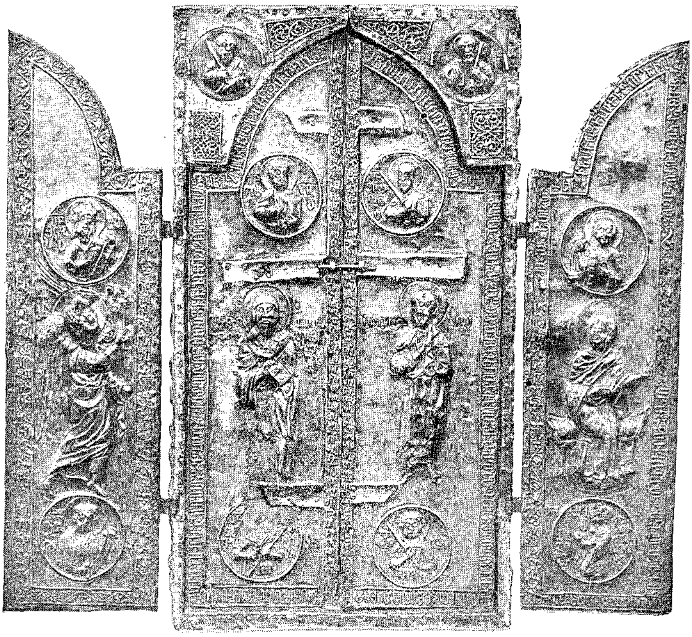
We are accustomed to regard Russia as a modern, civilized country, and we hear laudations of her tolerance because Buddhists and Mohammedans and men of strange religions live unmolested in her bounds. But with the Armenians it seems to be different. They are so near the Greek Church that the obstinacy with which they cling to their ancient phase of Christianity irritates, and so theologians set the people by the ears and politicians take advantage of the situation, though such persecution does Russia incalculable harm.

It was a blunder to have precipitated this little trouble while so many others were hatching. But it is really only the culmination of a long series of attacks. There is something behind the bigotry of the Orthodox Church; there is a chord on which that bigotry can play. This is the jealousy of the bureaucratic government of an organization which has elements of popular strength. Among the Armenians the clergy, from the Katholikos down, is largely elective by the people; this democratic element offends the Russian as it does the Turk and Persian. Doubtless it accounts for the strength and tenacity of the Church through centuries of oppression; but it also creates a constant source of irritation to the tyranny of officials.

At first, when Erivan was taken from the Persians (1827), the Russian Government expressly permitted the election of the Katholikos by the lay and clerical elements of the whole nation. It saw an advantage in having at Etchmiazin a prelate elected by Persian and Turkish Armenians. The pact of 1836 between the Armenians and Czar Nicholas was less liberal. Two candidates were proposed from whom the Czar might choose; he was made titular President of the synod of Etchmiazin. But—the synod can oppose the Katholikos, for he is only one of its number. Then the synod's acts had to have the approval of the Minister of the Interior in far-off St. Petersburg. Thus sixty years or more ago the freedom of the Church was not exactly revolutionary. The Russian procurator at Etchmiazin would often play the bully, and yet the situation then was tolerable compared to the present. Even a bishop could not be appointed without the consent of the Czar, and in many ways the power of Katholikos and synod was limited.

In 1884 a blow was aimed at the schools which have existed under Persian and Russian rule. Most of them were placed under the Russian system, and while the Armenian religion was not prohibited, the language was. Teachers and pupils were to speak Russian. Only the seminaries for priests were exempt; now these have been closed for lack of income to support them.

In 1885 the Czar appointed Markar to the head of the Church, against the will of the Armenians as expressed by their delegates. This man was a Russian



BRONZE DOORS OF AN ELEVENTH CENTURY SHRINE with nothing Armenian about him but his name.

Now all oaths are to be administered in Russian, and public prayers are to be offered no longer in Armenian.

The feelings of the Armenians are not soothed by the fact that when the Russians first set covetous eyes on this part of Persia it was to the common Christianity among the Armenians that they appealed. Favorable terms were offered and accepted. The Armenians were valuable then as a counterpoise to Mohammedans, and it is not too much to say that long before 1804, when the Russians gained their first victory in this region over the Persians, Russian diplomacy had been making use of the Armenians to prepare the conquest. Now they are of no use, and they are brutally crushed like the Finns. If they will not obey, let them emigrate, and good riddance to them!

Indeed, it is a common thought among Armenians in the United States, England, and other countries that the center of their Church should be shifted from Etchmiazin to some spot where the ordinary decencies of civilization are observed, an ordinary sum of freedom allowed to those who love their ancient speech and religion. The fetish-ridden Christianity of Russia is a mockery of Christ; her toleration a farce.

We have here an example of the methods Russia employs to widen her borders at the expense of her neighbors, astutely taking advantage of discontented elements of a population beyond her boundaries, using them to prepare the way for her armies, and then subjecting them to the leveling forces of a clergy and bureaucracy of a primitive type. This is the fate that Japan foresaw unless she could stop the insidious advance in time. Nor is there any reason to believe that Russia, if she is allowed to absorb the East, will fail to turn again toward Europe and subject the West to the same process. What she is doing to the Finns and Armenians, what she has done to the Jews and the Poles, are so many object-lessons for Europe.

But the governments of Europe are less far-sighted, less courageous, than the Japanese. They supply Russia with money and arms, build her ironclads, sell her ships. They cackle about a Yellow Peril, without perceiving at their doors the shadow of that White Specter which is making ready to destroy them in good time.

Life, Death, and Love

A WOMAN lay with closed eyes and quiet breath waiting to welcome an angel whose presence seemed to overshadow the white-curtained room. A man knelt beside the bed, the woman's hand pressed close in his against his cheek, while his lips moved as if in prayer.

In the room were Life, Death, and Love.

"What have you given her?" questioned Death of Life.

"I brought her my best gifts," answered Life: "youth, health, beauty, joy, and Love."

"Has Love brought her good gifts?" again asked Death.

Said Love with wistful eyes, "I brought her brave, bright hours, sunshine and laughter, happiness, and glory in living, and then a heavy cross. The sunshine she shed all about her, even with the fading of Life's glory; the cross hidden deep in her soul cast out self and made a new radiance and beauty there."

"Let her come to me," said Death. "Life had much to give, but peace and rest are not for Life to bestow. Love would give all, but must reckon with the human heart. I will crown and glorify and bless her."

Life fled from the quiet room with a sigh and one whispered, tender word; but Love lingered, brave even in the full presence of Death.

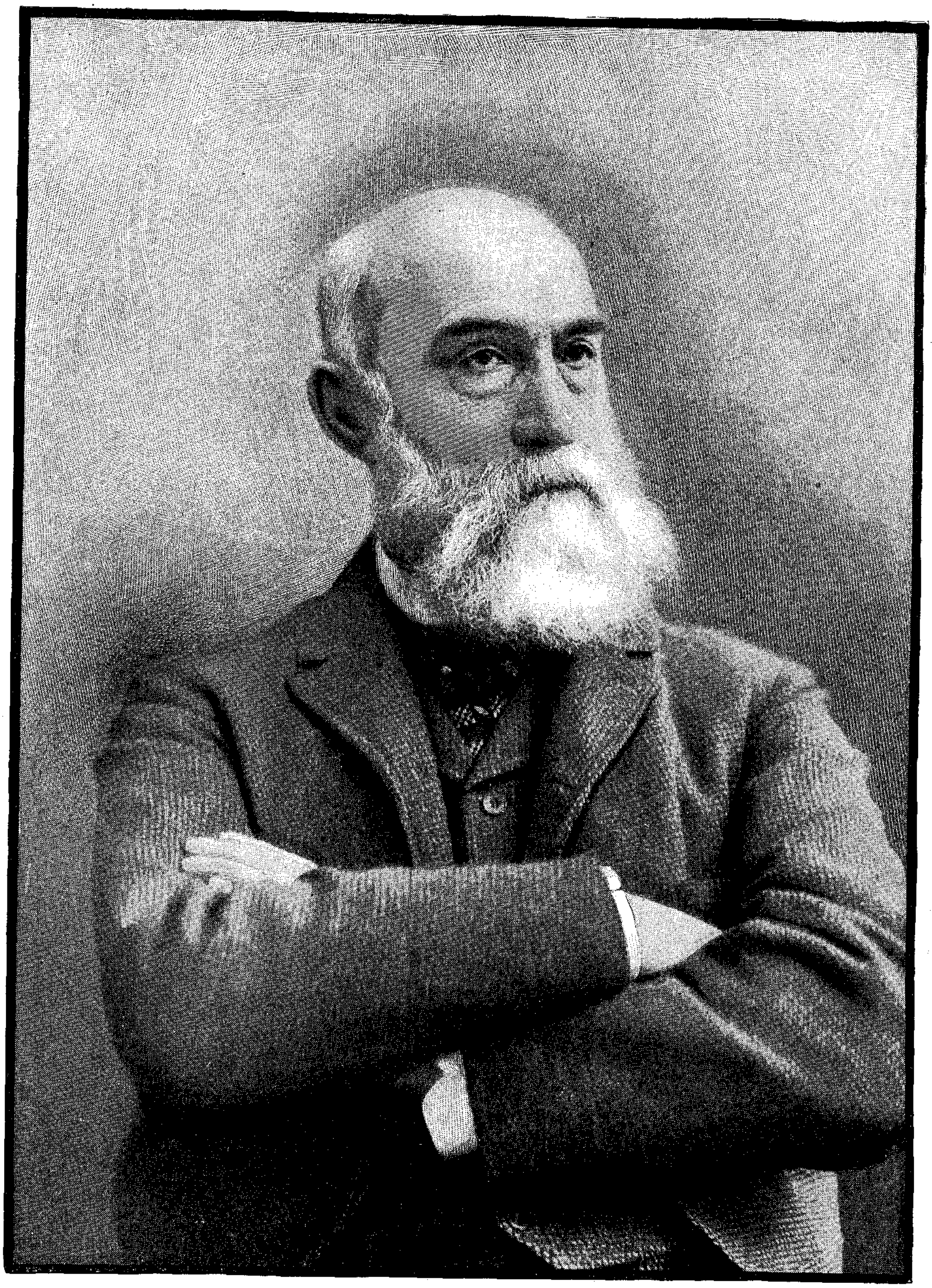
"What of him?" said Love, pointing to the kneeling figure.

"He made the cross?" Death asked.

"Yes," said Love, weeping.

"We must teach him," said Death, "what he could not learn from Life."

L. M. S.



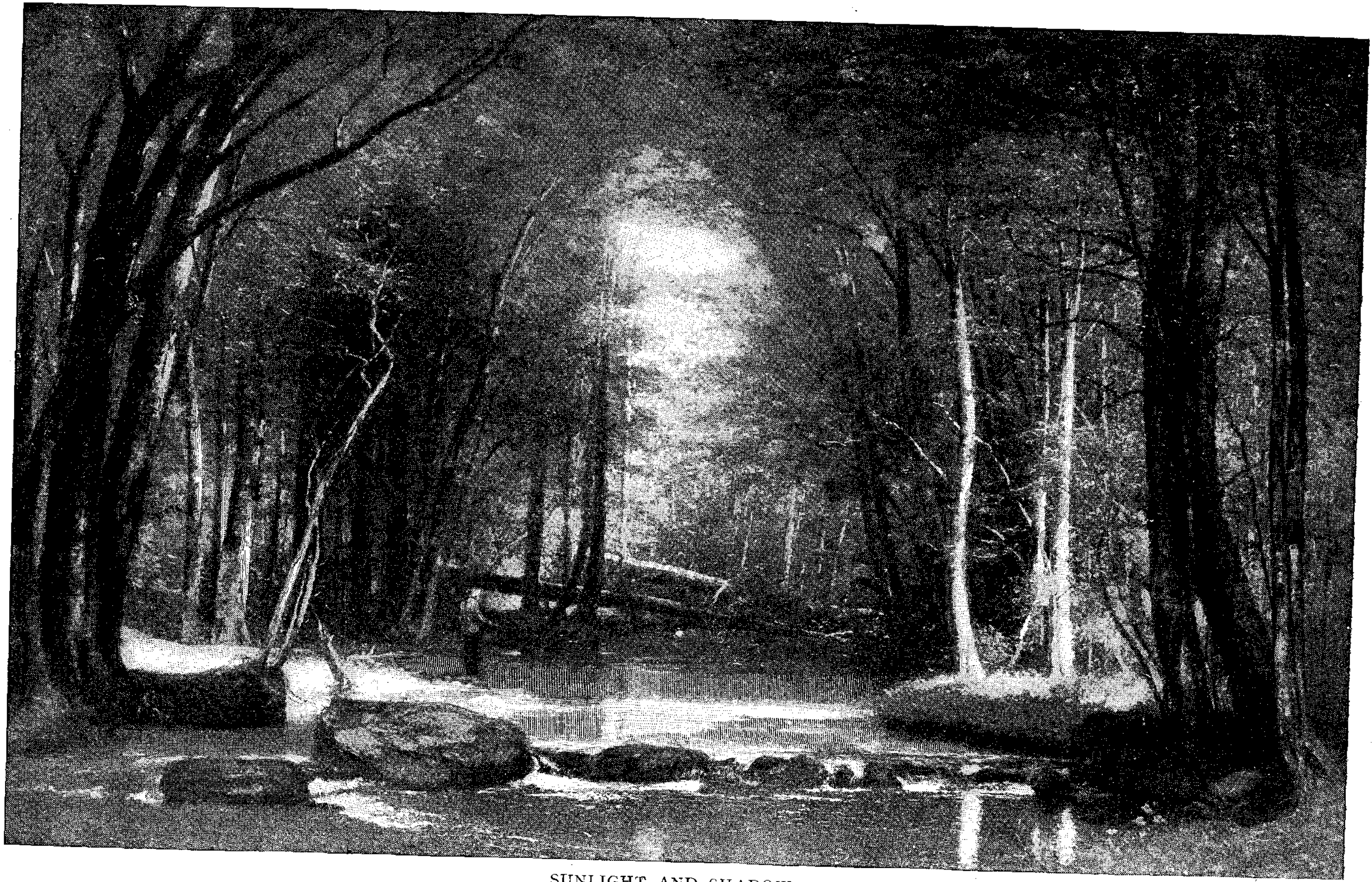
WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE

Worthington Whittredge, Landscape Painter

By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

WORDSWORTHIAN was an epithet freely applied to American landscape art about fifty years ago. It meant, as the genial Tuckerman and others used it, that American painters were out of-door persons, giving their attention minutely and without prejudice to all natural appearances; quite as ready to paint a harebell or a single white birch as to depict in grandeur Cotopaxi or the Yosemite Valley. The men of this time, indeed, had a paradoxical way, being both minute and panoramic. Study the foreground of a Church or of a Durand, consider the detail of a Bierstadt or of a Thomas Moran, and you will find a constant struggle between the desire to say everything and to say also the large and appealing thing. I do not disparage the very admirable achievement of Durand, still one of our greatest figures in landscape painting, but it must be said of this first school of native American art that it did little more than to assemble the materials of landscape painting. The pictures that had the cry were at their best tolerable portraits of our scenery, at their worst only curious collections of natural objects spread without a plan upon canvases too cluttered to be lived with, yet too able to be ignored. In fact, we shall not realize the qualities and defects of the landscape of our grandfathers except by sensational comparisons. Take Durand's "White Mountains from North Conway," now in the Lenox Library. Miles of intervale and forest, leagues of mountain slope, are marshaled in their proper perspective. The color is dignified and harmonious. Everywhere the eye picks up familiar objects truly rendered. Then turn to any landscape background of Perugino—the whole stretch of champaign and hillside reduced to three or four arbitrary colors, the distance sharply indicated by a few featherduster trees, above all a great expanse of sky modulated from gray to full blue. Compared with the Durand the Perugino seems child's play, and yet it is the truer and the greater art. For some instinct had told the Umbrian master that the depth of the land, the spaciousness of the sky, and the melting of the finite expanse into the infinite were the essential truths of panoramic landscape. This large truth of impression makes the learned and labored repertory of Durand seem irrelevant, and painting to-day is striving less for the virtuosity of Durand than for the simplicity of Perugino.

It has taken me too long to come around to Mr. Whittredge, who, it seems to me, with Cole, Durand, and Kensett, is one of the few really accomplished members of this early school. He wields perhaps the freest brush of them all. Mr. Whittredge has, like all the group, concerned himself with close study of the data of landscape. He has always preferred long days of sketching out-of-doors to intramural processes of picture-making. His studies probably represent better than his larger canvases his range and his attitude towards nature. While recently enjoying a collection of these oil sketches, I have again and again been delighted by painter-like transcriptions of things seen. Sometimes it was the curl of hanging sod over a washed river bank, or perhaps the russet crispness of scrub-oaks on high barrens; again a silhouetted pine-tree rendered with its specific bristling blueness, or a tangle of shrubs in brittle arabesque. Gentler things there were too: great stretches of plain with numberless cattle grazing, wood interiors, very large and filled with broken sunlight and shadow, pale marshes whipped by the wind, shadowy river levels overarched by the green of leaning trees—these are some of the natural appear-



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

From the painting by Worthington Whittredge in the Corcoran Gallery at *Washington.*

ances that Mr. Whittredge has painted with unaffected skill and truthfulness.

If Mr. Whittredge's art is more complete and satisfying than that of his more famous contemporaries, it is, I believe, because he has been free from that fallacy of bigness which led most of them far astray. He has painted the Seven Mountains of the Rhine and the Roman Campagna ; he accompanied the Pope expedition in the sixties and studied our grandiose Western scenery, but he has generally preferred to deal with nature in her intimate aspects. Old sketching grounds, the Catskills, the Narragansett shores, the cool nooks along the upper Passaic, near which he lives, have never failed to offer congenial subjects to his brush. And even in his earlier work I should be surprised if such a sketch as "Oaks in the Niederwald" were not more significant than those pictures of towns and mountains which he painted under the influence of his friend and critic Achenbach. As he has limited his subjects, so he has been contented with the middle range of the palette, preferring the generalized aspects of his favorite scenes under gray or broken skies to the rarer beauties of dawn and sunset. His constant love of nature has attached itself to her more constant manifestations. This intimate attitude towards nature was inborn. He still tells delightfully of aimless rambles in the forest about the Ohio log cabin which his pioneer parents built, and of the thrill when dusk and the owls cast mystery and a shudder about the most familiar provinces of his boyish kingdom.

It would be interesting to trace the steps that led from a pioneer's cabin through the ateliers of Düsseldorf and the artist cafés of Rome to the presidency of our National Academy in the crucial year of the Philadelphia Exhibition. But Mr. Whittredge is not the first artist who has passed through sign-painting to national honors, nor is he the first American who has found that simplicity of character and native dignity suffice in every station. We must find his specific contribution, not in his varied life, but in his work. A painting like "Sunlight and Shadow" in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington fairly gives the measure of the artist. As an account of a Catskill brook it is letter-perfect. So easy sandstone ledges lie up in nature, so dark water slips over, and trees overhang them; so the sun strikes fitfully through unperceived rifts in the leaf canopy. It is very dignified, quiet, and American ; very impersonal, too, and the contribution of the painter is more by way of elimination than of arrangement. He has simplified the tangle of a wood interior and has reduced the objects only to the point where the eye may readily take them all in. Similarly, he has reduced the infinity of local colors to the few most characteristic—the browns and the greens. Were it not that the details are put in with a boldness evincing the love of the brush, the effect would be somewhat photographic. It is obvious that the artist has approached the subject with a kind of reverence, questioning it only so far as he might expect an answer, and never venturing to paint Whittredge between all the lines. Yet Whittredge is there all the same, in a certain freshness, and, if one may use the term, amenity—as if the scene stood on good terms with an invisible painter outside of the frame.

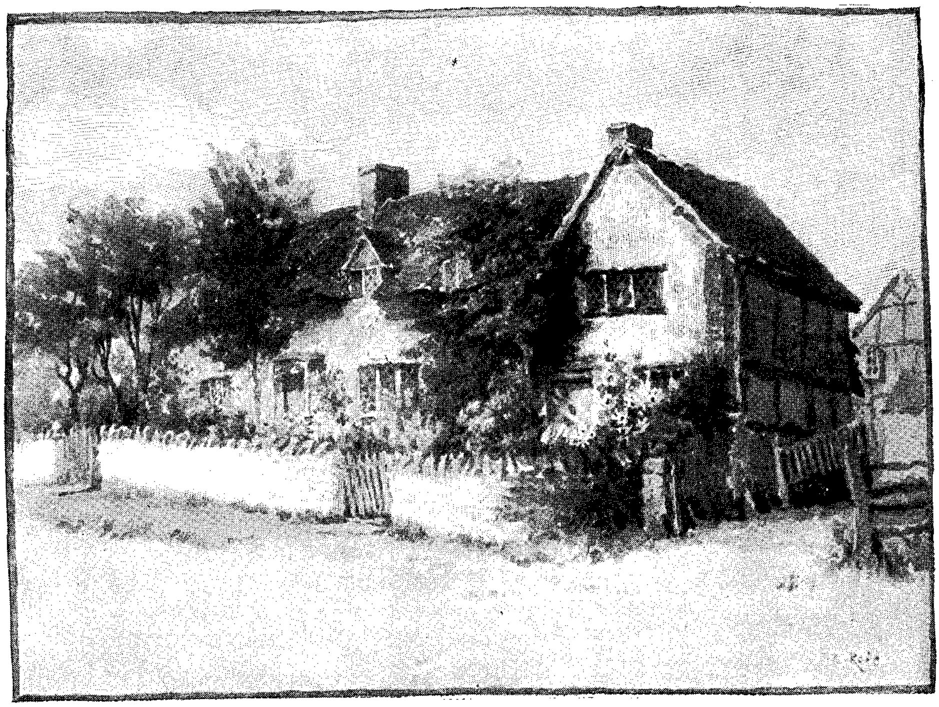
The lack of imperious point of view is something from which Mr. Whittredge, with nearly all our early landscape painters, suffered. He has to-day a good word for the romantic polychromy of Monet, and I have no doubt that he appreciates that synthetic art in which natural objects and natural colors are merely terms in the painter's phrase-making. He knows, I fancy, that give-and-take by which an artist lays hold of some sub-color in nature, or merely of some linear pattern in his own mind, and makes out of that incident of nature and that pattern imposed upon nature a work of art more poignant than nature itself and apparently no less true. But Mr. Whittredge perceives also that that is not his art. Nor was it the art of his time. For a poet with full means of utterance, for a creator in landscape, we had to wait for Inness. And before Inness had reached artistic maturity, Mr. Whittredge and his contemporaries were already beyond the flexible years.

The antithesis in landscape painting is poet or naturalist. Elements of poetry are not lacking in the early landscape of America, but that which is most sincere and valuable was painted chiefly from the naturalist's point of view. One has only to read Hamerton's two charming volumes, "A Painter's Camp," and then the famous paragraph of Corot on the coming of sunrise, to perceive that one may either collect the data of landscape or create it outright. Turner, Rousseau, and others made vast collections as a means to creation; the best of our early American landscape painters remained at the collecting stage.

Yet Durand, Whittredge, and the rest painted the kind of landscape that America was prepared to receive, and painted it with great skill. American enthusiasm for natural scenery was, with apologies to the worthy Tuckerman, not that of Wordsworth, but that of Gilbert White. There was little sense of "something far more deeply interfused," whether of the divine or of the artist's temperament; there was instead a comfortable pride in and a patient study of the grand or homely objects by which the average eye identifies our landscape as ours. My friend Mr. Whittredge will certainly find many of his own best qualities as often as he re-reads "Selborne." And it seems to me no mean reward for the work of a long lifetime to have carried White's habits of sure and untroubled observation, with much of his lucidity and elegance, into the kindred art of painting.

American landscape painting in the fifties and sixties owed most of its shortcomings to inevitable causes. There was no tradition except the frigid conventions of the European academies. When young Mr. Whittredge was in Paris in the fifties, he heard vaguely of one Diaz, who painted with marvelous facility and hid himself in the forest of Fontainebleau. The modern grammar of landscape was evidently not yet formulated, and the result was that our American painters were thrown upon their own resources as few artists have ever been. Now this is always unfortunate for an art. Unless there is some consensus of opinion as to what shall be painted and some body of approved methods, the mind of the artist is confused by the very richness of the field, and his hand is unduly taxed in learning anew what should be part of common knowledge. It seems to me that especial praise is due to those painters who modestly accepted the conditions of pupilage, and gave their work, even in its imperfection—an imperfection they would have been the first to admit—a note of sincerity and, within limits, of mastery. Nor should it be forgotten that Durand, Huntington, Whittredge, Eastman Johnson, first won for art the freedom of the city. One delights to hear of that group of Mr. Whittredge's friends in Cincinnati, in the early fifties, who were freely buying the Germans and the best of the Americans. It is pleasant to read of the close personal relations that the old academicians maintained with the great people of New York. In those ante-bellum days, before the reign of the dealer was established, the artist found easily not only entertainers but enlightened patrons. Little of this is left in a social order dislocated by commercial immigration. And it seems to me that the sign of the sincerity of an art that Mr. Whittredge to-day almost alone survives to represent is not the prices paid for the Churches and Bierstadts, but the fact that the early academicians fitted easily into the social organism and won, as of right, not only commissions but the honor and intimacy of all that was best in New York. If there is a saving remnant from which shall grow the public for an American art of the future, it will be led by the children and grandchildren of those who took their art from the Academy while Mr. Whittredge was painting his brooks and Mr. Curtis was writing "Prue and I."

Mr. Whittredge himself finds the best reward for a fidelity to American landscape extending over sixty years, not wholly in delightful reminiscence of his maturity, nor in the public and academic honors that unsought came readily to him, but rather in the long days spent in reverent questioning of the scenes he most loves. His works will remain to show that a quest so patient and loyal has not been unrequited.



THE COTTAGE

The Home of Mary Arden

By Jane Brewster Reid

With Pictures from Water color Paintings by the Author

"MR. LYNE'S 'aouse?" queried the smallest urchin of a group about the sketcher's easel, indicating doubtfully the only house in sight from that point of view.

"Mary Arden's cottage!" corrected the oldest boy; adding, sententiously, "It wull be sold."

"Wull it?"

"Ay, that's what they co-ome 'ere fer—they gets three shullin' fer 'em." And the group sauntered off down the road.

It is a prophecy for the future. The big boy knows no more about Mary Arden than the little one, but he has learned the name that catches the stranger, and it is not that of the present tenant of the cottage. Very soon he will know more. Wilmcote will go the way of Shottery and Stratford. The flower-bearing mendicancy will begin among the little girls, and this very group of boys, perhaps, will be hanging on to the traveler's coat-tails, spouting strange things in chorus:

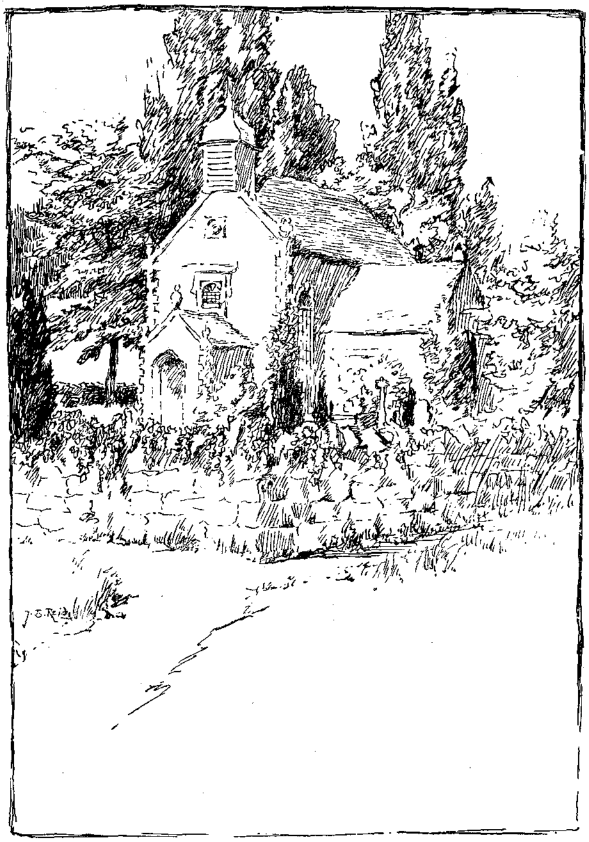
"'Is your nyme Shoylock?' 'Shoylock is moy nyme.' 'Of a stryṅge nyture is the suit you follow;' . . . 'The quality of mercy is not str'ined, it droppeth as a gentle ryne from 'eaven upon the plyce beneath: it is twoice blest, it blesseth 'im that gives an' 'im that tykes,'" etc.

But the tourists as a body have not yet found Wilmcote. The Arden cottage is in private hands and not advertised to the public. Moreover, though the place is one of the stations of the Great Western, the next before Stratford itself, it is still in a sense off the track of travel. For none of the fast trains stop. Passengers have a fleeting vision of a vine-clad bower set in flower-beds—the prize station of the line—and are whirled onward never guessing that they might have caught a distant glimpse of Mary Arden's cottage through a rift in the trees. It is a five-mile drive from Stratford, and so the village is still in a certain sense undiscovered.

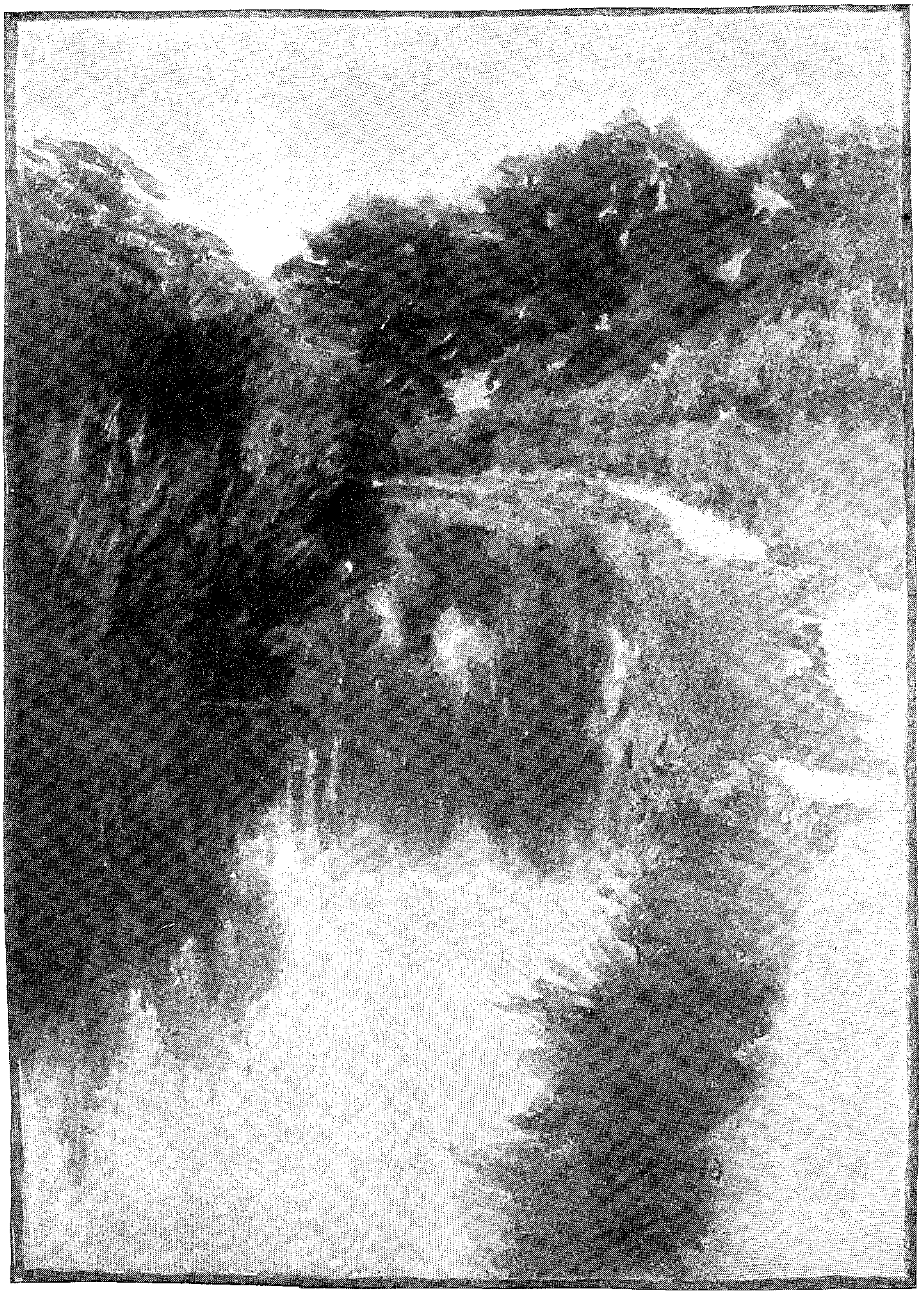
But to one with leisure for exploring there are other and shorter ways of reaching it than by the highroad. You may come upon it by accident. Strolling by foot-path across the fields from Shottery, you strike into an open yet secluded road, a gate here and there testifying to private ownership, while still there is no sign of any dwelling, or other glimmer of life in the fields than is conveyed by a flock of sheep on a distant hillside. Yet there is a sense of expectation, as of life close by. An abrupt turn of the road is full of purpose, and, following on, the fields gradually close in about you, hedgerows mount guard on either side, until, at the very entrance of what seems to be a copse, the road takes a dip and a turn—a garden wall bursts suddenly into view, a mass of white blossoms curling over the top like foam on the crest of a wave, and, behold! the village of Wilmcote. You have entered at the prettiest and least frequented end. It is a small settlement, confined in the main to a single street, yet its only real seclusion is here—where the last of the thatched cottages still looks across from its little knoll at its old neighbors, now crowned with a more modern covering of tile. The other end of the village is open to traffic by means of fine roads. You hear the puff of the automobile as you stand.

But the favorite way from Stratford is by the tow-path of the old canal, which you reach by a stair near the gas-works and follow for awhile without expectation of any advantage beyond the saving of time. For this is the way the crow flies. But soon it takes on all the beauty and spontaneity of a river path. White swans float on the water all the way up, past the locks to Wilmcote, and perhaps even beyond as far as Birmingham. The canal is all but disused, and is apparently being guarded at present merely as a thing of beauty. Tall spikes of white and yellow or purple flowers lean over from the meadow side, and where the water flows between higher banks the wild rose climbs up to mingle its pink with the white blossoms of the may.

Leaving the tow-path at Wilmcote, the highroad leads you this time directly to the heart of the village, in front of the White Swan Inn. Here is the small strip of green, and to the left, towards the quiet end, rises the tower of the village church, surrounded by trees, and so ideally set that it will not be recognized at once as embodying the great lack in Wilmcote. It is built in connection with a very ancient stone house, now the vicarage, and its own walls are

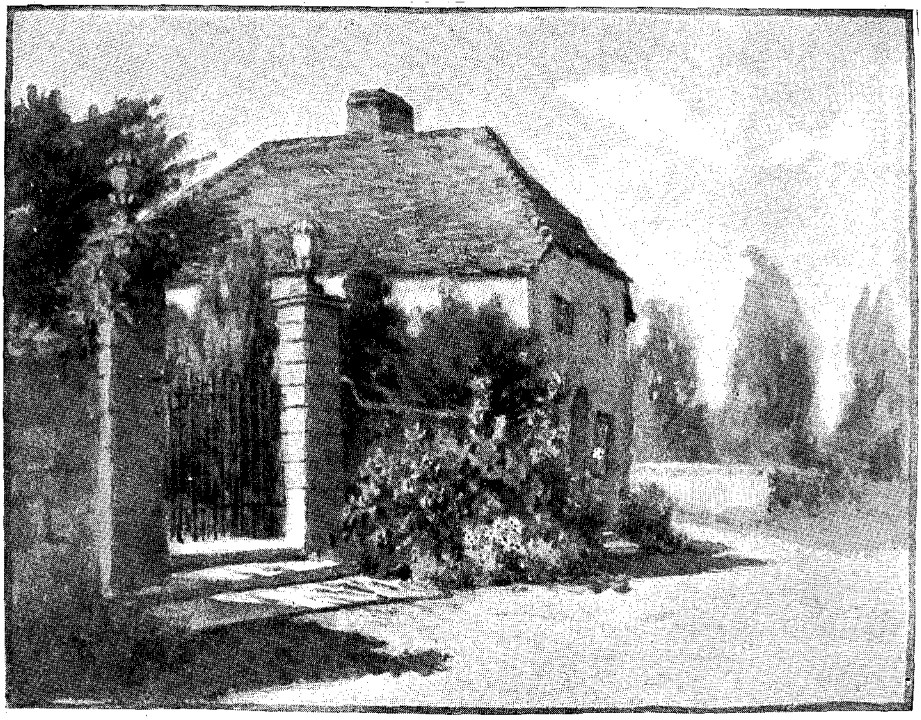


BILLESLEY CHURCH



THE TOW-PATH AT WILMCOTE

beginning to show the mellowing effects of the climate, but it is quite modern. Aston Cantlow, two miles off, sleeps a deeper sleep than Wilmcote, and with a church worth a journey of many hours to see. Binton, Welford, Weston, Clifford Chambers—a score of little villages seen by none of the horde of tourists, but within a stroll of Stratford—each has its church with some special interest: a yew-tree clinging to the tower, a Norman arch and pillar, a shrine to the ancient lords of the manor; something which sets even the lazy trav-



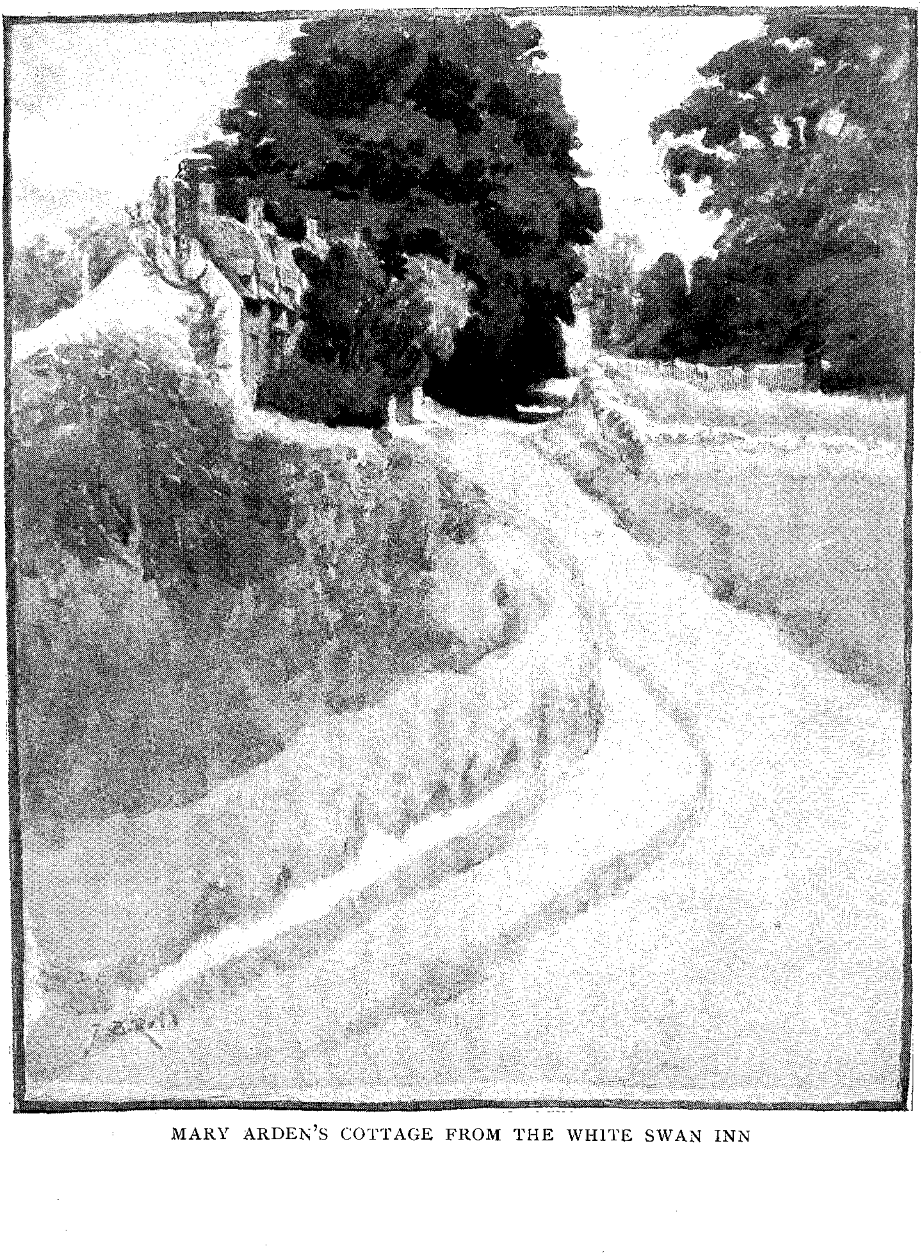
OLD GATEHOUSE AT BILLESLEY HALL

eler delving into history. But Wilmcote has the birthplace of Mary Arden—a wide, low, two-storied house with dormer windows, and two doorways facing the road across a narrow strip of garden. It is in good hands and probably looks now very much as it did in Mary Arden's time, making allowance for age and the absence of a thatched roof. The stone wall round the garden shuts in a mass of bloom which might easily have had its counterpart three centuries ago. It is seen to best advantage from the windows of the White Swan Inn, which looks up a gently curving road—the highroad to Stratford—with the Arden cottage on the brow of a slight incline, a fine group of chestnuts rising above its red-tiled roof.

The whole life of the village, indeed, is seen best from the Inn. The chief attraction for the children lies directly in front of it, and this is not, as might be supposed, the village green, but the village lamp-post—a rickety affair, protected by iron chains swung between three short wooden posts. Here the children of Wilmcote amuse themselves from morning till night in all conditions of weather except that of actual heavy rain. Older girls swing here with the babies by the hour, and even the stranger child passing through the village detaches itself from the family group to take a turn on the chains. Only occasionally comes the threat, "Oi'll smoite thee!"

All the traffic that comes to the village passes the White Swan. The carriage of the occasional tourist is in sight on the winding road long before it reaches the Arden cottage. The large farm-wagon halts over the incline, or the trail of gypsy carts. And from this direction the men return twice a day from the lime-works, making a straggling, picturesque group in their whitened overalls and with tool-bags slung over the shoulder. Sometimes an overgrown girl with a toddling sister at her heels and the latest baby in her arms hurries along to meet the group, and then one figure detaches itself, the bag is unloosed—often at some cost of time and trouble—the baby is lifted to its place, and the cottager continues his way. He gets fifteen shillings a week from the lime-works, which represent the only industry of the place aside from farming, and on this and the produce of a small garden he often supports a family of ten.

But life in and about the cottages is only part of the life of any English village. Ties multiply in a country where many a humble cottager can point to three hundred years of ancestry in one corner of a county. There is incessant walking from village to village over roads which have not altered their course with the centuries, whether highroads or rights of way through private property. Not a road nor a path in the whole neighborhood can have been unfamiliar to the old inhabitants, and you have not really known the home of Mary Arden until you have followed the field-paths or picked the scarlet pimpernel on the road to Billesley. Avoid the highway. You may come upon a yokel there learning the bicycle, and his plaint, "Oi cahn't get on 'eem!" will complete your sense of the unfitness of things. But the old private road is deserted. Just beyond the hedgerows you may look down and see in the distance the clustered roofs and needle-like spire of

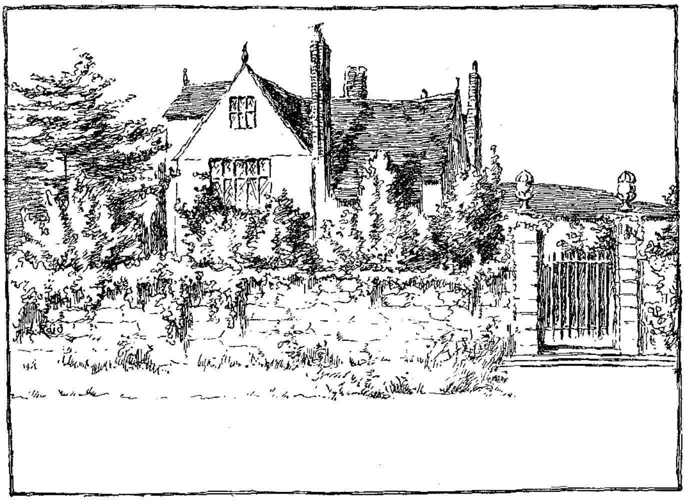


MARY ARDEN'S COTTAGE FROM THE WHITE SWAN INN

Stratford, and as you look the Ghost of the region is at your shoulder. It follows as the road, turning now from the direction of Stratford, leads by gentle degrees and through open spaces to a slope considerably above the village, then plunges suddenly down through a dense wood—a private cover—fenced securely on both sides of the road. At the foot you pause involuntarily. There are spots whose individuality halts you like a living presence. Stately trees line the sides of this neglected road. By contrast with the sunlit path, there is something almost gruesome in the shade and the damp and the deep silence. Following on with some hesitation—literally following now, for your Ghost has passed silently to the fore—you turn into a grassy lane which offers a vista of some ancient stone outbuildings and a moldy chapel half hidden among trees.

The utter lack of life about the place emboldens you to pick your way among these buildings until you come to a narrow opening looking into a court. And here, if you are wise, you stop. For here is the cream of this find of yours. This was the old entrance. There stands an ancient gatehouse with bulging walls. At your feet lies a strange sort of pond, with sides of masonry and fed by a spring. You have happened upon the moated manor of Billesley—now, alas! no longer moated, and ancient beyond anything its present walls can show. The place was here in Saxon times, when there was also a village, which became depopulated and disappeared from the face of nature centuries ago. It was part of the demesne of "Ardenes" of Warwick in a time so remote that only the fine tenuous thread of imagination could lead the thought of Mary Arden here with any suggestion of right or proprietorship. But this was the path which no native of Wilmcote can have failed to take time and again. And here to this entrance, if local tradition can be relied upon, came Shakespeare himself. It is the sort of tradition which the loiterer about this region likes to feel that he can verify for himself. He remembers that history, not tradition, assigns a famous library to Billesley in Shakespeare's day. He notes the scant mile between Billesley and Wilmcote. He recalls the pedigree of Mary Arden.

The manor-house as it stands to-day is mainly Elizabethan, and has not been materially altered since Mary Arden's time. It contains a wealth of oak carving. The spear-cupboard, the secret chamber, the great dining-hall, are still here. But nothing seen afterward holds quite the charm of this first accidental discovery. The old atmosphere clings about these back premises. The outbuildings are frankly going to decay. Modern life seems to touch Billesley Hall from the outer side just as it touches Wilmcote, leaving the old path to phantoms.



THE OLD FRONT OF BILLESLEY HALL

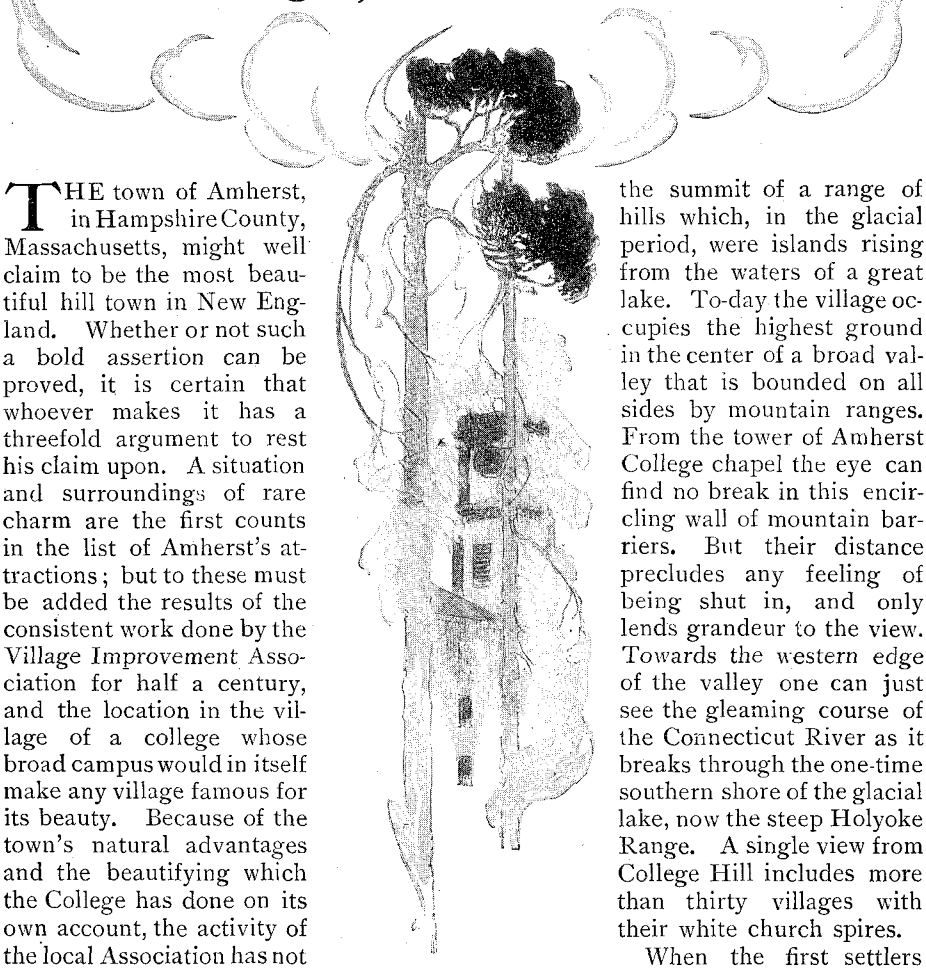
THE TOWN BEAUTIFUL

SECOND PRIZE ARTICLE

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT IN AMHERST

By A. W. ATWOOD

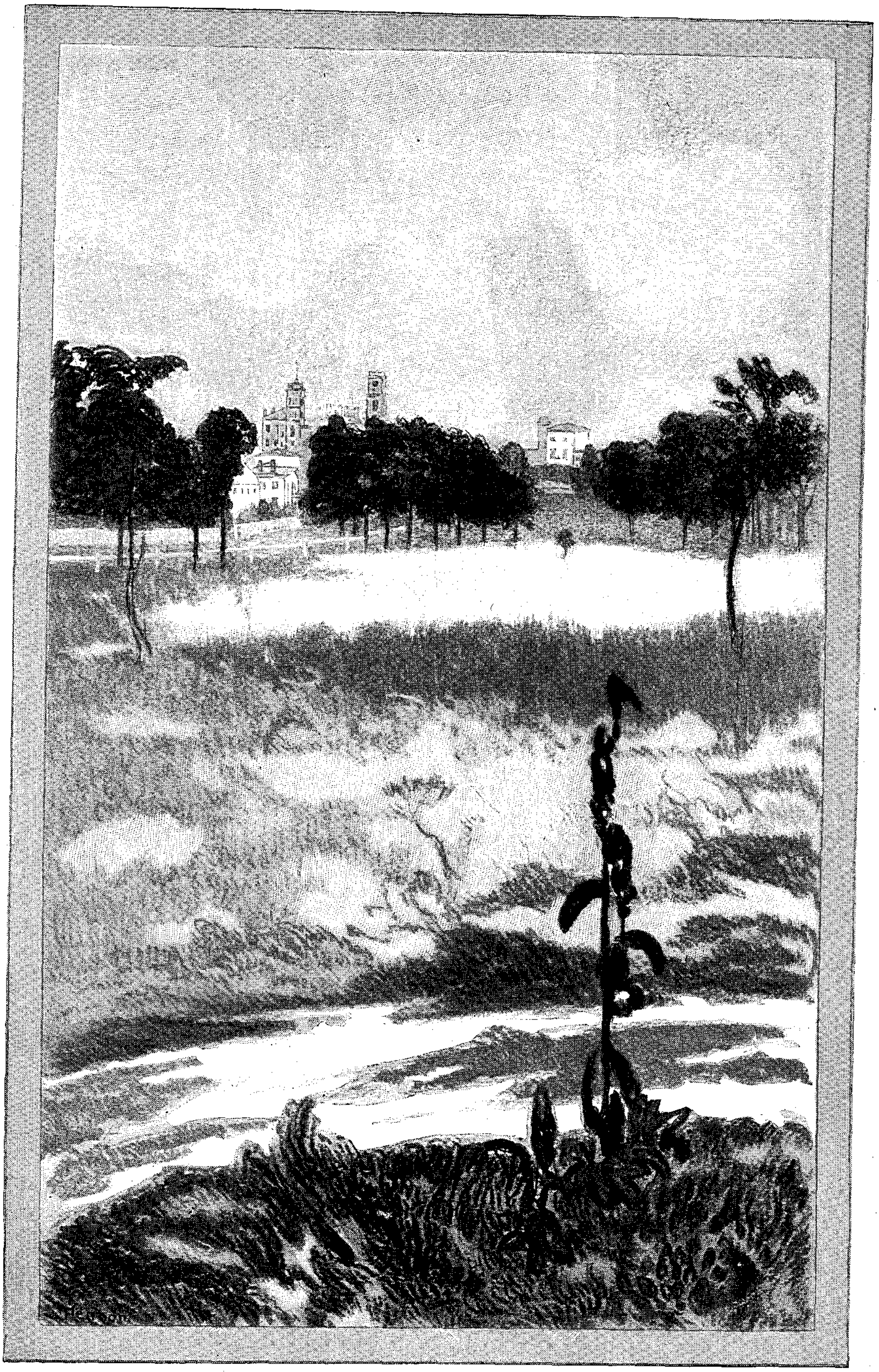
Drawings by ALDEN PEIRSON



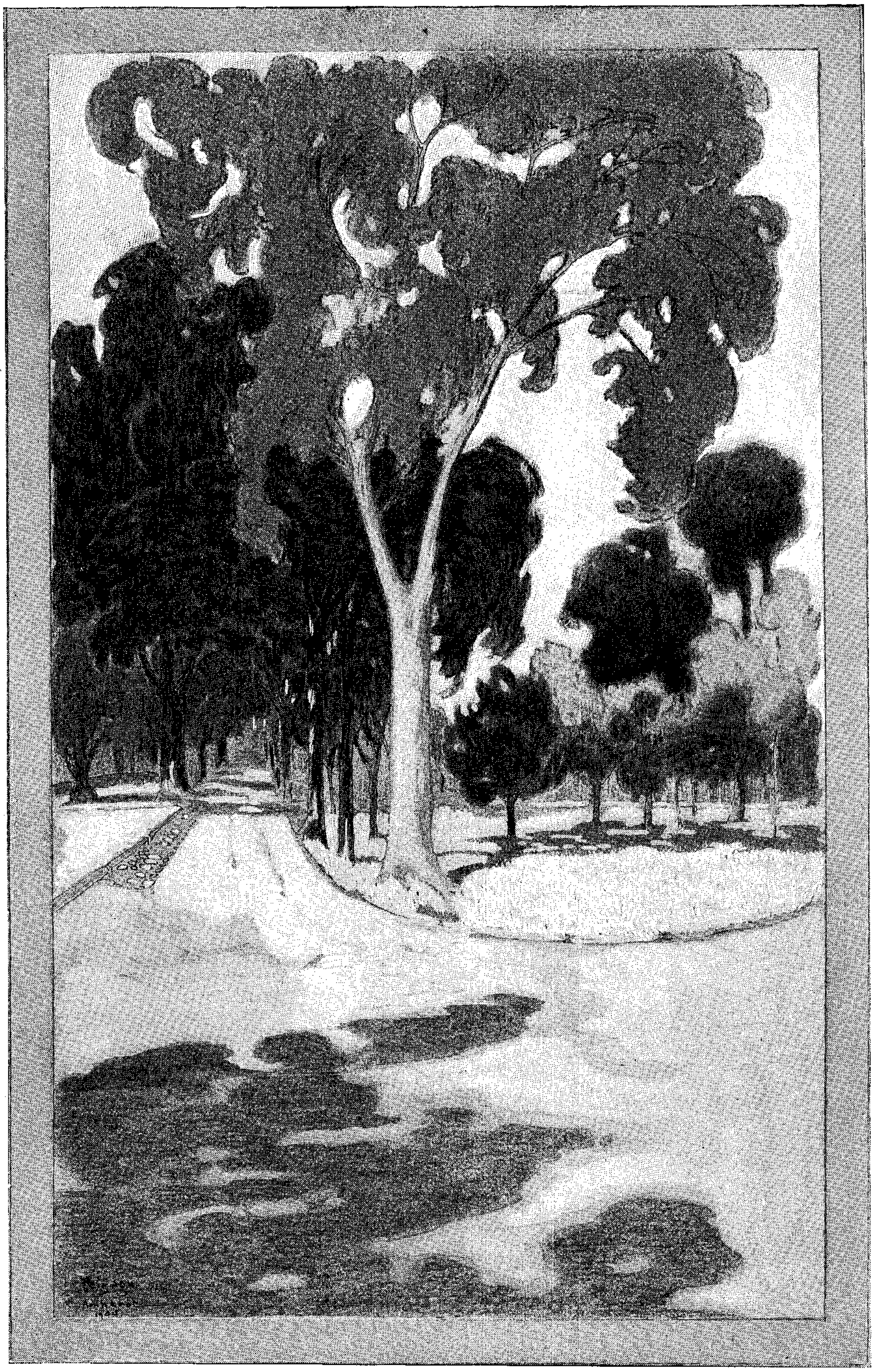
THE town of Amherst, in Hampshire County, Massachusetts, might well claim to be the most beautiful hill town in New England. Whether or not such a bold assertion can be proved, it is certain that whoever makes it has a threefold argument to rest his claim upon. A situation and surroundings of rare charm are the first counts in the list of Amherst's attractions; but to these must be added the results of the consistent work done by the Village Improvement Association for half a century, and the location in the village of a college whose broad campus would in itself make any village famous for its beauty. Because of the town's natural advantages and the beautifying which the College has done on its own account, the activity of the local Association has not of necessity been so varied in Amherst as elsewhere. Yet the society has accomplished much because it has happily confined its efforts to supplementing what Nature had already done and whatever the College might do.

The village of Amherst is built upon the summit of a range of hills which, in the glacial period, were islands rising from the waters of a great lake. To-day the village occupies the highest ground in the center of a broad valley that is bounded on all sides by mountain ranges. From the tower of Amherst College chapel the eye can find no break in this encircling wall of mountain barriers. But their distance precludes any feeling of being shut in, and only lends grandeur to the view. Towards the western edge of the valley one can just see the gleaming course of the Connecticut River as it breaks through the one-time southern shore of the glacial lake, now the steep Holyoke Range. A single view from College Hill includes more than thirty villages with their white church spires.

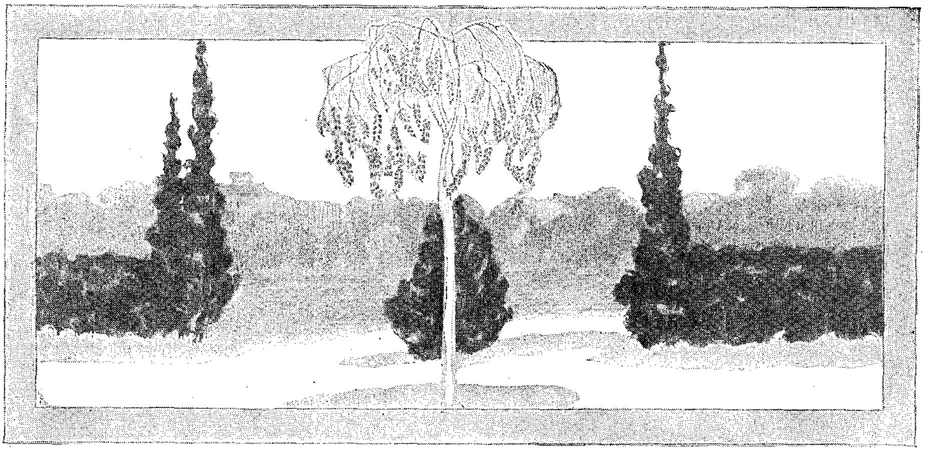
When the first settlers chose this noble site for their village, they built in the large spirit of their surroundings, and laid out all the highways with the generous width of seventy-five yards. In 1788 the roads were all narrowed to their present ordinary width except the highway through the



THE COMMON BEFORE IMPROVEMENT, IN 1872



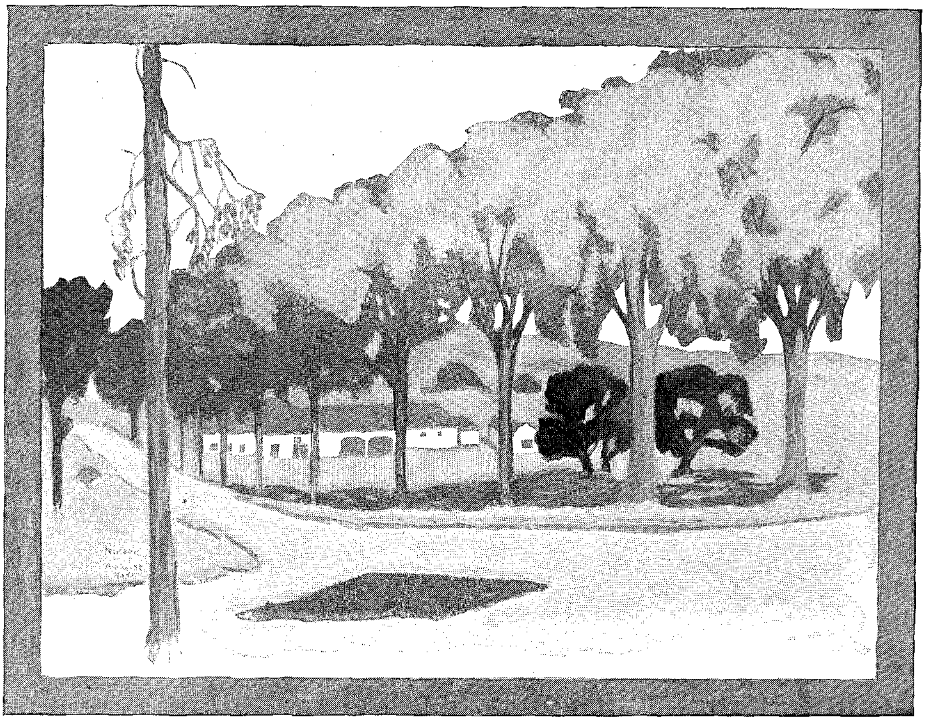
THE COMMON AS IT IS TO-DAY



EFFECTIVE USE OF TREES AND

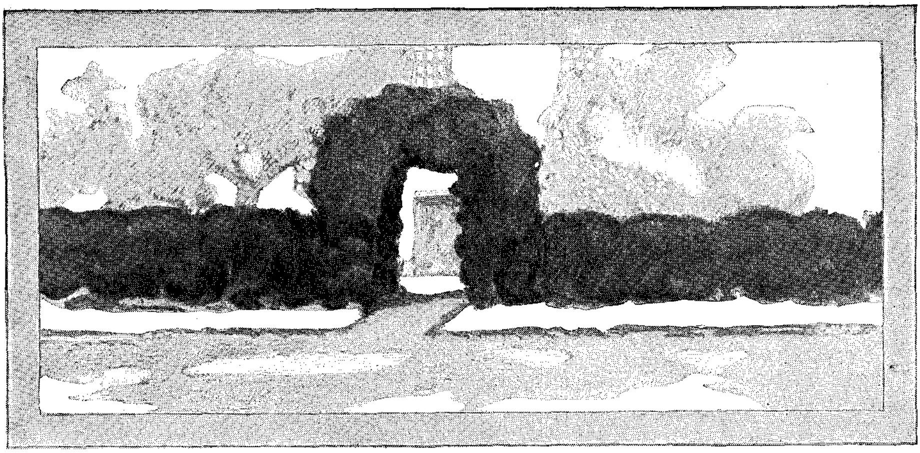
middle of the village, which was left for a common.

As the Common has always been in every sense the center of the village, the energies of the Improvement Association have been devoted almost solely to its betterment. At the Common's lower end is the railroad station, where the visitor gets his first glimpse of Amherst; at its upper end are cloistered the few business blocks of the village; while the College buildings face the center of the green, and the residence streets radiate from its borders. The first recorded use to which the Common was put was, naturally, that of a military parade ground. After the founding of the College in 1821, Commencement became the great day for the Common, its glories overshadowing even the Fourth of July



AT THE EDGE OF THE TOWN

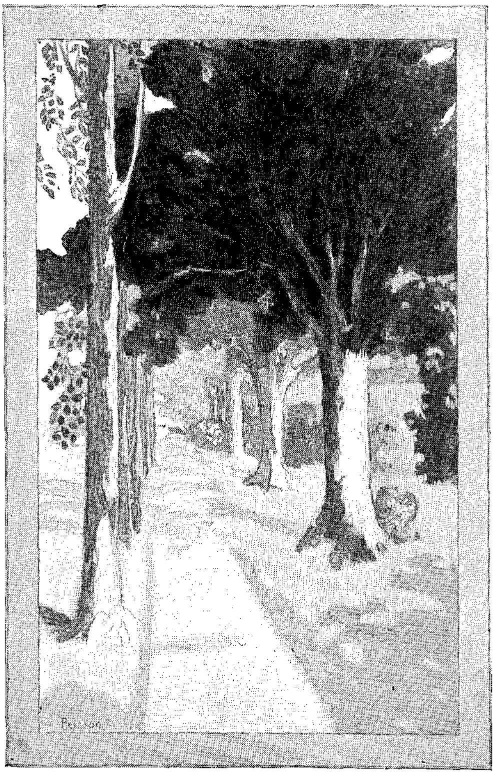
Elms lining side of road.



HEDGES IN FRAMING GATEWAYS

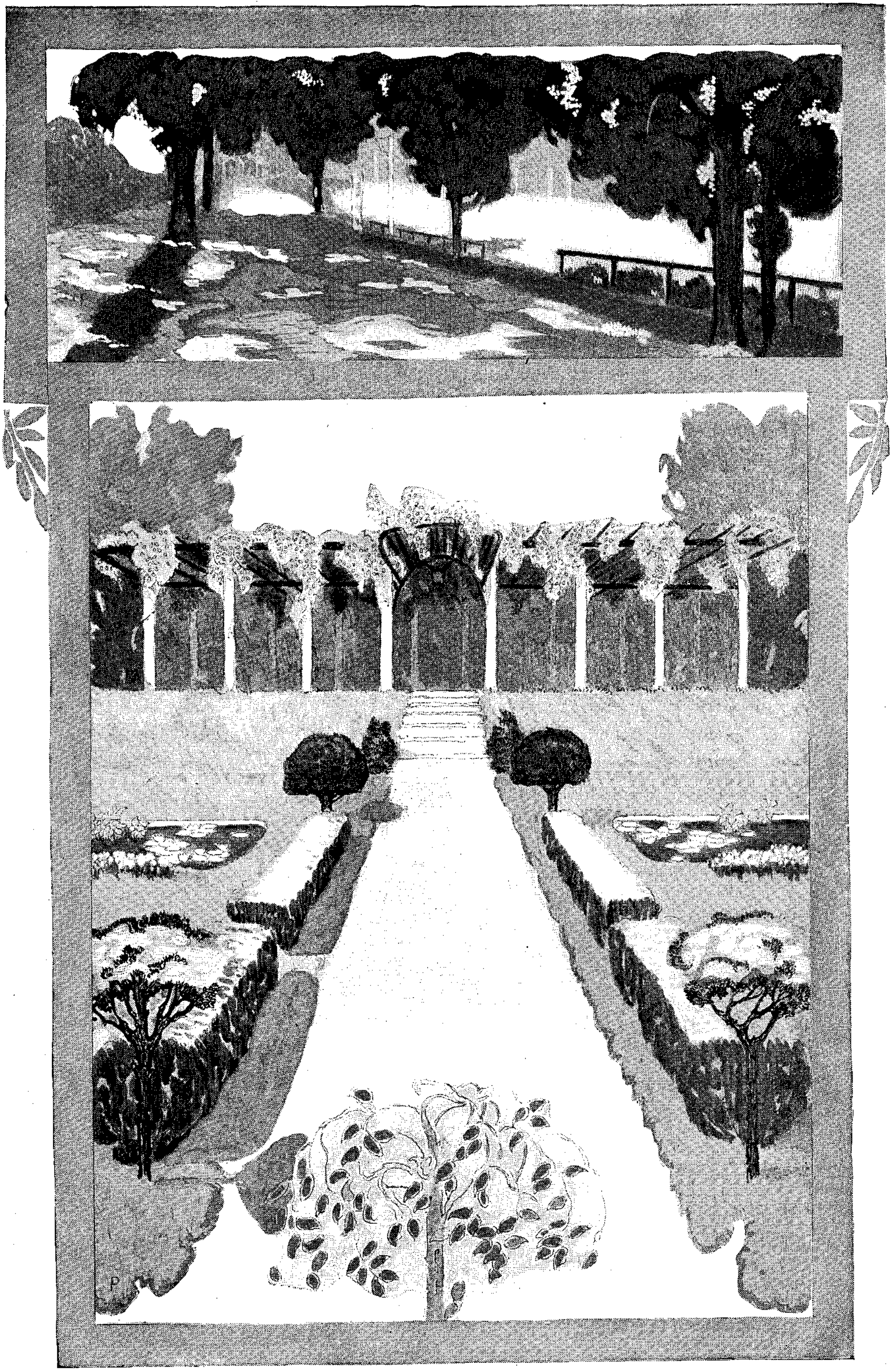
and Muster Day. On all holidays, but especially at Commencement time, booths, tents, and stands were erected there, and auctioneers and fakirs of all descriptions made it their headquarters. At one end of the place was a frog-pond, and Dr. Hitchcock, the venerable dean of the College, tells how he occasionally fished his children out of its by no means limpid waters.

But the Common's usefulness as a frog-pond and as a county fair ground was doomed when, in 1853, the Massachusetts General Court passed an act providing for societies "to encourage agriculture, horticulture, or the improvement and ornamentation of the streets and public squares of any town by planting and cultivating ornamental trees therein." Four years later the Amherst Ornamental Tree Association was formed, with the object expressed in the act of 1853. The town soon gave over the control of the Common to the Association, whose chief work for a half-century since has been to improve and care for the forty-odd acres intrusted to it. The Association's most successful and comprehensive work was done in 1875, when plans drawn by the late Frederick Law Olmsted for improving the Common were carried into effect. In 1877 the society dropped its quaint and restricted title of "Ornamental Tree Association" and became the "Village Improvement Association."

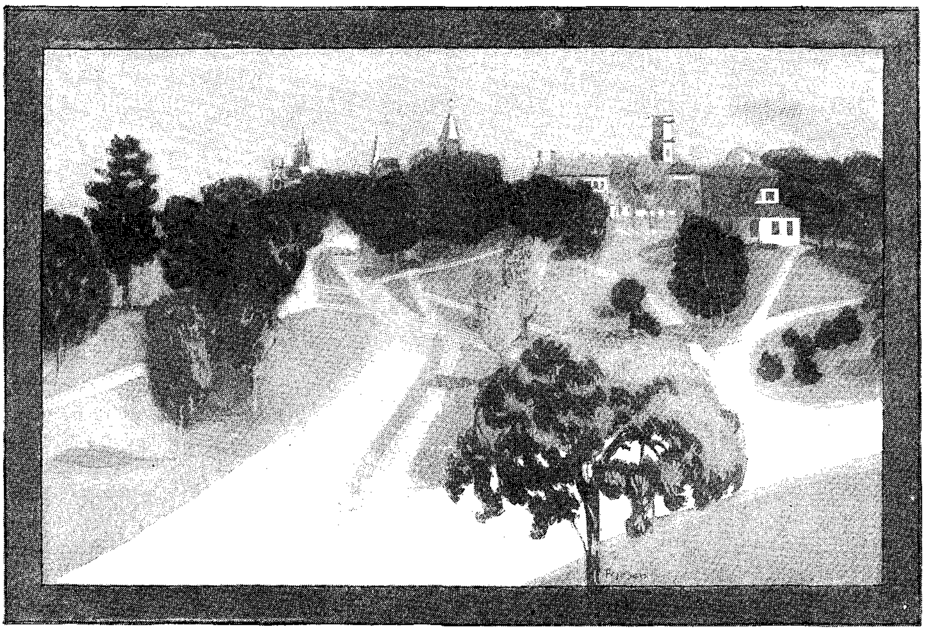


A WELL-SHADED WALK

To-day the society has about one hundred and fifty members, both men and women, who pay dues of one dollar a year. The sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, raised in this way, is sufficient to keep the Common in good con-



THE PROPOSED SUNKEN GARDEN
The upper picture shows, at the right, the site chosen.



THE COLLEGE AND GROUNDS

From the Library Building.

dition and also furnish funds for a committee which has the care of certain streets. Although the society has long been under efficient direction, it misses the leadership of the late Austin Dickinson, a former treasurer of Amherst College, whose executive ability and public spirit, more than anything else, made possible the transformation of the Common from a swampy fair ground into a splendid stretch of park land.

The value of the work done by the Improvement Association has not by any means been confined to its care of the village common. Even in New England towns the spirit of materialism and commercialism is sometimes rife, and this spirit the society has constantly fought, in doing which it has exerted an educative influence, not only upon the immediate community, but also upon the group of hamlets of which Amherst is the center. More than one proposal has been made to turn the Common into a ball-field or to build a trolley line through it; but the Association has silenced all such schemes, and every victory has increased the general appreciation of the value of its work. A still better indication of the influence exerted by the Association is the fact that four neighboring villages have organized societies with similar purposes and methods. When money was first spent to improve the Common, it was raised by a general tax upon all the villages comprising the town of Amherst. This method, however, was so strenuously objected to by the outlying villages that the Association had to raise funds for the extensive improvements of 1875 by private subscriptions. But when the work was completed, the taxpayers of North Amherst, Amherst City, East and South Amherst came to realize its value, and have since organized local societies to care for the small commons and squares in their respective villages.

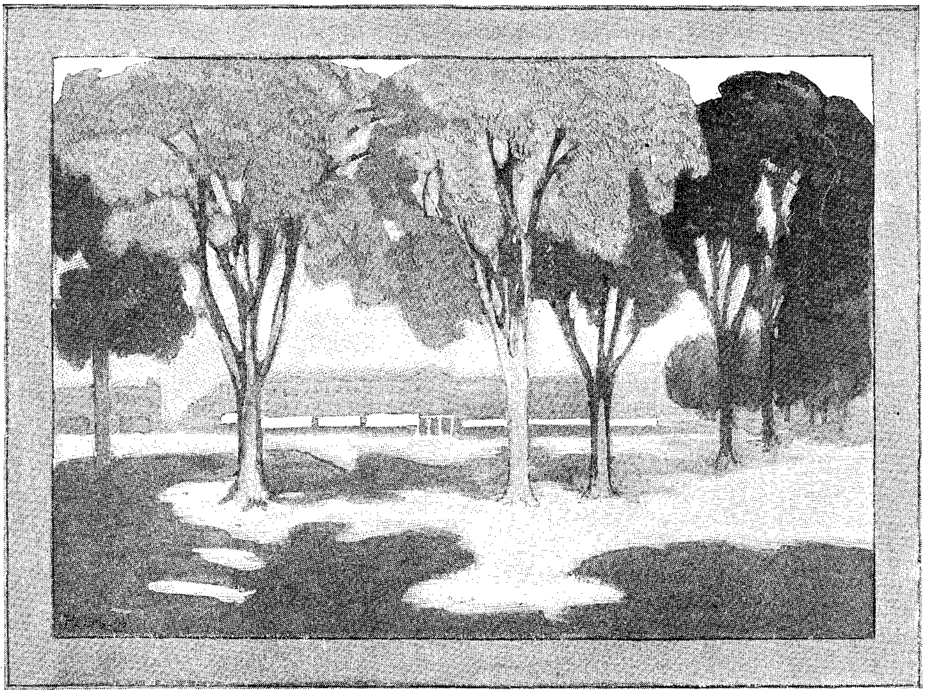
Through the generosity of one of its former residents, Amherst has recently acquired another tract of park land. A low, marshy piece of property near the northern end of the Common, of about the same size and shape as the plot on which the Flatiron Building in New York stands, has been ceded to the town by J. Howard Sweetser. The property is so much lower than the surrounding street levels that the landscape architects decided to utilize its peculiar level and convert it into a sunken garden. The plans call for a garden after formal Italian models, and its formality has seemed to some out of place in a New England village; yet the striking appropriateness of a sunken garden on the particular plot of land in question can hardly be denied. When the work is completed, the place will undoubtedly be turned over to the Village Association to care for, as the Common was fifty years ago.

Amherst is a village well off the main lines of travel; but it has a host of scattered admirers. For eighty-two years the graduates of its College have gone out into the world with as grateful a memory of the beauty of their college town as of their books or sports. Amherst's greatest alumnus, Henry Ward Beecher, spent a good part of his four years wandering over the near-by hillsides, and he has left some recollections of the region in his novel "Norwood." At a recent reunion, the class of Ninety-three conceived the idea of greatly extending and emphasizing those features of the village which have made it such an attractive college town. Their plans, as far as formulated, provide for such improvements in the approaches to the village and in its environs as will bring them into harmony with the campus and the Common. At present there is no navigable body of water near Amherst, and the scheme further provides for the building of an artificial lake, if such a project is practicable. The class has already raised a large fund for surveys, and its committee is working in conjunction with a committee of the College trustees, of which William R. Mead, of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, is a member. Elaborate plans made some time ago for the Village Association by Frederick Law Olmsted cover a part of the proposed improvements; and if the three organizations can work together, it is safe to predict results of a brilliant character.

DORMITORIES AND CHAPEL

A still more recent development was the appointment by the College trustees of an honorary commission to make plans for beautifying the grounds and for the proper sites of buildings. The commission includes, besides Mr. Mead, four members of the Washington Park Commission, which was appointed by the Senate to plan for the extension of the park system in Washington, D. C. They are Daniel H. Burnham, Augustus Saint Gaudens, Charles F. McKim, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr. It is expected that the commission will recommend to the trustees a comprehensive scheme for all further improvements in college buildings and any proposed for grounds.

After all, the best assurance of the progress of village improvement in a town like Amherst is the spirit which the citizens of the town manifest towards the movement. The people of Amherst have indeed been fortunate in having a man such as Frederick Law Olmsted to plan for them; but they are still more fortunate in possessing a keen appreciation of the practical as well as the æsthetic value of the village beautiful. Amherst was one of the first towns to



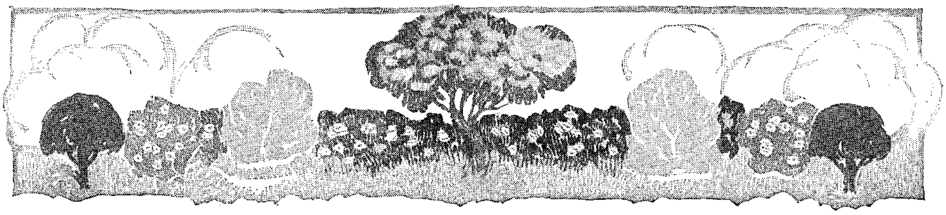
LOOKING ACROSS THE COMMON TOWARD THE VILLAGE

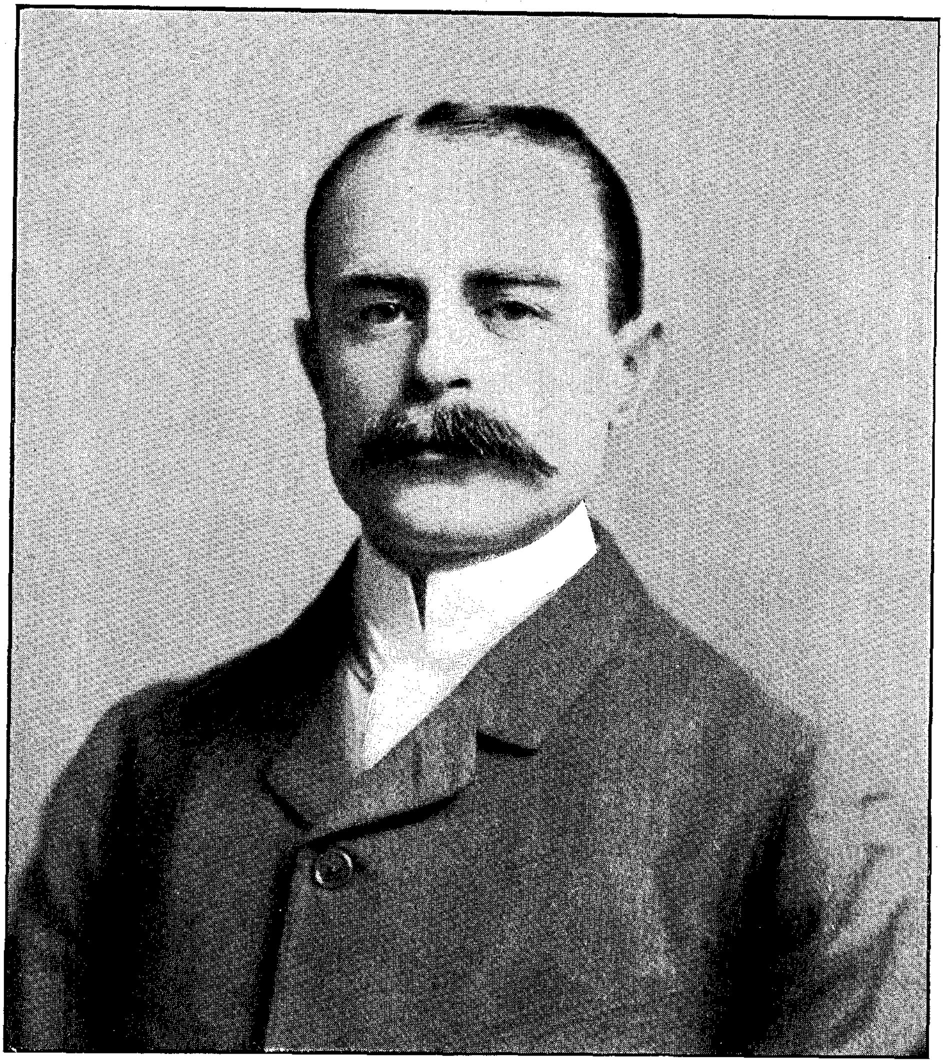
take advantage of the act of 1853, providing for the organization of "Ornamental Tree Associations." To-day it is still a firm believer in the movement which it joined nearly a half-century ago, and has so well exemplified.

The Gift

By J. S. Jackson

All such as worked for love, not wages—some
Who, painting, for a perfect tint did drain
Their hearts, or some to save their country slain,
Or many who for truth braved martyrdom,
Or more who, in what common days may come,
Have toiled in hope, beyond the hope of gain,
Of doing something well,—all such would fain
Speak thus: These gifts more free than flowers from
The earth are given. Good world, if to our need
Ye offer bread and shelt'ring roof unsought,
As guests our thanks we give, but not for greed,
As if our gifts were bartered for and bought;
And if, perchance, good world, ye offer nought,
Ah, well, that were of life the lesser meed.





COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND

The British Leader in Tibet

COLONEL FRANCIS EDWARD YOUNGHUSBAND, who heads the mission sent into Tibet by Great Britain accompanied by a small military force, is perhaps the best-informed man in the world about the little-known region to the north and east of India. In his various capacities as soldier, diplomat, journalist, and author, he has traveled repeatedly over Manchuria, Chinese Turkestan, the Pamirs, Chitral, and has been political agent for his Government at Tonk and Haraoti. His books "The Heart of a Continent" and "The Relief of Chitral" show extraordinary special knowledge. In addition to other medals and titles, Colonel Younghusband was decorated three years ago with the Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal for public service in India. The excuse for an armed expedition into Tibet is the refusal of the Lama to carry out the terms of a convention made by him with Great Britain in 1892. Jealousy of growing Russian power in Tibet is also influential.

The Battle Off the Capes

An Episode of the Unpardonable War

By James Barnes

The sea-battle here depicted takes place between British and American naval forces. The causes and course of the "Unpardonable War" are described in a stirring romance with that title by Mr. Barnes—a book, as he expresses it, which deals with "possible history."

THE American fleet swung on leisurely, the battle-ships in the van towing the submarines behind them. Like a captive school of great porpoises, they plunged along, their steel backs just awash. At nine o'clock an important message came trembling over the wires into the electrician's room below in the 'tween-decks of the Arizona. The enemy had been sighted. They covered a distance half again the extent of the American line, so the intervals were widened, and on the fleet went as heretofore. Six bells had just struck when Captain Howarth, who was standing next to Emery, just outside the curving entrance to the conning-tower, raised his hand.

"Hark!" he said. "Did you hear that?"

Faint, but distinct, had come a jarring report—one single shot. An instant later, from the fighting top, there came a hail.

"Bridge, there! Four vessels in sight, heading in from the eastward."

"The scouts," said Captain Howarth, shortly. "We'll soon be in it; and we'll keep the old flag flying, the old way, God help us all!"

"That we will, sir," the flag-lieutenent answered, with a deep-drawn breath.

Throughout the ship the whispering had ceased. The bugles rang. The Admiral in person made a hurried inspection. The words he addressed to oilers and water-tenders, to firemen and coal-passers, to machinists and members of the powder division below the water-line, out of reach of the hurtling, clanging death-storm, were the same that he addressed to the expectant men standing about the guns; they were short, pithy words.

"My lads, in less than an hour we will be fighting. Every man who does his duty, helps. Do yours."

By the time he reached the deck the scouts were well within hailing distance. Slowly circling, they turned in the same direction as the fleet. Two were ordered back to the reserve and two joined the center division. They brought one important bit of news: the English fleet was preceded by a small flotilla of submarines, which accounted for the slowness with which they were advancing.

Twelve of the American diving craft were now cast off, the Arizona still keeping hers, the Adder, in tow. The speed of the fleet was reduced to about steerageway, and with the submarines in front, their presence only shown by the tops of their periscopes and by about ten feet of standpipe, the great line moved on.

Now black specks and dots appeared along the horizon, over which hung a dark gray haze. The executive officer, who, with the others, including the Admiral, still stood upon the bridge, spoke with his glasses at his eyes.

"They are burning Russian oil," he said. "No, by Gad, some of them are burning coal."

Captain Howarth, who had been talking to the Admiral, turned to the executive.

"Mr. Keene," he said, almost softly, "you can hoist the battle-flags."

To every signal yard-arm and to the trucks climbed little rolls of bunting. An instant later the flagship was ablaze with color. The Stars and Stripes fluttered out into the air, and the wind, increasing somewhat, tossed them straight ahead, so that their rippling folds seemed beckoning, pointing the way. Every vessel of the fleet followed the Arizona's example. In the bright sunlight the sight was magnificent, and never shall they forget it who lived to recall it to their memories. The fighting tops of the British vessels were now above the horizon. They, too, broke out their battle-flags. To the southward a few long, black hulls could just be seen. Still the fleets were ten miles apart, and no shot had yet been fired. A young officer with a range-finder in his hand shouted down from the military top:

"They are changing direction, sir; heading in line to the southward."

Admiral Benton turned to the flag-lieutenant and gave him orders to signal the fleet to port their helms and form in one long line, parallel with the enemy. A few minutes later both fleets were proceeding in the same direction, the English line extending beyond that of the American almost four miles. Their intervals were much shorter, their order perfect.

The Admiral and the five officers with him had not yet left the bridge to go to the conning-tower. Each was counting seconds over in his mind, momentous flying seconds. The heavy balanced turrets had swung about, and the four great guns, forward and aft, were trained athwartship. Yet it was all dead silence, so silent, indeed, that the footsteps of one of the surgeons who had stayed on deck until the last minute could be heard distinctly as he hurried across the deck and trotted down the ladder to where his gleaming knives lay out in order on the clean, unused operating-table.

All at once an excited voice came from the top:

"There are the English submarines, about a mile outside the line of ours! Broad off our beam, sir—God, sir, they've dived!"

The Admiral jumped to the railing. There was no thought of the conning-tower now in his mind; the danger was not in the open air. A force equal to fifty ships was speeding toward the gallant line covered with its flaunting bunting. The men down below in the superstructure had heard the ominous warning; swiftly it passed from lip to lip—"The submarines are coming, the submarines are coming!" The suspense was awful.

Suddenly from the leading vessel of the American fleet there came a clanging explosion. The Washington, seventeen thousand tons—five hundred tons larger than the Arizona, and the second largest ship—had opened the ball.

A man at one of the six-inch guns almost immediately below the bridge suddenly dropped on all fours; he sprang up and down in the air, his head thrown back, his mouth working, making inarticulate sounds. He leaped to one side and the other, like a frog, clacking and croaking—a horrid sight.

"Lay hold of that man there," called a stern voice from below; "lay hold of him, two of you men—catch him, can't you?"

The man rose on his haunches with his fingers drawn back like claws. He snapped with his teeth at the men who reached for him.

"Take care, he'll bite you!" some one cried. "Have a care!"

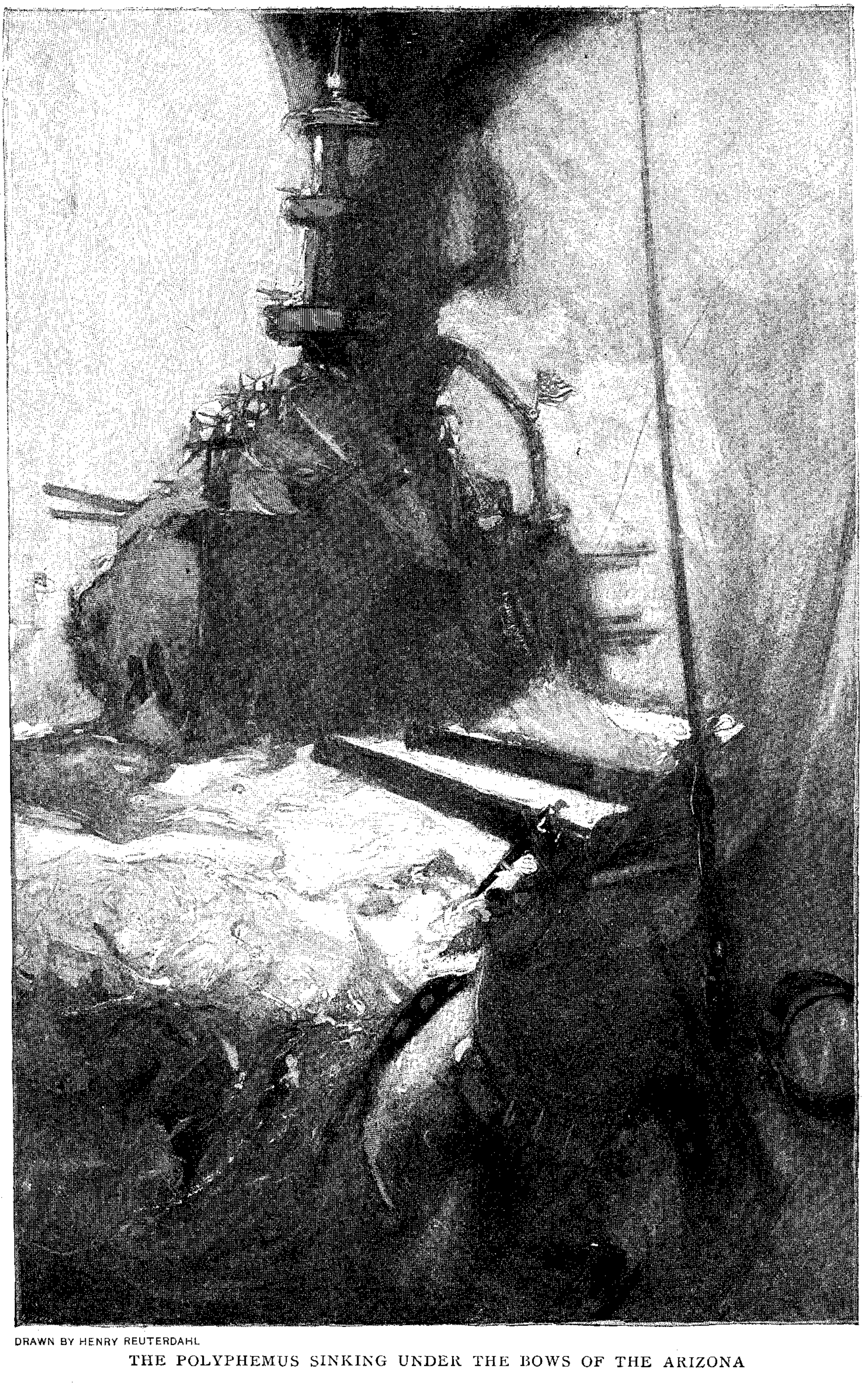
Struggling and gurgling, stark, staring mad, he was carried down below.

The little incident had not caused the Admiral or Captain Howarth more than to glance aside. Their eyes were on the open sweep of rolling water, where an instant before, standing up like the poles of distant shad-nets on the shallows, had been the standpipes of the American submarines.

There was nothing to be seen—they, too, had plunged—nothing to be seen now but a solitary white-winged gull following the undulations of the smooth billows that came sweeping on from the eastward, their tops broken here and there by distantly scattered whitecaps.

"What was that?"

The surface of the sea a mile away was rent and torn into a heap of white and gray. There was an instant flare of flame, visible even in the bright light of the sun, that shot up from the water. Not a single explosion, but a roar like the thrilling flam of a giant drum—a sudden throbbing, like the burst of a titanic machine-gun. For a half-mile in length the water rose in a wall of great smothering spouts, a hundred feet in height. The crash of their falling was



DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

THE POLYPHEMUS SINKING UNDER THE BOWS OF THE ARIZONA like thunder, and where the smooth-running seas had been was now a tumbling vortex from which combing waves ran out in following circles. It had seemed as if the waters had been smitten by the same rod that had opened them for the Israelites and closed upon the hosts of Pharaoh.

No one could speak. The Admiral raised his forearm across his eyes as if to hide the impression of the sight. Captain Howarth bent forward with a groan. A voice from below spoke again, in awe-struck accents this time:

"My Lord in heaven, what was that?"

Aye, what was it?

Those who had seen it guessed and knew. The submarines, huddled almost in close contact, had come together. The explosion of one had ripped out all the rest. Who could have foretold this happening? Had those brave, silent men, whose work no one had envied, known this? Had the inventor, over his drawing-board, been warned of such possibility? There was no time to think. The fact was proved. One experiment in modern warfare needed no further trial.

The ships were rocking now in the rip of the waves caused by the awful doing out there in the water. They swayed and rose and fell as the close-following waves struck them.

The Admiral turned.

"Signal the fleet to keep their distance—half-speed ahead," he said, quietly; but his face had gone white as the glove on the hand that trembled as he pulled at his gray mustache.

The Washington swung in a little closer to the black line of the English fleet, but not one gun was fired at her. Both sides seemed paralyzed, shocked, half dismayed into forgetfulness of action. Then, with a crash, the Englishman broad off the beam of the Washington opened. Black specks whirled in the air from the grand old battle-ship's decks. She almost staggered under the blows that reached her, for the lines were now but little more than six miles apart.

Naval experts had said that they could not have approached that near without losing ships on both sides. At the center and northward sweep of the trailing vessels they were hid by a grayish-green haze that low upon the water drifted down toward the British fleet—the fumes from the tons of powerful explosives of the submarines. It was a repulsive-looking cloud that hung compactly together, rolling, weaving, and eddying over the surface.

Suddenly a shrieking, whirring shell came out of somewhere, and, with the noise of a freight-train rattling across a trestle, passed overhead just clear of the Arizona's flying bridge, and tore westward.

"Howarth," said Admiral Benton, "to the conning-tower with us! I don't know about asking any men to stay in those fighting tops, but I suppose they must take their chances a while longer. Commence firing with the port battery at those two ships just ahead of that line of smoke; they'll soon be well out of it."

A bugle rang. The bridge beneath their feet, as they started for the ladder, leapt and trembled. Emery saw the projectile plainly as it soared out in its flight. He paused a second to watch, then—

"Good shot," he cried, "straight into her!"

The young lad in the top screamed out shrilly, repeating the words as if in joy:

"Hurray, good shot! That's the—"

The rest of what he said was drowned in the great roar of the forward guns.

Emery had reached the conning-tower, and it was well he did so. There was scarcely any bridge left where he had stood. A shell, striking on the top of the superstructure and glancing upward, caught the forward funnel square in the center and exploded, scattering fragments, cutting and slashing in all directions. Two of the stanchions to the bridge had been cleaved as if with a giant's cold chisel; the structure sagged at its center where the gratings were splintered and broken.

There was a pungent, acrid odor throughout the ship. Down the ladders, to where the doctors waited, bleeding forms were being carried. The white decks—even the walls of the citadel—were spattered with red drops.

The Admiral, who had his eye to one of the slits in the great metal wall, as Emery entered, suddenly staggered. Emery and Captain Howarth and Commander Keene, the fleet captain, and the navigator fell forward, the latter to his knees. Instinctively they had all raised their hands and clasped their temples. The quartermaster and the ensign at the wheel alone remained erect, clinging to the spokes. The Admiral turned his bloodshot eyes upon the others, his lips moved and he formed some words, but not a sound could the flag-lieutenant hear. There was a bulge in the port side of the conning-tower, like a great blister about to break. The Admiral pointed at it. Emery touched it with his hands. It was so hot it burned his fingers. Fair and square the conning-tower had been struck by a thirteen-inch armour-piercing shell. Three minutes later it was hit a glancing shot, and then twice more by heavy shells. The Admiral stumbled over to one of the telephones. He shouted something into the mouthpiece, and then, his face strained and white, waited for a reply. Emery crossed over to him. The Admiral grasped him by the shoulders.

"Are we all deaf?" he cried. "Can you hear me, what I say?"

A thin little trickle of blood ran from his nostrils.

"I can, sir," the flag-lieutenant shouted back, nodding.

"What? Speak loud! My God, my hearing's gone. I want to call up the central station and speak to the electrician and operator," roared the Admiral.

Captain Howarth stepped to the instrument.

"I can't hear anything," he groaned. "Here, Emery, try. Quick, man!"

The lieutenant bent over the earpiece and listened. Although his hearing had somewhat returned to him, he could make out nothing.

"There's something wrong," he cried. "I'll try the tubes." He raised the little brass lid and listened. There was a hissing, whistling sound plainly audible.

"The tube is broken," he cried. "There's steam escaping somewhere, I could swear."

"I want to send a message to Rear-Admiral Bates," shouted Admiral Benton. "I want to signal him by wireless to close up. I intend to try to break through the British lines. We'll all be sunk out here—they've four guns to our one."

Every now and then could be felt the shock of some big projectile against the Arizona's sides or superstructure. At her was being poured the concentrated fire of three first-class battle-ships and a cruiser. It was only a question of time when she would be put out of action. Her top sides were riddled through and through. From her funnels smoke was pouring; for the oil, owing to some accident to the blowers, did not burn well. How long she could stand it no one knew.

The flag-lieutenant grasped the Admiral's arm.

"I'll go and reach them, sir—I'll signal them," he said.

He held out a note-book and pencil. The Admiral understood.

"No, no," he cried, "you must not!"

Emery extended the note-book and smiled back into his bloodshot eyes. The Admiral wrote something hastily.

Bareheaded, the flag-lieutenant darted through the entrance, dodged past the rear shield, and had a step or two to take before he could gain the protecting wall of the citadel.

Curiosity will tempt men to do many things. It tempted him that day to stand a second there in the open where all was bright and clear. The oddite fumes, blown back from the guns, stung his throat and nostrils, and started him coughing violently. But he could see everything—everything.

Just a short distance ahead, within four hundred yards, was the Tennessee. He would hardly have recognized her now! Both military masts were gone at the height of her smoke-stacks, and one of the latter was shorn off at least a dozen feet. She was as full of holes as a tin tossed in the air might be from a charge of bird-shot. Yet her guns were hard at work. The English line was firing slower than the American. Across the space between the vessels Emery could see the shots crossing; the larger ones groaned and rumbled as they came and went in the game of pitch and toss. The guns of lighter caliber were keeping up a steady, streaming fire that screamed in high treble. Perhaps the most awful thing in the whole picture was its very clearness.

Emery jumped inside the superstructure, and there paused in absolute dismay. Only the two forward six-inch guns were in action. About the farthest lay almost the entire crew. The gun-mount itself had been destroyed and the breech rested on the deck. In the short space of the few minutes—for since the action had begun it was but little over a quarter of an hour—greater havoc had been wrought than Emery had deemed possible. Both signal yard-arms and the electric semaphore were gone. The Arizona's foremast was carried away about ten feet above the fighting top. In the quick glance he cast about him he took in a great deal. He recognized some of the dead bodies. Poor little Jack Peyton—the girl with the slender throat would get no more letters from her middy lover! A gun captain, McIntyre, one of the oldest men on board the ship, lay stretched there, and Marky, a sturdy sailor who had been in the service twenty years—a fine seaman afloat, but an awful drunkard and roisterer ashore. Poor Gilmore, too, had gone on his last spree—there would be no more liberty denied him; he was free forever.

During the seconds it took him to reach the main-hatch three shots had struck the ship and at least a dozen had gone over her. Those that had hit were on the armor belt, and had exploded harmlessly outside. He ran to the ladder, and jumped down to the deck below. There he caught his breath. The air was stifling with acid fumes—blood-stains were everywhere. A trail of red led to the coaming of the hatch, but every eight-inch gun was in action, and a procession of men were wheeling the fixed ammunition from the hoist. Just before he went below to the splinter deck, where were the central office and the electrician's room, the men burst out cheering.

A lieutenant, grimy and blood-spattered, seeing him, shouted:

"Hullo, Emery. By George, we've put one of them out of action! How goes it up above? Lord, they've had to turn the hose on the poor devils in the fire-room to keep them at their work. Poor old 'Turtle' is killed—"

Emery did not have time to reply. The message on the bit of crumpled paper burned in his hand; he must hasten. At last he reached the place he sought. An electric light blazed brightly in the confined space filled with switchboards, wires, and instruments. Quickly he read the Admiral's message, shouting it at top voice, for his numbed ears could place no value on the strength of sound.

Down the face of the chief electrician sweat was pouring. His face was drawn with vexation and worry.

"Confound it, man," he replied, "I can send no message; our wires are burnt out. I told them not to monkey with that new-fangled obliterator on the Tennessee; but I suppose she tried it on—this the result! I can get no response from anybody. The whole thing is gone to the mischief."

He babbled on like a foolish, profane boy.

"I tried to ring up the conning-tower a dozen times to tell you what has happened," he added in a tone of useless complaint. "Just look—"

Emery did not stop to hear more. He rushed to the foot of the ladder and bounded up two steps at a time. When he reached the main deck, he met the officer who before had spoken to him.

"For God's sake, where is there a signal-flag?" he asked hoarsely.

The officer shook his head. Then Emery remembered that he had seen one lying in the gangway. He shook himself free from the lieutenant's detaining grasp, and, choking from the reek of powder gas, he stepped out with the sky above him. There lay the flag, just under the ruins of the flying bridge. He ran up the ladder to the after bridge. The six-pounder guns here were all deserted. Amid a pile of tossed and bloody hammocks lay the bodies of four or five marines. The brave fellows had fought there unprotected until almost all had been killed or wounded.

As Emery came up to the open space he could clearly see that something had happened to the battle-ship just astern, the Utah; she was yawing badly, and was well down by the head. The waters rippled and plashed over the bow and forecastle, up to the forward turret; about its base they swirled and foamed. Her great screws were turning a third out of water. Her forward compartments must have filled to bring her so far down, yet she was endeavoring to hold her place in the line, and all of her guns were going. There were some men working out on the deck, sheltering themselves, as they stood waist-deep in the water, under the lee of the forward turret. Everywhere the water was jutting and spouting where the missiles struck. A twelve-inch projectile smashed the top of a wave just astern of the Arizona, and leapt upward, tearing the quivering air into wild roars of anger. Emery tossed the flag above his head and began to wigwag furiously, signaling the Admiral's order, for the ships to starboard their helms and make for the British line, bows on. Well did he know that it was the forlorn hope; the charge of the desperate—the last resort—a Balaklava of the sea.

No tossing bunting replied to him. At last he saw that one of the men on the deck had caught the message. He signaled with his cap:

"All right. Orders received; will pass them on."

The man scrambled past the edge of the turret into the superstructure.

As Emery was about to descend the ladder he noticed the steel hawser that led astern to the Adder was taut as a bowstring. The submarine was still in tow; her captain had kept her well beneath the surface. Emery wondered if those on board the Adder had seen the fate of their companions; if they knew of the awful prologue to the present tragedy. Perhaps a shot had found her? The thought occurred to him that she might now be filled with drowned, imprisoned bodies! Suddenly the submarine broached to the surface like a whale coming up to blow. She came almost clear of the water; her ugly-looking snout poked through the hollow of a wave, and to his astonishment, although she was running quite awash, the lid of the little conning-tower was raised and the figure of a man appeared. There he crouched like an Eskimo seated in a gigantic steel kyak. He waved his hand, shouting something which the flag-lieutenant could not catch through the uproar.

Emery bent over the broken rail and flourished the flag again.

"Cast off," he wigwagged, "and attack."

The towing-hawser was made fast to a patent ring clutch in the bow. He saw the officer—for now he recognized him—reach to one side and pull at a line that led forward to the tripping-bolt, but it would not give; he hauled and strained. Then quietly he disappeared, closing the round hatch after him like a spider lowering his lid. The little vessel swayed and rolled like a log in a river rapid. Emery could not leave. He looked astern and saw that the Utah was slowly swinging, going deep as she met the seas; and now for the first time he perceived what the men on deck were doing. They were trying to put the outside shields over the ports of the lower turret to prevent the inrush of water. He noticed that lashings had been rigged from the eight-inch turret above.

How he loved those men, who any instant might be washed away or ground to pieces by the flying shells! He saw them fit the shields and commence turning in the handscrews that held them battened firmly against the projecting chases. Providence watched over them, for the shots from the British guns just then were high.

He turned his eyes from near-by objects and looked out toward the enemy's line.

Far astern drifted two big cruisers; the wind had subsided to almost a dead calm, and the smoke from their funnels rose straight as if from factory chimneys. They were close together and bows on; it appeared as if they might soon come into collision. Back of them, almost enshrouding them, lay the low, greenish cloud. Heading toward them from the eastward, racing through the seas, was a low, dark object. Emery's heart rose in his throat; at a glance he knew her—the Barry! The British flags were still flying, hanging limp and almost still, but the guns were not firing upon the American destroyer. What could it mean?

Three ships had turned about and were making northward to the relief of the two evidently distressed vessels. But now there was something else for him to watch. The Utah had broken out a little string of flags from her signal yard-arm!

Emery could have cheered as he read the magic number. The Admiral's orders would reach the fleet. He must report at once. But before he turned to go he looked again at the submarine only two hundred yards astern. There was a figure at the bow—bareheaded, soaked, battered, almost swept away at times, lying at full length, holding on with legs and arms, like a man riding a bucking horse. Emery could see him working with a wrench, hammering and screwing at the bolt.

An instant later the steel hawser slacked away and, like a spent fish released from the hook, the submarine wallowed and swayed in the flagship's wake. The brave fellow forward nearly lost his hold—twice he hauled himself back by sheer strength of arm, the seas washed over him, hiding him completely, while the plunging little craft reeled like a crazy thing. Not daring to stand erect, the man crept slowly aft. The lid was raised again, and in he crawled head foremost. The cover shut upon his heels. In an instant the Adder turned and, sinking slowly until nothing but her standpipe showed, wriggled off to the eastward. As Emery ran forward across the deck his foot struck something—it was a range-finder, broken and twisted. He looked up at the fighting top. Over the edge hung a limp arm and open hand. He shut his eyes hard for a moment, and made a rush for the conning-tower. He found the Admiral half leaning on Captain Howarth's shoulder. His face showed the awful strain.

"The signal has been flown from the Utah, sir. The fleet must have it now. I ordered the Adder to cast off and attack, sir."

"Well done!" cried the fleet captain. "The ships are turning, see!"

He pointed to one of the slits out of which the executive was looking. Emery stepped to the next one. Almost all of the vessels were putting their bows to the eastward. It was the final effort! Brave indeed, but it seemed as hopeless and unpromising as the charge of the Light Brigade. Some of the ships could hardly manage to swing, and, to his horror, the flag-lieutenant saw there were wide gaps in the broken line.

He closed his eyes and, shuddering, turned away. Just then he had seen one of the armored cruisers sway to one side and slowly settle, going down, down, until the colors at her masthead flapped on the surface once or twice in a forlorn farewell before they disappeared.

If the thundering uproar had been fierce before, now it was redoubled. Again and again the flagship staggered and trembled. Three shots struck fair against the eight-inch turret, two burst on the heavy armor of the one beneath. Through the wide rents in the topgallant-forecastle the waters were rushing in and out as the bow sank or lifted. Objects of all kinds were being washed up from below. The Arizona had settled two feet at her water-line; but her engines kept on going steadily, and beneath her armored skin she was as tight as a tea-kettle. The connection with the engine-room was now intact; only one steampipe had broken, and that had been soft-patched and mended. Her guns were busy from all her turrets and from her broadside port battery. The starboard battery had not yet come into play.

The British fleet had turned to meet the onslaught with a countercharge. Ahead of the Arizona was coming a huge towering mass of steel flying two rows of signals. Emery knew her—the flagship Polyphemus—the greatest battle craft afloat! The vessels were headed straight on. Their bows aimed at one another. It would not be long before the cruel tusks would be tearing each other's sides. "Prepare to ram," rang through the flagship. Down in the torpedo-room the whiteheads were in the tubes. Men threw themselves prone on the decks—some groaned, some prayed. Which would get the blow full and fair? Could either dodge the impact and escape without a deadly wound? The flag-lieutenant saw the red flame leap from the Britisher's huge bow guns, and not two feet above the Arizona's conning-tower both great projectiles sped, crashing through the wreck of the pilot-house, tearing out on their journey with the miles and miles before them. He turned to look at the Admiral. The latter had recovered, but, still with his hand upon Captain Howarth's shoulder, was standing near the speaking-tube to the engine-room. At the same instant torpedoes broached harmlessly like porpoises to port and starboard. The Arizona's missiles, too, went wide.

"Give her every turn she's got," the Captain cried hoarsely to the engineer, and lurched over to one of the peep-holes. "Tell them to be ready to reverse the starboard engine, hard and sharp, Mr. Emery. Stand by there, quartermaster—be quick with the helm when I give the word."

The quartermaster, a young fellow under thirty, with high cheek-bones, the stern-jawed, gaunt-featured type of the coast fisherman, gave a quick grunt followed by an awful oath, that sounded as sudden and horrid as the breaking of a bone.

There had come a pulsating, booming crash, like the bursting of a dam.

"Full speed astern! Both engines!"

It was Captain Howarth's voice following the quartermaster's involuntary oath with this sudden shouted order. Emery jumped to the telegraph. The ensign caught one and he the other; they jammed the handles over and pulled them back together.

"Full speed astern, sir!"

Emery pressed the button that clanged the bell in the engine room. For all she's got now!—for every pound of steam and every inch of straining steel! He had seen, only a second later, the same sight that had caught the quartermaster's eye; so had the ensign seen it, so had they all of them.

"The Adder!" the ensign fairly screamed. "The Adder struck her!"

The ship was throbbing and trembling convulsively, but still forging on. Admiral Benton turned to the Captain.

"We'll be on top of her!" he cried. "We cannot help it! She swinging into us!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Captain Howarth; "she's sinking fast. Starboard, hard astarboard!"

The quartermaster whirled the spokes; the helm indicator swung the full quadrant.

The first thing Emery knew he was standing outside the tower, where he had stood before; how he got there he could not have told; the others followed him. Directly ahead, less than five hundred yards away, like a whale in its last flurry, lay the pride of the British navy. Her great screws were whirling almost clear of the water, thundering their mighty flukes, beating and tearing the waters into a foaming, spreading lather, tossing up clouds of white leaping spume and spray. Forward she was down to the top of her turret, her bridge on the port side dipped in the water. Men were jumping out of her like hornets out of a ruined nest; a rush of steam roared from her after ports.

Despite her quickly reduced speed, the Arizona was gliding toward the shattered, massive wreck. Even with her helm over, it looked as if a collision could not be averted, when suddenly, like a sinking bottle, filling to the last gurgle, the Polyphemus settled swiftly, her decks burst with a mighty roar, the lapping waters closing above them with an ingulfing crash, clopping together, hurtling and leaping in a seething, tossing smother! She had three fighting tops on every mast—one after another they disappeared. It was uncanny, horrid, and unreal—that swift and steady submergence.

The fore truck, with the flags still flying, faded out of sight when so near that it could almost have been reached with the toss of a hand-line. The Arizona came to rest in the midst of the bubbling, heaving waters, on the spot where the great battle-ship had sunk.

"God, that was awful, Howarth!" exclaimed the Admiral, in an awesome whisper. No one else said a word.

Firing had ceased throughout the ship. Emery looked back into the superstructure. It was filled with men! Some had clambered to the top of the ruined bridge. But there was no cheering. With white faces and lowered jaws, they had watched the spectacle.

The ensign in the conning-tower stopped the engines. He reported, touching his cap with trembling fingers.

"Electrician just called up conning-tower, sir, to inform you locator's in operation again. Says there's a submarine or something very close to us, can't find which way she's heading."

Just then the bell rang in the conning-tower. Quickly Captain Howarth stepped past the shield, jumped inside, and picked up the receiver.

"Hullo! this is Captain Howarth."

"Beg pardon, sir; seems to be something wrong with the locator; cannot put any dependence on it, sir. There was a large vessel very close to us, in fact, almost underneath us; now there is no trace of her."

The Captain hung up the telephone. He could imagine the great fabric sinking down into the green waters to the eternal darkness of her everlasting resting-place.

Once more he stepped out to the open air.

"What are these men doing here?" he asked, noticing the groups in the superstructure. "Below with them, to their stations!"

A lieutenant, the same that had spoken to Emery on the gun-deck, touched his cap quickly.

"Beg pardon, sir, we can't go below until the smoke has cleared a bit. It's killing there. Look here, sir; these men we had to carry up."

The bloody, splintered deck was covered with limp forms, some breathing faintly, others motionless. The lieutenant as he spoke shook like a man with a fever. He lisped horribly; his lips and tongue were parched and swollen. His hair and mustache were green, as if they had been dipped in dye. The black silk neckerchief he wore had changed color also, and his coat was spattered with fine splashes of green pigment.

No shots were being fired at the Arizona now. The battle had swept past her to the westward. As she turned, those on the deck could see what was going on. Two miles away the fleets were stabbing, cutting, and slashing as they had fought in the olden days—broadside to broadside, yard-arm to yard-arm. The whiteheads were at their deadly work, as more than one lurching, mortally wounded vessel showed. It was no place for fragile destroyer or torpedo craft; they would not have lived a minute on that steel-lashed sea.

"See if you can't get these men below to their stations, Mr. Purdy," said the Admiral, repeating the Captain's order. "We must get back; we can't let those fellows fight it out alone."

All at once a man spoke from the ruins of the bridge, where he had climbed with several others:

"There are some men off there, sir, hanging on to a bit of wreckage. There are a lot more astern, sir."

Another man next to him spoke quickly:

"There's an officer. Here—just below!"

Without explaining his action, the man lifted both hands above his head and dived straight and clean the full thirty feet down to the water. Emery and some of the officers rushed to the side. Captain Howarth followed them and immediately took command of the work of rescue. There were no boats to lower away, for the only two that the Arizona had taken with her had been badly torn and splintered, although they were back of the armored wall. But the big life-raft, just abaft the funnels, was still intact. In a few minutes it had been hoisted outboard and lowered safely into the water. In the meantime men had clambered down the sides, and the sailor who had dived out had been hauled close up to the sea-ladder. He was supporting the body of a gray-haired, smooth-shaven man who, to all appearances, was lifeless. Many hands helped him with his burden up to the deck. Then it was seen that the unconscious form was dressed in a blue coat with a wide band of gilt braid half reaching to the elbow.

Admiral Benton took one long look and leaped back, startled.

"Sir John Boltwood!" he exclaimed. "Send for a doctor! Quick! below with him. Kelcey! where is Dr. Kelcey?"

Captain Howarth spoke now to the dripping sailor.

"You've done well, my lad," he said, quietly.

A man in the crowd muttered something that was not heard distinctly.

"Hell, Bill, you've done enough; you've saved the British admiral." The rescuer grinned back half sheepishly.

'See if you can't get these men below to their stations, Captain Howarth," whispered the Admiral, whose mind was all alert and whose weakness seemed to have left him. "We must get back to join our line as soon as possible. Tell them to hurry in with that life-raft. Wasn't that strange, picking up Boltwood? . . . He and I used to know one another well—gave me a dinner when the squadron was at Malta, poor fellow! I hope—hullo, here comes one of them back to us."

"Below to your stations, every one!" roared Captain Howarth. "Call them up in the turrets. Commence firing with the twelve and eight-inch guns. Hold the fire of the after turret until we get that life-raft alongside. Get those rescued men aboard and let her drift."

The fumes had cleared away a little in the 'tween-decks. The men who were able to move had staggered back to their posts; the rest were taken down to the lower deck. But some beyond the need of moving were left lying with their yellow-stained faces gazing up blankly into the skies, amid the other bodies about the silent six-inch guns.

Soon the uninjured starboard side was in action; shot for shot was exchanged with the British battle-ship. The fighting, turmoiling line, still mingled, forged over to the west.

It was a duel now, but one where the odds were even, and the Arizona had her best side with which to fight. A breeze had sprung up in the west that carried her own sickening smoke away from her.

To the northwest the battle seemed to be going as fierce as ever. A big vessel (English or American, it was difficult to determine which) appeared to be on fire. Dense volumes of gray-green smoke rolled over her side like the clouds from a burning oil-tank. All of the atmosphere to the north and east was tinged with the greenish vapors. They had banked up till they looked like a line of moving, undulating lowland. The action seemed centered now about one point. Here and there drifted vessels apparently out of the fighting. At a distance it was impossible to make out whether they were friend or enemy.

But clearly now it could be seen that three of them were coming out from the ruck in the direction of the Arizona to her antagonist's assistance. In a few minutes more they would be within range.

Admiral Benton looked back at the two flags that were still flying from the pierced and dented mainmast. He remembered how he had made up his mind that those flags would not come down at any order of his. When they were lowered, the ship would be going with them. The awful picture of the sinking Polyphemus came before him. There was no use trying to run with two of the forward compartments and one of the after flooded. He could scarcely make sixteen knots an hour. They would pick him up before he had gone ten miles.

Captain Howarth looked at him, then he glanced back at the battle-flags. Had they any right for the sake of pride to sacrifice further lives upon its altar? He remembered that down below was a British admiral. The doctor reported that he was recovering consciousness and would live.

Commander Keene, who had been standing out boldly to one side of the conning-tower, now spoke.

"It's a very strange thing, sir," he said, coming close and shouting into the Admiral's ear. "Not a shot has come near us for over a minute, yet she seemed to be firing."

The party rushed out from the shelter of the conning-tower. Emery jumped across to the top of the turret. The English ship was firing quickly. Her shots were striking the water about a quarter of a mile away from her, leaping and tearing off in all directions. Then, as all were watching her, a tall water-spout sprang from against her side.

"The Adder again!" cried the Captain.

The vessels that were coming out to their consort's assistance stopped and circled slowly. The noise of the battle had dwindled away to a few distant shots. The fight was plainly over. It would have been suicide to have returned to it. The Arizona plowed on to southward—in full flight now, but with her flags still flying. The men were ordered on deck. Weak with their labors in the close air below, they tottered up the ladders.

Emery went aft to assist Commander Keene in directing those able to work in clearing away the wreckage. The wind had changed and was blowing fresh and strong from the southeast. Emery looked back to see what had become of the English battle-ship. Although a moment before she had been in sight, and the whole horizon line had been dotted with black hulls, there was nothing now to be seen. Everything was shrouded in a gray-green, smoky mist.

China and Japan: An Important Work[1]

CAPTAIN FRANK BRINKLEY, whose article on the causes of the present war in the Far East was a feature of a recent issue of The Outlook, has, as we then said, long been regarded as an authority on all matters pertaining to China and Japan. A resident of the latter country for over thirty years, and editor-in-chief of the Japan "Mail," Captain Brinkley has enjoyed exceptional facilities for coming in close touch with the ideals and aspirations and for studying the history, customs, and manners of the Orient. No better demonstration of the ability with which he has availed himself of his opportunities could be afforded than by the exhaustive work on both Japan and China to which we would call the attention of our readers. A careful and scholarly exposition of the myths, legends, and facts of history, and a readable account of all that goes to make the complex life of the peoples under the author's observation, its value chiefly lies in its sympathetic interpretation by an Occidental of the spirit of the Orient, and in the force it must exert in the direction of leading the peoples of the Western world to a better understanding both of Oriental character and of Oriental opinion regarding Occidental civilization. By far the greater portion of the work is devoted to the study of things Japanese, but the three volumes detailing the salient phases of the history of China are, in a sense, the most valuable part of the author's contribution to the store of human knowledge. Assuredly they should be carefully studied by all who have at heart the advance of Christianity and civilization.

Read as a whole, they constitute a powerful indictment of the methods whereby the West obtained entrance into China, and offer a logical explanation of the animosity with which the Chinese of to-day regard foreigners. Nor are they to be brushed aside as the views of one who, by virtue of long association with Orientals, has become "hypnotized" into unreasoning admiration of things Oriental. Captain Brinkley anticipates this criticism, and ably disarms it, not only by his definite disavowal of pleading the cause of the Chinese, but by the keenness with which he perceives and the clearness with which he exposes the manifold weaknesses of Chinese systems and characteristics. His complaint is against the manner in which the West has sought to galvanize China into recognizing and accepting the civilization of the West; and Americans, who, as he points out, have proved honorable exceptions to the policy of coercion and spoliation, should be the first to appreciate the force of his objections, never of more importance to us than to-day, with the near prospect of the Panama Canal bringing us into ever-increasing contact with the Far East.

---

[1] *Japan and China: Their History, Arts, and Literature.* By Captain F. Brinkley. Illustrated. In 12 vols. The J. B. Millet Company, Boston.

The fundamental error, in Captain Brinkley's eyes, lay in the attitude of superiority with which the missioners and traders of the long ago approached China. By repeated references to ancient records and authorities, he endeavors to prove that the Chinese, from an original policy of tolerance and receptiveness, were little by little compelled to assume a policy of intolerance and exclusion, and that, by non-recognition of the right of the Chinese to entertain a point of view of their own, the foreigners, notably the Portuguese at first and latterly the British, French, and Russians, fostered the growth of the tree of hatred, now bearing fruits which are the dismay of the world. His survey of the bloody events of which China was the theater during the nineteenth century is particularly exhaustive, and will prove bitter reading to the admirers of the nations held by him chiefly responsible for the present unhappy condition. Painting China as ignorant, corrupt, and helpless, he yet withholds no measure of blame from those whom he deems to have taken cruel advantage of her ignorance and helplessness. As may be surmised, his attitude toward the missionaries is not one of unmixed admiration, but it must be said that, with all the errors he lays at their door, he recognizes the value of the work done by both Roman Catholics and Protestants and the fact that Christianity has entered the Orient to remain there. His discussion of the objections entertained by the Chinese against the missionaries of all Christian denominations is distinguished by a fairness that culminates in his declaration that China herself must, by reforms, mitigate the restrictions with which the Powers have found it necessary to safeguard their subjects, and which have proved so galling to Chinese officialdom and productive of so much of the mob violence that has increased in fury with the passing of the years. Here, we would remark, Americans who aspire to a life of missionary endeavor in China will find many helpful suggestions in preparing for their career of heroism and self-sacrifice.

Of the future of China Captain Brinkley writes in a pessimistic vein. "China's awakening, if indeed she be yet fully awake, seems to have come too late," is his declaration. "The umbrage of her own people and the impatience of foreign Powers will not leave her time to complete reforms without which the origin of the former cannot be removed or the cause of the latter corrected. But if she be denied leisure to qualify for admission to the comity of nations, leisure to achieve protection by mimicry, the only alternative seems to be the disintegration of her empire and its partition among alien States. Onlookers deny the possibility of such an event. They say that the homogeneity and the individuality of the Chinese nation secure its permanence as an entity. Recent history does not suggest that these academical considerations would deter certain Western Powers from making the experiment." These words were written before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war gave them an added significance. Whatever the outcome of that conflict, the Celestial Empire cannot but be seriously affected, and its ultimate fate is obviously of no less, if not greater, concern to America than to the Powers of Europe. As a plea for the maintenance of the integrity of China and for giving the Chinese an opportunity of emerging as a nation from the darkness of the past, Captain Brinkley's work is indeed eloquent.

Its value to the student of Chinese literature, art, institutions, and manners is also high; but it must be said that, with the exception of keramic art, the author does not unfold the results of his researches into these phases of his subject with the detail and thoroughness manifest in the case of Japan. This is doubtless owing in part to lesser opportunities for special investigation, and in part to naturally greater interest in the affairs of the country in which he has so long made his home. In the general Occidental surprise at the rapid advancement of the Japanese since the fall of the Shogunate, a scant forty years ago—he places the date at 1862, instead of the commonly accepted 1867—Captain Brinkley does not share. To him it is the logical outcome of a liberal attitude which, with a break of two hundred years—from the early part of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth century—Japan consistently maintained towards foreigners. Her people, he writes, "were always perfectly ready to accept and adopt every good thing that a foreign country had to offer, whether of philosophy, of art, of technique, of administration, or of legislation. That is a fact which stands out in doubly leaded capitals on the pages of Japan's story. From the very earliest hours of her national career the stranger was welcomed within her gates. Whoever brought to her any product of foreign learning, genius, or industry, whether from China, from Korea, or from the South Seas, was received with acclaim, and not merely granted a domicile, but also admitted to many of the most honorable offices the State had to bestow, and to the highest ranks of the social organization." The lapse into national hermitage is unhesitatingly accredited by him to the account of Western civilization. We cannot do better than quote his own words again:

> Opening her ports to their traders more freely than any other contemporaneous nation would have done, she found them rapidly denude her of her gold and silver. Showing towards the preaching and propagandism of their religion an attitude of tolerance absolutely without precedent in mediæval days, she discovered that the alien creed became a political weapon pointed at the heart of her own national integrity and independence. Her instincts had prompted her to be liberal and receptive; her experience had compelled her to be conservative and repellent. We who see things assume their due proportions in the long vista of the past know that a more patient trial would have dispelled her suspicions, and that, instead of closing her gates against the world for the sake of Roman Catholicism two hundred and fifty years ago, she might safely have kept them open in its despite, and commenced then the career of progress which promises to carry her so far to-day. But to adopt such a course in the face of such dissuasive experiences she must have been as much in advance of her time as she ultimately fell behind it by choosing a policy of isolation. . . . She had always been liberal by instinct, though her mood had sometimes become conservative by education. If these facts are recognized, her modern career becomes much more intelligible.

Of intense interest are the pages of history turned by Captain Brinkley as he traces the story of Japan from the legendary beginnings of the "organized State" for which the Japanese claim an existence of twenty-six hundred years, a claim that, he submits, there is no valid reason to dispute. Summoning ethnology and archæology to his aid, he delves into the long-forgotten past with an earnestness that is well rewarded, and sympathetically he depicts the growth of the nation through patriarchism and feudalism to its present proud estate. So well does he arrange his facts that, although the historical study proper is interlineated with elaborate discussions of the religion, philosophy, literature, art, morals, and customs of the various eras, there is comparatively little repetition, the author producing a homogeneous whole wherein the reader perceives not only the facts of history but the hidden principles that have proved mainsprings of action, and is enabled to follow, easily and satisfactorily, the evolution of the Japanese. It would be difficult to point out a theme connected with the nation's growth that does not find place and elucidation in this encyclopædic work. For students of art it possesses an especial interest. No less than three volumes are given over to a historical, interpretative, and critical study of the art of the two countries, with particular attention to keramics. The illustrations with which these, as indeed all the volumes abound, are printed by a Japanese process, giving exquisite color results and going far to strengthen the appeal to lovers of the beautiful.

The work is dedicated, we observe, to Sir E. Satow, W. G. Aston, and B. H. Chamberlain, "the three great lights of Japanese scholarship." To these must now be added a fourth—Frank Brinkley.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adventures of Buffalo Bill (The). By Col. William F. Cody. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. 156 pages. 60c.

We wish the picture of Colonel Cody waving an Indian's scalp had been omitted. The narrative is often exciting and is told in an unpretentious way.

Being Done Good: Comments on the Advance Made by Medical Science during the Past 5,500 Years in the Treatment of Rheumatism. By Edward B. Lent. The Brooklyn Eagle, Brooklyn. 5×8 in. 345 pages.

Belgian Life in Town and Country. By Demetrius C. Boulger. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 321 pages. $1.20, net.

This volume in the series "Our European Neighbors" treats, perhaps, of a nation somewhat less known, generally, than are others on the Continent. For that reason one finds a particular pleasure in the careful descriptions of the people, their customs, government, industries, and general character. After a brief but clear sketch of the two races—Fleming and Walloon—that unite to make the Belgian people, with a glance at their common national history and growth, the author considers Belgium in its two aspects, as a factory district and a market garden. He studied the conditions in the mining region of the Barinage and pronounces them increasingly evil, largely the result of the unrestricted sale of drink, and the fact that the only known amusement of the people is to drink and get drunk. The Belgians show to advantage, however, in the manufacturing centers, and occupy highly respectable places among other nations in arts and sciences. The working classes are in as good a condition generally as in any other country, but in the agricultural districts their long hours and unceasing toil would be regarded as intolerable in England. Some interesting chapters are given to descriptions of the principal cities, old and less ancient, and their treasures of architecture. Pleasant personal judgments of the men and women seen by an English resident bring us in touch with every-day life; and the author's criticism of his compatriots and their traveling habits show him to be somewhat emancipated. The book is one of real value, conscientiously written, and well illustrated by good photographs.

Benozzo Gozzoli. (Newnes' Art Library Series.) Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 6½×9 in. 60 pages. $1.25.

The latest addition to Newnes' Art Library, containing sixty illustrations in half-tone, with a photogravure production of Michele Paleologo as a frontispiece. The other pictures include Gozzoli's "Paradise," "The Journey of the Magi," "The Annunciation," "The Building of the Tower of Babel." The biographical sketch notes the fact that Gozzoli lived at the beginning of one of the most interesting periods of the artistic development of the world, when the old aims and ideals of mediæval Christendom were giving place to the aims and ideals of classical paganism. Mr. Stokes, the author of the sketch, regards Gozzoli as "one of the most talented and certainly the most fascinating of the earlier Italian painters."

Bible Studies in the Life of Paul: Historical and Constructive. By Rev. Henry T. Sell, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 131 pages. 50c., net.

Brief History of the Louisiana Territory. By Walter Robinson Smith, Ph.M. The St. Louis News Company, St. Louis, Mo. 5½×8¼ in. 98 pages.

Castaway (The). By Hallie Erminie Rives. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7½ in. 443 pages. $1.50.

The author of this remarkable romance has dipped her pen into the same font from whence radiate the almost blinding coruscations of Marie Corelli. Given Lord Byron, Shelley, and the Countess Guiccioli, with attendant contemporaries, thinly disguised under modified names, tossed together by a fluent writer, and one could expect only such a product as "The Castaway." Quick thoughts, wild rushes of tears, daring plans, mad fits of rage, and the "lethal torpor of the belladonna-like opiate" appropriately follow such an opening paragraph as this: "A cool breeze slipped ahead of the dawn. It blew dim the calm Greek stars, stirred the intricate branches of olive-trees inlaid in the rose-pearl façade of sky, bowed the tall, coral-lipped oleanders lining the rivulets, and crisped the soft wash of the Gulf-tide. It lifted the strong bronze curls on the brow of a sleeping man, who lay on the sea beach covered with a goat-skin." We are led to believe that this was Byron himself.

Church and Its Organization in Primitive and Catholic Times (The): An Interpretation of Rudolph Sohm's Kirchenrecht. By Walter Lowrie, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 403 pages. $3.50, net.

Controversies regarding church organization can be divided into two classes: controversies about *form* of organization, and controversies about the nature of the Church. That is to say, men have, on the one hand, disputed as to whether the Church should be papal, episcopal, presbyterial, or congregational in its government; they have, on the other hand, disputed as to whether power from on high is transmitted to man exclusively through this or that particular organism, or is granted to man by whatever medium he may choose as most expedient. Mr. Lowrie points out that it is on the formal, not the vital, differences of view concerning the organization of the Church that the Church is divided. For instance, while in the Anglican Church there exists every kind of opinion regarding the nature of the Christian ministry, it is separated from other ecclesiastical organizations which also contain the same varying opinions. He then proceeds to trace the growth of the church organism in its primitive age, finding in this growth evidence for his thesis that this formal, legal organization which, by assuming conflicting forms, has split the Church into fragments, is contrary to the very nature of the Church as originally established. In other words, Catholicism, whether Roman, Greek, or Anglican (which of course is distinct from Catholicity), is alien to the spirit of Christianity. It is because men have lost faith in the presence of the Spirit, the faith that was the mainspring of all life in the Christians of the Apostolic age, that they have had recourse to the sanction of pope, bishop, priest, or creed. It is, Where there are two or three in his name, there is Christ, contrasted with, Where the bishop is, there is the Church. We cannot discuss here whether Mr. Lowrie sufficiently recognizes the value of the growth of the Catholic idea, as preservative of the Spirit of Christ in somewhat the same way in which Judaism by its very formality served as a preservative of the older prophetic Hebraism. It is enough to say that the distinction he draws between the spiritual and the legalistic conceptions of Christianity is essential to the understanding of the early Church, and, for that matter, of the Church to-day. The old conflict between Christianity and churchism, between the spirit of love and the spirit of law, is unending. One need not delve into the records of the early Church to learn that the very multiplicity of sects in America shows that the essence of Christianity lies in something else than form. There are some particulars in which Mr. Lowrie's position might have been more adequately presented, if not more clearly stated. The book is based on Sohm's "Kirchenrecht." Those who hold High Church theories will find this to be the work of a very skillful opponent.

Complete Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning (The). In 2 vols. (Caxton Thin Paper Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. $2.50, net.

Two slender volumes in the Caxton Series, bound in leather, printed from large type on thin paper, with an unfamiliar portrait of Mrs. Browning as the frontispiece of the first volume.

Daughters of Nijo. By Onoto Watanna. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 397 pages. $1.50.

Two pretty stories of Japanese life by a Japanese author. That which gives the book its name has decided charm as a love story pure and simple.

Early Western Travels, 1748–1846. Edited with Notes, Introduction, Index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Vol. III. The Arthur H. Clarke Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼×9½ in. 382 pages.

Evelyn Byrd. By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 438 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Eggleston finishes in "Evelyn Byrd" his trilogy of romances in which he depicts the character of Virginians before, during, and at the close of the Civil War. About the heroine, in some respects an original creation, there hangs an unsolved mystery. The hero, enlisted as a private in the Confederate army and promoted for merit, also lives in the shadow of a secret. The connection between these two, each the soul of honor, and their curious bond in trial makes a plot skillfully used by the novelist. A certain matter-of-fact imagination produces in Mr. Eggleston's novels a rigidity not perfectly suited to the play of romantic ideas. Dorothy South appears in this story as the resourceful woman, using every gift and faculty for the benefit of her suffering State, and brooding with wise care over the homeless Evelyn thrown upon her hands by the fortunes of war. Several battle scenes and camp episodes are incorporated into the romance with excellent effect.

Faith in Song. By Arad Joy Sebring. The Board of Publication of the Reformed Church in America, New York. 5×7¾ in. 64 pages.

From the Cliffs of Croaghaun. By Robert Cromie. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 3[illegible]3 pages. $1.50.

Getting Acquainted with the Trees. By J. Horace McFarland. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×8¾ in. 241 pages. $1.75.

This beautiful volume is probably unique in at least one respect—it was illustrated and printed by its author; and an examination of the book shows that Mr. McFarland has a trained eye for nature, a feeling for the most beautiful and significant effects of foliage and scenery, and artistic taste as a book-maker. The sketches do not aim to be either systematic or scientific, but they record the interest and information of a man who has trained his eye to observe and his memory to retain, and who has, above all things, brought enjoyment to his constant and intimate association with nature. He has walked through the world of his locality with an open eye and a responsive mind, and his pages have, therefore, something of the accuracy of the scientist, something of the feeling of the naturalist, and the pleasure and refreshment which come at all times from first-hand association with nature. The photographs are remarkable, not only as pieces of artistic photography, but as types of trees and shrubs skillfully selected by an eye trained to note the most representative and typical things. The book is a model of artistic workmanship.

Last Days of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, and Other Verses (The). B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, England. 5×6½ in. 147 pages.

Little Sketches of Famous Beef Cattle. By Charles S. Plumb. Published by the Author, Columbus, Ohio. 4½×8½ in. 99 pages. 60c.

Love Among the Ruins. By Warwick Deeping. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 294 pages. $1.50.

The interest shown in Mr. Deeping's vivid romance, "Uther and Igraine," will doubtless extend also to his new story, a mediæval tale of passion, adventure, and chivalry.

Lychgate Hall. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 347 pages. $1.50.

A well-sustained romance of English life, which turns upon the honorable scruples of the beautiful daughter of a noble father, with a mysterious history. She came a stranger, tenant of an old North-country mansion, Lychgate Hall, and excited the curiosity of the entire countryside. The flavor of mystery about her, and the ghost-haunted ruin she lives in alone, are the materials the practiced author contrasts with the homely virtues and simple life of the native yeomanry about her. A delightful story for a summer day.

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. In 6 vols. Vol. V. **The Romantic School in France.** The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 391 pages. $2.25.

This volume takes its place as the fifth in this very interesting and elaborate discussion of Nineteenth Century Literature from the hand of George Brandes, and deals with "The Romantic School in France," sketching the political background of that exuberant and splendid movement, tracing the foreign and indigenous influences which shaped it, and treating at length Charles Nodier, De Vigny, De Musset, Hugo, George Sand, Balzac, Beyle, Mérimée, Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Dumas the Elder, and other less important characters. The movement is traced with breadth of view and with a great deal of literary insight, and the treatment is vitalized by deep human sympathies. Mr. Brandes is by no means a wholly trustworthy critic; his judgments are sometimes willful, and he has a habit, like many other critics, of reading his own ideas into a period and sometimes into the work of an author. This was strikingly shown in his work on Shakespeare—a very strong piece of literary interpretation, but marred by a good deal of dogmatism and confusion of assumption with fact. Mr. Brandes is sufficiently in sympathy with the movement which he records in this volume to write *con amore*. In no other spirit could the flaming genius of Hugo and Gautier, the delicacy and refinement of touch of De Musset and Mérimée, the richness and magnitude of the observation and reflection of Balzac, be adequately interpreted.

"My Li'l' Angelo." By Anna Yeaman Condict. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 182 pages. $1.25.

The little boy in the story is a real child, not an angel, and his influence upon the other characters is exactly such as all story writers love. He softens the hearts and refines the manners of the working folk among whom he is left by his despairing and dying mother. He shows affection, temper, self-will, and charm by turns, reducing every one to subjection. Some of the attempted character talk in the country farm-house is strained and mars the intended effect.

My Little War Experience, with Historical Sketches and Memorabilia. By Edward W. Spangler. Published by the Author, York, Pa. 6×9¼ in. 207 pages.

Paint Bird Book (The). By William A. Selden. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York. 12½×8 in. 99 pages. $1.25.

Decidedly attractive for young children who will find paint-cakes inclosed in the cover with which to color the bird-pictures. Descriptions of the birds are included.

Pastime of Eternity (The). By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 364 pages. $1.50.

Pathway to Reality (The): Being the Gifford Lectures Delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the Session 1903-1904. By the Right Honourable Richard Burdon Haldane, M.P., LL.D., K.C. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 275 pages. $3, net.

This volume completes the series whose beginning we noticed a year ago. It is devoted to an interpretation of Mind, both Absolute and finite, and of its relation to the universe. Mr. Haldane, who modestly describes himself as a layman in philosophy, does not show himself to be such except in a large freedom from untechnical language, and as an independent interpreter of the Hegelian philosophy. The merit of this he finds in its unflinching thoroughness, while not regarding it as having said the final word. He devotes six lectures to the construction of a positive idea of what is philosophically meant by the term "God," and defines God as "mind that comprehends itself completely. Within such mind all reality—of whatever character or degree—must fall." The ultimate fact in philosophical analysis is self-consciousness: to doubt it is to imply it as the final form of mind. The remaining four lectures deal with the human mind, especially with its efforts in Art and Religion to transcend its finiteness, and the hard-and-fastness of nature. As some one has said, we should not be conscious of our finiteness were it not that in reality we are not merely finite. But, as Mr. Haldane says, our thought gets into dilemmas only when art and religion claim to represent truth and reality from a standpoint not their own. Art and religion give us in sensuous or pictorial forms a presentation of the deeper realities on which our finite existence is based, and what they give it is the business of metaphysics to put into scientific form. Thus, at some length, does Mr. Haldane vindicate "the true immortality of the soul, not regarded as a substance but as a subject, related in the consciousness of identity, called love, to subject and not to substance." Of love he observes that it is "the highest relation of spirit to spirit." These lectures deal throughout with the greatest problems of thought. They have this peculiar claim upon attention, that the lecturer is not a schoolman or a theologian, but an accomplished man of affairs, too busy to put his thoughts into manuscript, and depending upon a stenographer for this report of them. While, even with such a guide, it requires a struggle to reach the heights of speculative thought, the way is somewhat smoothed for the unversed thinker who is impelled to it by the conviction that "reason alone can heal the wounds which reason has made."

Physiology and Hygiene for Children. By Robert Eadie and Andrew Eadie, M.D. Illustrated. The University Publishing Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 204 pages.

Poems of Thomas Campbell. Selected and Arranged by Lewis Campbell. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 257 pages. $1.

The latest addition to the Golden Treasury Series, containing in moderate compass Campbell's poems, selected and arranged by Lewis Campbell.

Richard Gresham. By Robert Morss Lovett. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 302 pages. $1.50.

A novel of decided strength in the depiction of character and of varied incident. There is plenty of plot, but it is not well co-ordinated. Richard is a young man of great will-power, who begins as a forlorn, deserted boy working on a farm, fights his way to a good technical education, has strange adventures in a Russian mining enterprise, and later on plunges into a fight-to-the-finish in the New York stock market. The love affair of the book is handled with originality.

Selections from the Literature of Theism. Edited by Alfred Caldecott and H. R. Mackintosh. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 472 pages. $2.50, net.

The fundamental positions in the philosophy of religion taken by great thinkers from Anselm to Ritschl are stated in this volume in their own words. This is obviously better for the student of the history of speculative thought than any digest, especially when accompanied, as here, with critical annotation. These selections bear mainly on the problem of the being of God. The diversity of judgments revealed in a collection in which such opposites as Berkeley and Comte are brought together may persuade some of the fruitlessness of metaphysical inquiry. Others will be stimulated to hopeful endeavors toward the higher synthesis in which all half truths are completed, while errors fall away. This seems to have been the end in view of the editors of the volume.

Shape of Fear (The). By Elia Peattie. The Macmillan Co., New York. 3½×6 in. 175 pages. 75c.

These little ghost tales, now printed in a new edition, show a dainty fancy and an unusual inventive talent. Little Elizabeth, for instance, is surely the most charming of child ghosts.

Story of Ijain (The). By Lady Florence Dixie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 207 pages.

Story of London (The). By Henry B. Wheatley. Illustrated. (The Mediæval Town Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×4 in. 411 pages. $1.75.

Perhaps this is less popular in style than some of the other volumes in this capitally edited and printed series, notably that on Rome, but it shows on every page the special knowledge of a thorough student and scholar. There are excellent reproductions of old prints and plans.

Under the Vierkleur. By Ben J. Viljoen. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 385 pages. $1.50.

While there is no remarkable display of literary art in this story of a Lost Cause, the burning patriotism and the marvelous restraint, under the circumstances, of the military author move the reader to more than passing interest. The narrative of the experiences of young Danie Linde, Boer Commandant, in battle, prison, wounds, and desolation, is admirably told. An impression of the wide, wind-swept spaces traversed by the soldiers in the Boer War is most vividly conveyed in these pages. The hero, bereft of his family, home, and friends, never falters in patriotism. The author, like all true soldiers, is generous, wherever possible, to the foe. When it comes to a description of the terrible orders, and their execution, for burning the Boer homesteads, turning women and children out defenseless into the wild country, it would be strange if words did not burn. The book leaves the reader deeply impressed by its truth, temperate and strong. Many passages in which the scenery and climate are portrayed are fine and valuable. A portrait of the author and a few illustrations are by I. B. Hazelton.

Wayside and Woodland Trees: A Pocket Guide to the British Sylva. By Edward Step, F.L.S. Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 182 pages. $1.75, net.

Pleasing in every way, mechanical and in its text, is this pocket guide to the British sylva. One wishes we might imitate many of its features in our American books instead of producing gorgeous tree books, almost life-size. It is quite easy to identify trees and shrubs from this manual, because the author knew enough to give photographs, exquisitely done, of the same tree in winter and in summer, adding sketches of leaf and blossom, and photographs of the boles of the trees. Just this is exactly what the lovers of trees have longed for. The author has won our admiration by his beautiful work.

White Canoe (The) and Other Legends of the Ojibways. Prepared from Legends Heard from the Indians Themselves by Elizabeth Monckton. Illustrated. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 138 pages.

Why Love Grows Cold. By Ellen Burns Sherman. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 253 pages.